MAN'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 35¢

A Convict Talks:
THE HOOD WHO SWORE TO WIPE OUT
AL CAPONE

SEXUAL TIMING
by Dr. Shailer Upton Lawton

THE FRIGHTENING WORLD OF
AUTOMATION
WILL IT COST YOU YOUR JOB?

WILEY POST

DEATH WAITS AT POINT BARROW
Story of WILEY POST—AMERICA'S GREATEST AIR ACE

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What Dealers Say

W. Lookiebill (St. Louis): My 28th year! Began during depression and built business on good service.

D. Chilcott (N. Platte): Duraclean say gross $9.00 per hour. I gross up to $12.00. Many dealers do much better.

M. Lyons (Chgo): 3rd year should hit $100,000; 2nd was $60,000; 1st $40,000. Hdqrs help make it possible.

E. Roddey (Hampton, Va.): Did $600.00 first 12 days in January. My business keeps growing each month.

Start Part-Time If Employed

Even if you are now employed, you may start enjoying the financial independence of your OWN business. Many dealers start part-time, and as they expand their operation beyond what they can service on a sparetime basis, they switch to full-time. Later they expand further by hiring servicemen. This could be your pattern for success.

You will receive local training with an established dealer and at our 5-day, 50-hour factory training school. Thus, under our guidance, you become an expert in the care of rugs and upholstery, a profession for which there is now great demand.

Alert dealers can gross $9.00 hourly, plus $6.00 on each serviceman at national price scale. You enjoy big profits on both materials and labor. Everything furnished to get you started.

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NOT ME!

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BUT are you content with just earning a living wage? Do you say "Someday I'll really get a break and go right on to the top." THAT'S WISHFUL THINKING!

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man's corner

CONVICT 85208, cut off from the world at Michigan's Marquette Prison, spends his "free" time reading, writing and remembering. Convict 85208 — David Mazroff — has much to remember . . .

He recalls first hand the violent days of Prohibition Chicago, when Al Capone ruled the Windy City with bluff, brawn and bullets.

Dave buddied with Machine Gun Jack McGurn, Schemer Drucci, Dion O'Bannion, Hymie Weiss, etc., until the rubout of O'Bannion split the mobs wide open.

For years, Mazroff had been liaison man for the Capone syndicate — had served as the Big Guy's good-will ambassador.

He stayed at Capone's side until his death, of paresis (syphilis of the brain), on his Florida estate. "At the end," Mazroff reveals, "paresis had done its deadly work, attacking his brain so he was no more than a child mentally."

But the Capone of whom Mazroff writes in this MAN'S was no child — more accurately the most sinister gangster menace ever to stain the American scene.

"To his friends," writes Dave, "Al was generous, a man you could trust. Also a good husband, devoted father and loyal brother." Aroused, however, Capone showed no pity, fighting like a cornered alley cat.

And Hymie Weiss, an avowed enemy who'd sworn vendetta-like vengeance on the Big Guy, had raised Al's mercurial temper to a new high.

Dave Mazroff writes the exciting story of "The Hood Who Swore to Kill Al Capone" on page 36.

Convict 85208 — *then and now.*

As for Dave, Convict 85208 writes: "I have left the old life behind me forever. There's no future in it except pain, unhappiness and violent death. I hope to make writing my career upon my release from prison in the near future."

"I look back on the old days and recall the excitement that punctuated each day, and I recall, too, that I had to be alert turning every corner because disaster waited in a cruising black car manned by armed triggermen. It was too big a price to pay for what I gained . . . I'm glad it's over."

— Phil Hirsch

MAN'S MAGAZINE

A Pyramid Publication

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CONTENTS NOVEMBER, 1959 VOL. 7, NO. 11

EXCLUSIVE

FIREBUG ON THE LOOSE ..... Don Westerman 11
Houston, a city gripped in fear, waited tensely for the pyromaniac to strike again. Nineteen buildings had already been torched, and then came the real orgy — Black Sunday.

AUTOMATION ..... Martin Haver 28
When a metal monster takes 9 minutes to do the work of 44 humans slaving 14 days, it's time to wonder: WILL AUTOMATION COST YOU YOUR JOB? Here are the facts about man's great new challenge.

ADVENTURE

"Q-BOAT OFF THE STARBOARD BOW!" ..... Lt. Cmdr. Wm. R. Mizelle (Ret.) 16
Spitting distance away, the Nazi raider fired shell after shell.

DEATHWATCH IN A BOMB BAY ..... Glenn Infield 34
Trapped in his bomb-bay coffin, Deacon had one hour to live.

THE SPY ..... Allen Roberts 42
If Shelley talked, the Resistance Movement was doomed . . .

GLAMOUR

MAN'S DISCOVERS SCILLA ..... photographs by Torossi 30
Imagine her having to take a back seat to sultry Sophia Loren!

YOUR LIFE

SEXUAL TIMING ..... Shailer Upton Lawton, M.D., F.A.C.P. 20
Virility alone does not insure a physically happy marriage.

HUMOR

BACK TO MIRTH MOVEMENT ..... cartoons by Charles Pearson 40
Meet a dairy farmer-cartoonist who milks cows as well as laughs!

CRIME

CASE OF THE GIRL WHO LOST HER GRIP ..... Lewis Thompson 26
She stuffed a worthless piece of baggage — her husband — in a trunk.

THE HOOD WHO SWORE TO KILL AL CAPONE ..... David Mazroff 36
Hymie snarled to the author: "Tell Capone I'm going to get him . . ."

FICTION

THE GYPSY'S WIFE ..... Alun Lewis 14
Her mood enveloped him like summer's heat: he had to have her!

BOOK BONUS

DEATH WAITS AT POINT BARROW ..... Frank O'Hasson 22
In five thrilling years, nearly every big-time flying record fell under the sleek wings of Wiley Post's plane, the Winnie Mae. *Post lived in a decade of aerial giants — and outflew them all!*

DEPARTMENTS

MAN'S CORNER 4
OUTDOOR MAN 8
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 6
SHOPPING WITH MAN'S 62
BOOKS FOR MEN 86

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS . . .

Address: Letters Editor, MAN'S MAGAZINE, 444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

khru-cut

Dear Sir:

I have just read "The Plot to Kill Khrushchev" (July), written by Paul S. Meskil. This exciting story not only makes fascinating reading but is factual. It has captured and conveys to the reader the atmosphere in my oppressed Hungary.

On behalf of the Committee may I congratulate you on the excellence of the account and thank you for bringing this situation to the attention of your readers.

Imre Kovacs
Hungarian Committee
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

. . . On behalf of my fellow Hungarians may I thank you for printing this excellent account.

Lazzlo Varga, Chairman
Federation of Free Hungarian Jurists in America
New York, N. Y.

what's my liner

Letters Editor:

Regarding "The Skipper Who Stayed," in the June issue: If author Prescott doesn't know what a radio officer does, he shouldn't write about it . . .

Radio Officer H. J. Homer
SS Mill Spring

• Dana G. Prescott, noted author of sea stories, including *Rough Passage*, the recently published collection of 11 true marine sagas, in point of fact once served as a merchant marine radio operator. — Ed.

moaner lisa

Dear Sirs:

Some time ago I saw Miss Lisa Winters in MAN'S MAGAZINE (September, 1958) and, *ooh la la!* I have been in orbit ever since. I used to be a suave Frenchman, but since seeing Lisa's physical assets, I don't sleep, eat or live.

Rene Andre de Lannoy
Santurce, P. R.

manifest

Gentlemen:

"The Reincarnated Man," in the January issue, was a very good story; but I found a catch in it.

I was an able bodied seaman aboard the *Francis Salmon* and do not remember a chief engineer named Jamison as the story asserts.

Tom Doyle
Philadelphia, Pa.

crashing success

Dear Sir:

In your July issue there appeared a story entitled "Flight 320 Doesn't Answer." I want to compliment you on your most accurate and complete account of that terrible night.

I live across the street from where the plane crashed, and my husband, a driver for the College Point Volunteer Ambulance Service, was the first volunteer on the scene. On page 19 of your magazine you printed a picture of survivor Paul Ogle leaning on my husband's right arm. I was wondering if it is at all possible to send me a copy of that photograph.

I guess I am a typical wife . . . very proud of the work my husband did that night.

Mrs. William H. Bauer
College Point, N. Y.

it's a snap

Dear Sir:

I have been informed by the Camera Press, London, that a set of my photographs on the Mau Mau of Kenya was published in your magazine sometime in 1956 (November).

I wonder if you could take the trouble to dig up a copy of the edition concerned and send it to me? I have never seen the published result and am now anxious to use the reference for an application for a press photographer's job in Kenya.

C. M. Cyriac
Nairobi, Kenya

arcticulate

Dear Sirs:

In regard to Tom Lodge's article "Lost on Great Slave Lake," in the July issue, I have seen much of the Canadian North. I spent two years in the Mackenzie River country — having gone there to stake an oil claim below Fort Norman. I prospected across northern Ontario and Quebec, made a voyage into the Arctic as a stowaway on the *Nascopie*, returned to Great Bear Lake when radium was discovered there, and spent a year at the fabulous iron ore mine in Labrador.

T. H. Inkster
Seattle, Wash.

ugh

Dear Sirs:

Regarding your June issue's cover . . . J. Edgar Hoover reminds me of a cigar store Indian . . .

E. G. Katherman
Mifflingburg, Pa.

makes his point

Gentlemen:

Mr. Kursh, author of "How to Win at Dice" (May), writes like a man who knows something about gambling. But he is wrong about beating the game mathematically. If he were right, everybody would major in math and head for Las Vegas. Math doesn't have a thing to do with a player being able to guess right . . .

Herman J. Barand
New Orleans, La.

mail order

Dear Sirs:

I have received a letter from one of your readers asking for information about the mail order business.

He informs me that there was an article ("How to Make a Fortune C.O.D.") concerning me in the August issue of your magazine.

Will you be kind enough to send me a copy?

John G. Wright
East Swanzey, N.H.

on pins and needles

Gentlemen:

Read your article, "The Manly Art of Tattooing" (March). Thought you may be able to help me.

I have tried everything I could think of to get a tattoo machine and have had no success. It would be deeply appreciated if you could inform me as to where I could get one.

Johnny Monahan
Anaconda, Mont.

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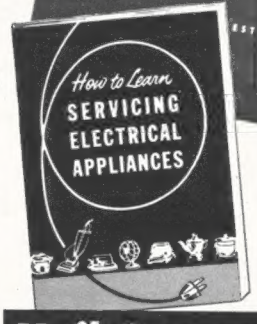

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the OUTDOOR MAN

by BYRON DALRYMPLE

RACK UP YOUR MOOSE

FOR three days I'd been scanning the shores of one lake after another from my hunched position in the bow of a canoe. Time after time I had lifted the binocular to peer at a distant black hulk, only to discover I was looking at a tree stump. But now, as dusk came on and my guide noiselessly eased the canoe around a bend, I swung the glass once more to a hulking black shape — and found myself staring straight at my quarry. Moose!

There is no sight on earth more thrilling to the big-game hunter than to finally see this king of all hoofed game standing on a spruce-framed point or up to his belly in a bog, staring back as the glass is trained on him. In swift sequence I dropped the binocular, spoke over my shoulder to the guide, and reached for my rifle. The guide gently, expertly, swung the canoe head-on toward the target. I racked in a cartridge, flipped off the safety and placed the moose in the center of the scope.

The prow of the canoe rose and fell, rocking to the motion of small waves, taunting me. I raised the crosshairs until, on the down movement of the craft, they settled each time on the animal's shoulder. Nostrils twitching nervously, he stared at this strange invader of his domain. Another moment and the bull moose would go crashing through the woods. Now or never! I squeezed firmly but quickly.

The crack of the rifle laced over the water just as the beast turned. But he moved too late. He made one plunging leap toward cover, and went crashing down.

Every year I get dozens of letters from hunters who dream of having that same great thrill. They wistfully say they would prefer to go after moose than any other game. But most of them seem to feel this is a sport only for the very wealthy. It isn't.

Not today, when this greatest prize of the deer tribe has been made more accessible than ever before to anyone who has the get up and go to cook up a moose hunt.

In many areas moose are more plentiful than they have been for a long time. Also, new roads, new camps, new bush lines to fly in sportsmen have sprung up all over the moose country. And most important, where moose range most abundantly, and closest to the majority of hunters — I'm speaking of Ontario — seasons are opened nowadays each fall in various specified areas on *any* moose. That is, if you hunt your allotted time and don't get a crack at a bull, you can still take a cow or a calf.

Some of the largest moose on the continent come from Alaska and British Columbia. Trips after these, quite obviously, come expensive. Alberta also has moose, and the same goes for the northern areas of Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Quebec ranks very high among moose hunters — some rank it above Ontario.

IT is possible to drive quite a distance north into any of these provinces, then make a short fly-in trip and knock off a good bull. In Manitoba, for example, if one goes at the beginning of the season, before weather gets bad, a drive can be made to The Pas, about 400 miles above the U.S. border. That can serve as the jump-off point.

The U.S. boasts a few moose, too, mainly in Wyoming and Montana, as far as open seasons are concerned. These are the so-called Shiras moose, a sub-species that has developed in the western mountains. However, few non-residents can hunt these beautiful animals since only a handful of out-of-state permits are granted each year, and these are offered on a lottery basis. I would advise those who can make a western trip to keep applying. One of these years you may be lucky. But for the average big-game man, the middle and eastern provinces of Canada are the best bet.

Fortunately, moose range over a vast area of Ontario. This province covers a great distance from east to west as well as north to south. Thus, a hunter in Colorado, let's say, is about as close to good moose hunting in Ontario as a hunter from New York or Virginia. Moose are killed every year within only a few miles of the U.S. border, too.

The railways — Canadian National, Canadian Pacific, Algoma Central and Hudson Bay — have a skein of routes laid all across millions of acres of good moose territory. Along the roadbeds are situated numerous camps with excellent facilities, guides, etc.

Also, new highways have pushed into the bush over many miles. You can now drive all the way on pavement, for example, from Detroit, Duluth or Buffalo directly to your moose hunting camp, and wind up away off in northwest Ontario, northern Quebec, or northeastern Ontario. A good way to spot the moose camps is to look in the ads of the specialized outdoor magazines, where many of them advertise, or to write to the railways and the Canadian Government Travel Bureau. Besides the rails and roads, flying in is easy, and not as expensive as might be expected. Just get to the border almost anywhere, or drive on one of the roads already mentioned, and you'll soon find bush lines to take care of all your needs.

What does a moose hunt cost? Well, let's look at one I made a while ago. We drove to Sault Sainte Marie, Ontario, left our car, rode the Algoma Central north for 300 miles, then were picked up by our outfitter. The hunt was seven days minimum, at $25 per day. That included everything. All I had to furnish was my rifle, air mattress, sleeping bag, and the ambition. License cost $100, rather steep, plus the exchange difference — currently about five dollars per hundred.

Round-trip train fares totaled about $35. All told, my two-week moose hunt cost in the neighborhood of $350, including the tariff to ship home my trophy.

It can be done for less, but I don't advise it. I think a moose, for the average hunter, is one of those once-in-a-lifetime items. Why not do it right? I might mention that, for the average hunter, the easiest way, physically, is to hunt from a canoe. Walking in bush country can exhaust an out-of-shape hunter.

There is good hunting during the late seasons too, but few U. S. hunters are in shape for the cold weather and deep snow.

Canoe hunting is simple and pleasant. You just climb in and help your guide paddle if you know how and enjoy it. The hunting is, for the most part, done for the first couple of hours after dawn, and again from late afternoon until dark. You carefully, quietly prowl the lakes and the slow streams, looking for an animal that comes out to feed.

WHAT about guns? There are varying ideas about this, but all agree a moose is a big critter and should not be under-gunned. Since the .308 came out I have killed two moose with that rifle, using a 200 grain bullet. The 30-06 with 220 grain load also is a good choice. The 270 and others with plenty of steam do well, too; but most experts prefer a big bullet, not too terribly fast. These, they claim, serve better than a fast one, which is more likely to be deflected by shots through brush. But, a moose ordinarily is not very hard to hit — or shouldn't be. Neither is it too terribly difficult to kill. For some reason moose give up rather quickly when badly wounded.

I think the first-timer should do some thinking, however, about where he'll place his shot, if he has a choice. Primarily, remember that the hair on the neck of a moose may be eight inches long. If you are going to take a neck shot and break the spine, aim for more than hair! Consider, too, that if you take a rib-cage shot at a moose standing in the water, it may run some distance before dropping. It may get into deep water, or back in the timber where it is difficult to get out. My favorite is the shoulder shot, a killer which breaks the animal down.

That's where you want the old trophy boy — anchored right where you found him! ▲

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2. Typical cross-section made from scalp of a successful Brandenfels user, a few weeks after following instructions. Now the doctors' comments were: the follicle has increased in size, the opening is no longer plugged and a tiny hair is in evidence.

3. Now, with hair regrown, this microscopic enlargement of a cross-section was made. The doctors said: the follicle has increased in size, the plug in the opening has disappeared and the hair shaft in the follicle is proof of new production.

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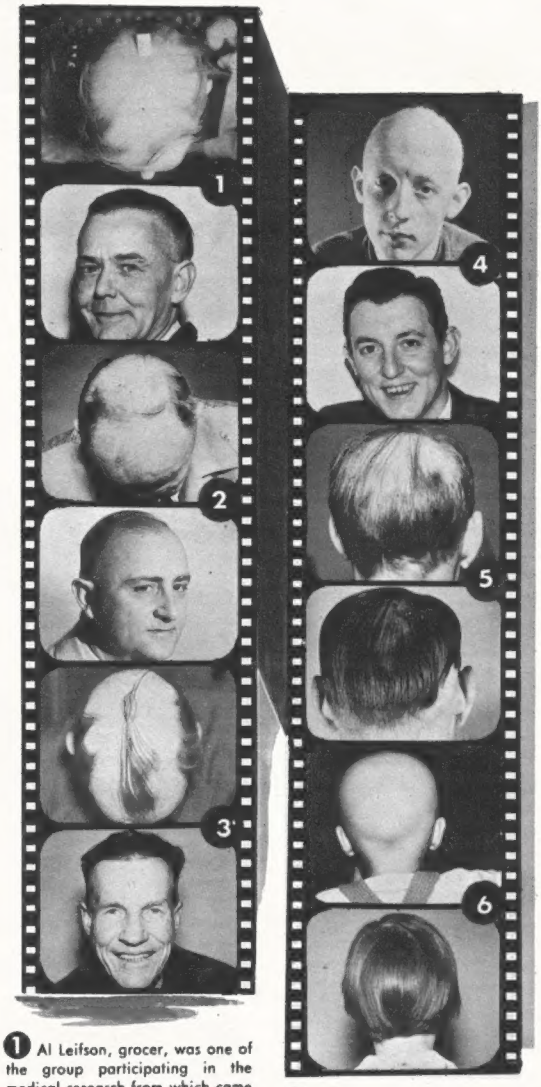

1 Al Leifson, grocer, was one of the group participating in the medical research from which came the microscopic enlargements of follicles "before" and "after", shown at the left.

2 "Only those who have lost their hair can know what a thrill it is to have hair again. Mine has filled in where it was sparse for 8 years," says this Seattle man.

3 Would you believe a man over 60 years of age and bald for more than 20 years could ever regrow hair? Here's proof that he did—with the Brandenfels Home Plan.

4 This young man was completely bald but these two pictures show what he accomplished in 24 weeks with the Brandenfels System, and the full head of hair he finally achieved.

5 Where follicles (roots) were still alive this man was able to achieve a very considerable hair regrowth with the Brandenfels Home System —as these pictures show.

6 Doctors who were skeptical that this little girl would regain her hair now shake their heads in wonderment at dramatic results following use of the Brandenfels Plan.

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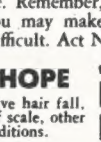
References: St. Helens Bank, U. S. National Bank, Chamber of Commerce—all St. Helens, Oregon



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FIREBUG ON THE LOOSE

Houston, a city gripped in fear, waited tensely for the pyromaniac to strike again. Nineteen buildings had already been torched, and then came the real orgy — Black Sunday.

by DON WESTERMAN

AT FIRST it was a tiny flame. The match flickered dimly in the gloom, transforming the pyromaniac's slim body into a shadowy silhouette, hardly illuminating his features. For a second John Maurice Jordan held it cupped in his hands, almost reverently, prolonging the moment, his heart pounding in anticipation.

It's so much better at night, he thought exhultantly. Daylight pales the flame, saps its beauty. But the darkness accents it, makes it a raging beacon that brings crowds and firemen.

He held the flame close to his haunted, vacant eyes, staring into its shallow depths

continued on next page

and feeling its glow on his face. He watched it consume half the match, then touched it to the corner of a tarpaulin. The flame quickly embraced the oily canvas as he stepped back to behold the birth of an inferno. In less than a minute the tarp was burning fiercely and lumber, stacked high beneath it on the bed of a truck, began to pop and sizzle.

The light danced grotesquely across his body, and he went rigid with fulfillment. Anticipation was gone now, replaced by a warmth which flowed through him and held him transfixed. He felt the blood rushing to his loins and it was difficult to think logically. And yet, despite the delicious nearness of the flame, he knew he couldn't stay here.

The truck's gas tank would explode any second. And besides, someone would soon see the fire and the crowd would be drawn to it like flies to honey. No matter, he assured himself, this was only the beginning, the birth of his fire. It would grow, he knew, until it was a towering pillar and he would lose himself in the crowd and drink in its beauty.

Reluctantly he turned away, a chill rippling between his shoulder blades as the shadows enveloped him. He paused, despite the critical need for haste, and gazed again at the blaze until its warmth restored him. Then he crept the length of the lumber yard, stopping for a second outside the night watchman's shack. He heard someone moving around inside, just as he had when he'd entered the yard minutes before, but the sounds were orderly and almost obscured by the blare of a television set. The watchman was oblivious to the budding inferno outside.

The pyro ran in a crouch to the unfenced rear of the yard. He rounded the corner, glanced back, and at that instant, the faint glow erupted into a geyser of sparks, then billowing flame. The concussion pounded in his head and shook the pavement beneath his feet. For a second he dropped to his knees, his body trembling with excitement, his eyes aglow with maniacal delight. Finally he stood erect and moved swiftly away, disappearing in the shadows.

The pathologic Jordan felt no pity for firemen injured at blazes he set.

Minutes later an orange pillar of fire towered high above the buildings. Shouts and slamming doors punctuated its growing roar as people rushed outside. "It's Winkler's," one of them exclaimed. "Winkler's Lumber Company."

And then the full magnitude of the spectacle sank in. The shouts grew shriller, full of awe and then fear.

"That wind," someone cried, "it's whipping sparks all over the neighborhood!" Then another voice, louder, tinged with terror, "My God, where's the fire department,"

As if in answer a distant wail penetrated the crackling rumble of the flames. A siren. Then another. Louder. A screech of tires. A police car skidding to a stop and two uniformed men piling out, their faces drawn, lined, eyes squinted against the brilliance of the blaze. Another screech of tires. More policemen, pushing back the crowd, clearing the street. The fire, shooting skyward, its roar deafening, pierced by another, shriller sound. Sirens again. And clanging bells. The rumble of fire trucks. Shouted curses. Men leaping from the trucks. Feverish efforts to unreel the hoses, to connect them, to keep the crowd back and organize the attack on the flames.

The first feeble streams of water, growing thicker, stronger, but still ineffective against the billowing flames. The heat, intense, unbearable. The realization at last that there was no saving the yard, that complete containment even was impossible, that the entire area was threatened.

A fireman growled at a police officer: "Start getting them out of here, clear the

Ignoring sign on mailbox, Jordan went across street, gutted the Bristol Hotel.

houses, this damn thing's going to spread."

Scores of fear-numbed families, carrying bundles and pieces of furniture, were herded from their homes and led out of danger, sparks showering down on them as they dashed to safety.

And in the shadows on the fringe of the crowd, John Maurice Jordan, a pyromaniac on the loose, stood inconspicuously, full mouth frozen in a half-smile and eyes, normally dark and brooding, round now and glistening in sexual excitement. One hand idly brushed the hair hanging limply down his forehead; the other was stuffed in his pocket, its slight movement hardly discernible . . .

A block away across the crowd, a cop stood talking to a short, chunky man who had just stepped from a black sedan with "Houston Fire Department" painted on its side.

"Firebug?" the policeman asked grimly.

The short man stood silent for a long moment, his flinty eyes surveying the destruction.

Finally he spoke: "Maybe. Three lumber yards in one day. Somebody torched 'em. That's for sure. Fireburg, malcontent, somebody."

With a shrug he turned from the fire and pushed his way into the crowd. Harry Foster, chief arson investigator in the Houston Fire Department, thus began the first phase of a monumental task. He moved slowly, his eyes playing over the faces of the onlookers, searching for a particularly rapt expression. Someone with hand moving rhythmically in pocket. Someone rigid with fascination. These are the marks of a firebug reveling in his handiwork. When Foster can spot such a character at the scene of a fire, usually his job is easy. When he can't, his job becomes a step short of impossible.

FOSTER searched long for the tell-tale signs. But if a firebug lingered among this crowd, the investigator could not ferret him out. He gave up.

The first phase ended, Foster's mind began clicking off the details of the huge investigative job which faced him in the morning.

No one except a few firemen and police officers had noticed Foster as he mingled unobtrusively in the crowd. And no one at all noticed when, near the end, the firebug walked away from the pile of smoking rubble which was all that remained of Winkler Lumber Company and four nearby houses. He was not the sort one would notice. Slender, nondescript, vacant-eyed. Not a man at all chronologically. Rather, a 17-year-old on the brink of troubled manhood. And mentally disturbed to the point of homicidal fury. John Maurice Jordan, sick and sinister, was a name Houston would mark well.

What a day! Jordan thought as he moved through the darkness toward his nearby rooming house. Greatest day of his life. His body was spent, drained, but his head sang with the acute clarity which sometimes results from fatigue and achievement. He would sleep the sleep of fulfillment tonight, and tomorrow he'd walk the streets of Houston and listen to the people marvel at what he'd done, and he'd laugh at them.

He thought of getting a paper but then realized that there would be nothing in print until the next day. It was Sunday, and even as he reached the rooming house where he lived, the morning newspaper was preparing the story which would envelop the city in terror. The dateline would read "Houston, Texas, Oct. 25, 1953," and the headline would scream: THREE LUMBER FIRMS GUTTED BY FIRE; ARSONIST SOUGHT

For the Winkler fire was not Jordan's only job that black Sunday. It was his third, and as he lay in bed on the brink of sleep, his mind reviewed the day's work.

IT had begun like any other dull, endless Sunday. For a couple of months Jordan had been living apart from his mother and step-father, in the rooming house, and often time hung heavy. Miscellaneous jobs occupied him and petty thievery provided minor thrills. But fire was the big passion, always had been; and he congratulated himself that he hadn't allowed this Sunday to slip away uneventfully.

Most of the afternoon he'd drifted aimlessly over the city, disturbed, searching. For what he wasn't sure, but with each passing minute he felt a familiar tension mounting in him. A nameless, mixed-up thing. A vague but intense resentment of his parents, his job and his lackluster life in general. And there was something else.

Jordan had never cared much for girls. They never looked twice at him. He didn't mind so much because he never knew what to say to them anyway. He'd never had a date. Sexual intercourse was something he'd only heard about. He could never get very interested in it. Which is not to say he knew nothing of sexual excitement. Fire, there was something about fire . . .

He hadn't planned to torch the first lumber yard that Sunday, the Burton Lumber Company. It just caught his eye as he rode by, and it sparked a memory only a few weeks old: The memory of crackling flames spreading unchecked through another lumber yard until it was an inferno which, despite the gallant efforts of Houston firemen, seared a gaping scar in the city's landscape. Miraculously, no one was seriously injured but it did $300,000 worth of damage to the Farrar Lumber Company, and there had been another a short time afterward, the Jones Lumber Company which had burned almost as brilliantly.

Both lived in Jordon's memory as the most glorious blazes of his life. Lumber yards burn so beautifully, he reflected, and he circled the block and stopped behind Burton's.

He shinned up the back fence and felt a twinge of excitement when he realized the yard was deserted. Cat-like, John dropped to the ground and wandered slowly between the stacks of lumber.

The October day was crisp but clear, and it never occurred to Jordan that he was flirting with disaster by torching the yard in broad daylight. Thoughts of caution had no place in his churning mind. He was aware only of a massive ache within him which he knew nothing could relieve except the sight of flames, the scream of sirens and the shouts of men. He strolled casually through the deserted yard, his fingers toying with the kitchen matches in his pocket; and when he spotted a roll of tar paper, he made for it.

He turned the roll on its side and stripped off 20 feet of it. The ache was more intense now, and anticipation bubbled within him until he fairly tingled with it. He worked faster, dragging the tar paper across the drive and stuffing it into a lumber pile. His hand shook as he struck a match. He shielded it from the cool breeze and touched it to the paper. Acrid smoke caressed his nostrils and for a time he warmed his hands over the small fire. He was turning to go when the sound sliced through the shroud of excitement which dulled his senses. A sharp click. Metallic, like a hammer striking a metal surface. (*continued on page* 54)

Arson cop Foster asks Jordan (r.) to point out 22 torch jobs he committed in Houston.

Her mood enveloped him like summer's heat, and suddenly he found himself clutching her in his arms, kissing her . . . Catching her breath, she sighed: "If my husband wakes, he will kill me!"

by ALUN LEWIS

The Gypsy's

INSIDE the gypsy caravan the heat was too much for her. She fell asleep in the middle of stitching a corner of red quilt over a tear in her boy's trousers. Running up the steps in nothing but his rough green jersey, the boy found her lolling open-mouthed in the chair, beads of sweat on her pale face. He twined his grubby fingers in the fall of her black hair and pulled gently.

"Wake up, mam," he said. "Dad's coming across the fields."

She woke with a start, surprised to find herself sleeping. "Where is he, Micah?"

"Just crossing the river," Micah replied. "He's got two rabbits."

"We'll have a change from bread and dripping, then," she said, yawning. "Here, let's finish this patch. You've not been out like that, have you?"

"Only to the river," he answered. "I seen a dragon-fly, an' followed him till he pitched. Look!" He opened his grimy fist to show the crumpled corpse.

Revolted, she slapped his face.

"Oh! Micah, you cruel," she shouted, her face twisted up; "you mustn't—"

The boy was weeping passionately, hiding his face in her black frock.

"It's the gypsy blood you've got from your father," she said. She stood so still. And then, suddenly, she saw that he was weeping and hiding for shame in her body. Swiftly she stooped over him and lifted him into her arms.

"Micah, Micah," she murmured, kissing his hair and running her hands over his naked buttocks and down his almond brown legs. "There, there, stop crying, my darling."

"Stop pampering the kid," the gypsy shouted. She shivered and almost dropped the boy. He had come in so quietly.

"He was nigh choking," she said, sullenly.

(*continued on page* 68)

WIFE

"Q-BOAT OFF THE STARBOARD BOW!"

Spitting distance away, the Nazi raider poured shell after shell into the burning junk pile that once was the proud merchant ship *Stephen Hopkins*. But amidst the choking black smoke of her oil fires, smashed deck plates and shell-torn masts, two men manned a puny four-inch gun and vowed to make the Q-boat pay for its "victory."

by Lt. Cmdr. WILLIAM R. MIZELLE, USNR (Ret.)

"SHIP off the starboard bow . . . Two ships!" The hail from the bridge-wing lookout of the Liberty ship *Stephen Hopkins*, in ballast from Capetown to Paramaribo, brought Ensign Ken Willett running out on deck. The damp chill of South Atlantic September probed for his skin through his khakis as he peered through the broken haze. . . . Any sighting in these waters would liven up the Sunday morning routine.

Steaming unescorted through these Nazi-harrassed seas of war-time 1942, the lonely merchant freighter had to depend on Ken Willett and his little four-inch gun on the fantail for any protection it got.

As Ensign Willett squinted through the mist, one of the two strange freighter-rigged vessels spun to starboard and headed toward them. He heard a shuddering hiss, like steam escaping, grow into a harsh rustle through the air; and then he was slugged — hard — by an ear-shattering blast that turned the ship and the sea into one great scorching flash. At the same instant, he was slammed in the belly by what felt like the full-armed swing of a giant ax.

"God Almighty, we've been torpedoed!" wailed a voice from far away.

"Torpedoed, hell! It's shellfire," a hoarse shout answered. "Those are Q-boats — German raiders!"

And I'm hit, hit in the gut by the first stinking shellburst. The thought ran through Ensign Willett's mind. He felt warm blood trickling slippery over his fingers, clamped where a jagged shell fragment had ripped into his abdomen.

Ken Willett's fury overcame his agonized need to curl up on the deck and clutch his belly. *Hit before I had a chance,* Willett thought. *Oh, you lousy Nazi bastards! All that training, and months of looking for a chance to get a shot at you.* Frustrated rage kept him on his feet as he stumbled aft.

Got to get to that gun platform. The deck jounced under still another shellburst and the concussion clapped down on Willett like a pair of giant hands. Shattered glass and debris crunched under his feet.

HE grasped the gun-platform ladder one-handed and lurched up. A hand clutched him under the arm, hauling him up the ladder; he looked into the shocked, excited face of one of his armed-guard gun crew.

"Mister Willett!" the youngster gasped. "You're bleeding all over!"

The four-incher was swinging to starboard as the trainer frantically slewed toward the attacking raider. Willett flung himself into the pointer's seat on the left side of the gun, loaded now. The *Hopkins* was swinging to port; Captain Paul Buck had turned so the stern-mounted four-incher would bear on the raider.

Startlingly large and clear, Willett saw the enemy through the pointer's sight. There was no need for setting range — it was spitting distance, say a thousand yards. With his right hand on the pointer's wheel grip, he steadied the crosshair on the enemy, amidships at the waterline, and squeezed the firing key.

continued on next page

"Q-BOAT OFF THE STARBOARD BOW!" continued

The flat hard bang of the four-inch 50 sent a satisfying shock through the wounded gunnery officer's numb body, like the good ache running up your wrist when you land a punch solid on the button. Through the pointer's scope, Willett saw a dull red flash wink briefly on the raider's side. An instant later a soft, hollow *whump* rang across the water.

"You hit him!" screeched the plugman. "Give him hell, Mister Willett!"

Yeah, I hit him, Willett thought, *hit him in the gut, like he hit me.*

The sight-setter's slap on his shoulder told him the gun was reloaded, and as the Q-boat turned, Willett held his belly together with his left hand and pressed the firing key again. As the raider's broadside winked yellow in another four-gun salvo of his 5.9's, the dull red wink of another hit flashed against the enemy's side. *Whump!* And then the German's shells were crashing into the *Hopkins.*

EIGHT minutes earlier, *Kapitan zur See* Hans Gerlach had not been enjoying his rest that Sunday morning. He paced the bridge, chafing at a dozen small delays as his raider idled in the sea, hove to alongside the German blockade runner *Tannenfels.* The clumsy banging of paint buckets against the *Stier's* gray side irritated him — his crewmen were dangling over the side in bos'n's chairs touching up the plating.

Gerlach peered sharply at the collapsible false panels concealing his six 5.9-inch guns, then at the camouflage of his cruiser-style fire-control director and radar. No cracks or streaks must show to give away his disguise as a harmless cargo vessel. Allied shipping was getting too damn wary. His *Stier* and eight similar Nazi sneak raiders had now sent more than 125 Allied ships to watery graves — more than twice the total kills of Germany's vaunted battlewagons and pocket battleships combined.

Leaning over the bridge railing, Gerlach inspected the concealment of his torpedo tubes, and then cast hard blue eyes over his nests of 20-millimeter and 40-millimeter guns screened by dummy life rafts. *Damn, to get them into action again!*

Since shooting his way through the Straits of Dover in May, under furious attack by British motor torpedo boats and 14-inch shore guns, Gerlach had hunted off Fernando de Noronha and along the Capetown-to-Trinidad rhumb line. His stalking from west France into the South Atlantic had been marked by the shrill tattoo of dying ships' radios, each cut short as a *Stier* shell blew the radioman and his shack to shreds.

The *Kapitan* had seen four Allied merchantmen and destroyed them all. But only four so far. And Gerlach hungered for more victims. Now he lay here in an untraveled stretch of ocean alongside the larger but lightly armed secret supply vessel *Tannenfels,* taking on supplies and painting. He swore impatiently.

A startled hail from the masthead lookout brought Gerlach around. A ship! A stupid American rustpot blundering straight toward him out of the mist — and after he had logged thousands of miles in fruitless hunting. Now, of all times, with his crew hanging over the side like rag dolls.

"Action stations!" Gerlach roared. "Hoist the signal 'STOP AT ONCE.' "

The *Stier's* crewmen swarmed up the lines of the bos'n's chairs to the deck, scattering paint buckets and brushes in a mad scramble to their stations.

"Get out of sight, you idiots!" Gerlach bellowed, and the officers and seamen scurrying to stations crouched behind bulkheads. The sight of anything like the

Cadet O'Hara — "Beat it," he insisted.

Stier's naval-strength 300 men would give away their peaceful masquerade.

The Liberty ship *Stephen Hopkins* came on placidly. *Probably she can't see the* Stier's *flag hoist in this weather,* Gerlach thought. *It's just as well. This one won't escape.* Gerlach thrilled like a hunter sighting game — a salvo or two and this blundering American would be added to his bag.

"Full ahead!" Gerlach ordered. "Right full rudder!" *Close in on the fool so there'll be no chance of losing sight of her in the mist.* His vessel's battle stations were reporting manned and ready. *Hell, why wait?*

"Fallen Tarnungen!" snapped Gerlach, and the panels concealing the big guns that could hurl 75 shells a minute crashed away. The *Tannenfels* was already jamming the radio distress frequency.

"Feuerlaubnis!" Gerlach barked, and the *Stier's* first salvo echoed him with a tooth-rattling roar, on its way to Ensign Willett's abdomen.

No matter what the book said about merchantmen turning tail or abandoning ship, Captain Paul Buck had meant all along to fight if his ship was attacked.

"Hard a-port!" the captain roared as the first shells crashed home. "Sound the general alarm! Full speed ahead!"

Able-Bodied Seaman William Adrian spun the *Hopkins'* wheel as Third Mate Walter Nyberg leaped to throw the general-quarters alarm switch and ring full ahead on the engine room telegraph.

"Signalman!" shouted the captain. "If we're gonna fight, let's do it proper. Run up that ensign!"

"Aye, aye, Cap'n!" Snatching a furled flag from a bag, Armed-Guard Signalman Vernon Jackson trotted back and bent it on the halyard. As the second enemy salvo staggered him, Old Glory whipped proudly from the masthead.

"Cap'n," Nyberg yelled, "Willett looks like he's hurt . . . He's going back to the gun, though."

"Where's Sparks?" Captain Buck barked. "Is he getting out a Queen signal . . . ? Oh hell, look at that radio room!"

The captain, on the port bridge wing now, was staring at the smoking wreckage where the *Hopkins'* radio room had been. The first salvo, which had ripped open Willett's belly as it hit the midships house, had carried the name of the radio operator: Hewey Hodson. Either those shells, or the second or third following, killed Hodson at his key, trying to get out the "Q-Q-Q-Q" signal to warn other shipping and bring naval avengers down on the raider.

The sharp report of the *Hopkins'* four-incher stabbed at the American captain's eardrums.

"Now, you kraut bastards!" exulted Buck, gripping the bridge rail. ". . . We hit him, by God!"

"The second's got the forward gun mount manned!" shouted a new voice. Chief Mate Richard Mocskowski had reached his station on the bridge. Again the harsh shuddering rustle of raider shells split the air, then came their thunderclap detonation, and Mocskowski was spun around. Shell fragments had taken him high in the chest and through the left forearm.

FORWARD, the pile-driver rhythm of the *Hopkins'* twin 37-mm mount opened up, and the orange embers of its tracers arched toward the second Nazi vessel. Second Mate Joseph Layman and Boatswain Allyn Philip, assigned to the forward mount, had gotten into the battle.

"Dick, are you hit bad?" Nyberg asked the chief mate, then shouted over his shoulder, "Get the steward up here with his first-aid gear!"

Again came the flat, sharp blast of the *Hopkins'* stern gun. To the bedlam now was added a frightening buzz that blended into a crackle of smaller detonations along the Liberty ship's weathered decks.

"Antiaircraft cannon!" yelled the skipper. "It's coming from that second ship too!"

Oil painting, hanging in Merchant Marine Academy, depicts O'Hara's heroism. He won the Distinguished Service Medal.

Both the raider and the blockade-runner *Tannenfels*, half shielded behind the *Stier*, had opened up with 20- and 40-millimeter automatic cannon, raking the *Hopkins* with thousands of gravel-like steel fragments.

But the *Hopkins*' crewmen on the four .50-caliber and two .30-caliber machine guns were replying. And even the little .30-calibers seemed to be reaching the enemy's decks — the range was that close.

Steward Ford Stilson reached the bridge deck with his first-aid box to find Chief Mate Mocskowski sprawled in the passageway abaft the wheelhouse, a jet of blood spurting bright from his forearm.

"Captain," Mocskowski was bawling as he lay on the blood-slick deck peering out at the action, "keep her turning. Keep that —— raider on our starboard quarter! So the ensign can stay on him with the stern gun!"

The steward struggled to get a tourniquet around the mate's thrashing arm, then compresses on both his wounds, while the mate shouted orders to rally his men as he lay on the deck.

Stilson started down the ladder to the saloon deck for more dressings just as the *Hopkins* shook again. With a shivering crash, countless bits of crockery and glass hit the deck in the galley and messrooms. He heard a groaning oath from the wheelhouse and scrambled back up the ladder.

The bandaged chief mate, helped to his feet by Ordinary Seaman Rodger Piercy and still shouting orders, had been hit a third time, a shell fragment slashing into his leg.

"Can't them bastards shoot just once without hitting *me?*" big Mocskowski snarled as Stilson picked him up. "Adrian! Mind your helm!"

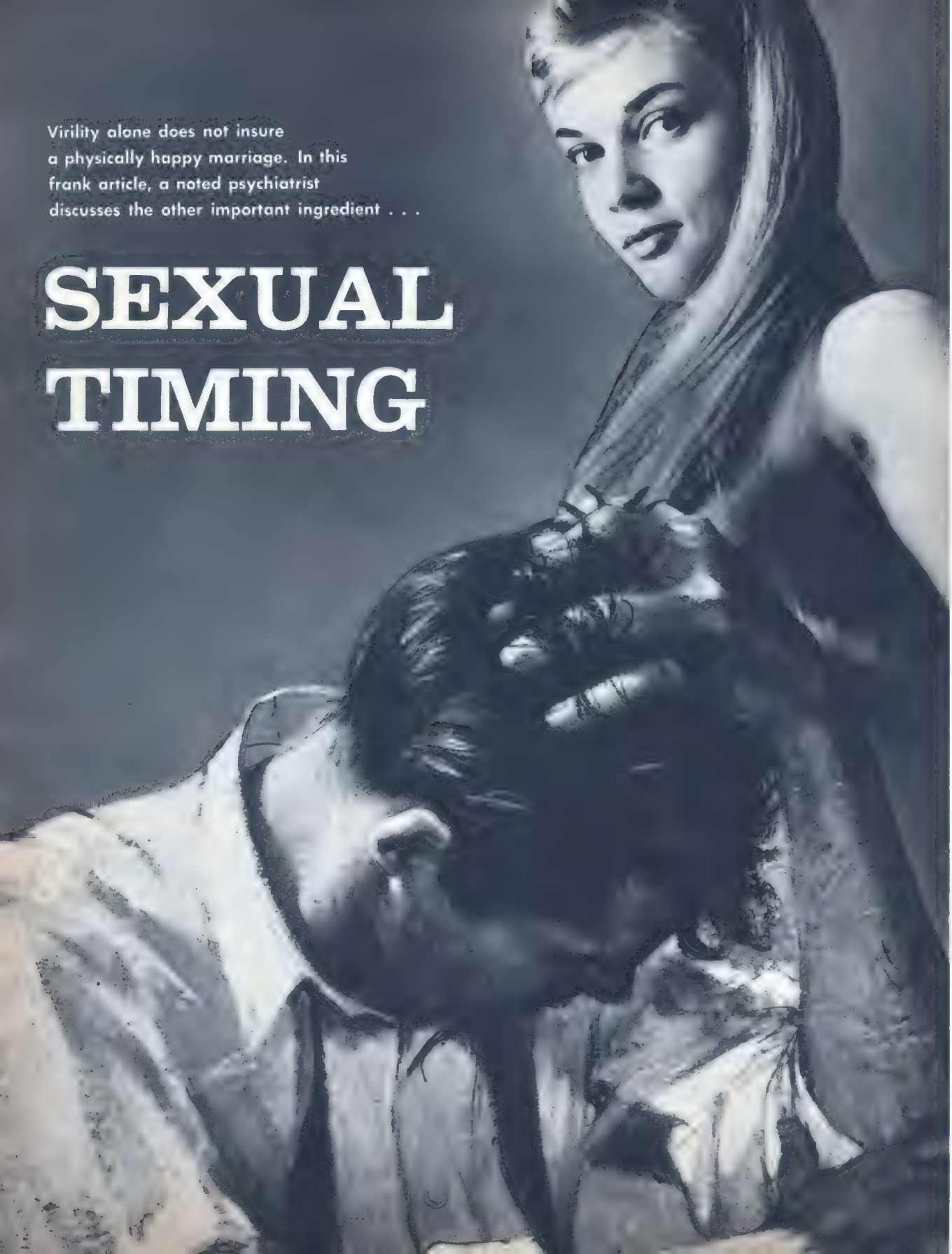
Stilson ripped the mate's trouser leg and got to work with his bandages again.

Shells had riddled the superstructure. Each hit added bits of metal from the suffering vessel's own bulkheads to the death lashing out in all directions, and nearly every hit now started a fire. The *Stier* had begun firing incendiary as well as high-explosive common shell. First creeping fire, then a roaring holocaust swept the *Hopkins*. Somewhere, a trapped man screamed.

Suddenly, a line squall drew its silvery veil between the vessels, hiding them from each other, and both the *Stier* and the *Tannenfels* checked their fire.

Captain Buck stepped to the bridge wing and surveyed his command. Hit a score or more times, she was no longer a ship but a burning junk pile. Torn deck plates and steel bulkheads clawed upward like agonized fingers toward the leaden sky. Gaping, blackened caverns exposed shattered and twisted I-beams; wire cable trailed crazily from her shell-

continued on page 77



Virility alone does not insure a physically happy marriage. In this frank article, a noted psychiatrist discusses the other important ingredient . . .

SEXUAL TIMING

by **SHAILER UPTON LAWTON, M.D., F.A.C.P.**

JUNE AND TONY entered marriage convinced they were compatible and anticipated no major marital upheavals. But in short order they were lashing out at each other furiously.

Tony's complaint: "She's frigid!"

June's rebuttal: "He doesn't know how to make love!"

June had gone to the altar a virgin, full of great expectations. But Tony, impatient with her understandable fears and slow responses, began making sarcastic remarks.

June became deeply upset. Each time her husband approached her sexually, she became tense and apprehensive. He could hardly consummate the act, let alone delight her.

For June, coitus had hardly begun when it was all over for Tony. They couldn't seem to get together emotionally or physically. June, rapidly growing to hate sex, invented all possible excuses to avoid it. When Tony demanded a divorce, June came to see me.

"I suppose I *am* frigid, Doctor," she told me ruefully. "It takes me so long to begin to feel anything at all. And by that time Tony can't control himself any longer. But I can't help feeling that it's *his* fault, too, for not being able to arouse me by the way he makes love!"

My study of the case convinced me that June was not frigid but a normal virgin bride. Scared of honeymoon sex, she had expected Tony to soothe her fears and relax her inhibitions. But he had been baffled by her failure to respond to the direct stimulation which aroused him.

I phoned Tony and asked him to see me, hoping we could work out the problem from both sides. He told me, politely, where I could go; and two days later, *he* left home.

Sexual timing ranks as one of the biggest troubles of the American marriage bed. The majority of husbands are "quick on the trigger." That is, they tend to reach climax long before their wives are ready.

Dr. G. V. Hamilton asked 100 husbands whether they had a climax too quickly, as a rule, for their wives' satisfaction. Fully 63 admitted they did. The nature of the problem becomes clear when we realize that many men who ejaculate after one to two minutes of intercourse are married to women who may require at least a half hour of erotic stimulation to reach orgasm.

A good deal of trouble arises from the failure to understand that the female's climax is *not* like the male's. Dr. Marion Hilliard, a Toronto gynecologist explains:

"Her climax varies from one so slight that it is a sigh to one so profound and deep that it results in an agonizing cry. A man's emotion varies, but his physical climaxes are identical. Millions of women feel nothing, nothing at all. Others are so moved that . . . they weep."

Some women can experience six or seven orgasms, one surging after the other, during a single union. Yet if they're not in the mood they can spend over an hour in intercourse "without feeling the slightest thing."

The unpredictability of the female climax makes some authorities feel it is unfair to expect a husband to keep delaying his own orgasm past the one or two minutes he needs to 20 minutes or so, just on the possibility that this may help his wife to have a climax.

"Those who control it actually behave more unnaturally than those who do not," observes Dr. Louis Berg.

This school of opinion deplores the notion that a man is having a "premature" ejaculation if he reaches his climax in one or two minutes of steady, rhythmic coitus. They claim that such a man, instead, is simply normally virile.

The crux of the problem, these authorities believe, lies not in the man's speed but the woman's slowness. They point out that Kinsey found the average woman capable of reaching orgasm in less than four minutes of self-stimulation. But in coitus she needs an average of between 10 and 20 minutes.

One basic physical reason is that in coitus, the most sensitive sex organ of the female — the clitoris — seldom receives constant friction from the male organ. Many authorities feel that the only way a wife can keep pace with her husband erotically is if he provides manual stimulation for the clitoris at the same time they are having coitus.

There are also many psychological reasons why a wife finds it difficult to reach orgasm as swiftly as her husband. She may actually fear the climax because it makes her feel out of control, and she may worry that her husband will be shocked.

Some women feel so guilty about sex they can't permit themselves to enjoy a full release. Others worry (unnecessarily) that chances of pregnancy will increase if they permit orgasms. Unconscious hostility can result in wives refusing to give their husbands the satisfaction of gratifying them.

John K ———, a 35-year-old foundry technician, came to me for help in curing him of "premature" ejaculations. I found that he was overawed by his Ph.D. wife, Vivienne, who constantly tried to "help" him correct his faults and improve his manners. She also deplored his sexual directness.

John K ——— simply didn't dare to indulge in the leisurely dalliance and caresses which most wives find physically arousing. "I get the feeling I'm being a damned nuisance," he blurted out, "so I try to get it over with quick as possible."

I made Vivienne understand that her haughty, condescending attitude was responsible for John's swiftness. She thought about it awhile. Then she sighed, "I suppose you're right, Doctor. Do you know — I even say to him, 'Are you all through?' I guess I'm just trying to rub it in that he hasn't satisfied me."

When Vivienne understood her own blame in the situation, she made a sincere effort to stop "improving" John. She let him know honestly that she would enjoy being fondled and cherished. John bent every nerve and sinew trying to oblige. Two weeks later Vivienne gratefully reported experiencing her first orgasm.

THIS would seem to vindicate the school of psychiatry which believes the lack of female orgasm is primarily the fault of wives themselves. But one example scarcely proves the rule. As many cases could be quoted on the opposite side of the fence. We cannot ignore the fact that many psychiatrists believe all a wife needs to experience constant, ecstatic orgasms is a virile "knowing" husband.

"The American woman knows that (*continued on page* 74)

posed by a professional model

DEATH WAITS AT

Wiley Post, Eagle of the skies, flamed like a meteor across the aviation heavens. In five exciting years, nearly every big-time flying record fell under the sleek wings of his beloved plane, the *Winnie Mae*. He lived in a decade of aerial giants, and outflew them all . . .

by FRANK O'HASSON

HIGH ABOVE the desert floor a white dot hurtled eastward, alone in the vast steel bowl of a cloudless sky, a wispy contrail the only mark of the plane's passage. Inside the cabin, tucked just underneath the broad and tapered wings, a one-eyed man wearing a black eye patch fought a losing battle with an enemy he could neither hear nor see.

Completely encased in rubberized fabric from head to foot, and breathing from two tanks of liquid oxygen, he watched grimly as the head temperatures of the big Wasp engine crept higher and higher, while the oil pressure continued to drop slowly.

The heavy growl of the big engine was lost in the vast, frigid blue of space. It didn't matter; there was no one around to hear the *Winnie Mae*. Twenty-five thousand feet below and 110 miles behind lay Burbank, California and Union Air Terminal — her starting point. Ahead, 2,000 problem-plagued miles over the rim of the earth, was New York — her destination.

Back on the runway at Burbank, sacrificed for a 15-mile-an-hour gain in cruising speed, the landing gear of this sleek mistress of the skies was strewn. In its place, a single wide steel skid hung

continued on page 24

POINT BARROW

For the lowest possible pay — nothing — Wiley made his first jump. He was learning to fly with an aerial circus troupe.

just below her belly, like a sled runner.

The rubber-clad pilot burned with anger as he reached out to retard the throttle. He began to swear steadily, even his whispers reverberating loudly inside the tank-like helmet astride his shoulders.

The engine rolled easily backward down the sound scale, and the smooth round nose of the *Winnie Mae* dropped reluctantly below the horizon. The graceful Lockheed turned on her side and slid swiftly earthward. As the ship tilted, pilot Wiley Post, Eagle from Oklahoma, looked out the side window and began searching the terrain below for a touch-down point. Several million acres stretched within easy reach beneath him, but all of it was a hot and sandy waste.

. The white dart whistled downward as Wiley checked back over his preparations at Burbank. He remembered the unguarded *Winnie Mae*, waiting out the long hours for good weather. Slowly, unwillingly, a certainty grew in his mind.

Someone had sabotaged his beloved ship!

So she was leaving her element like a wounded bird, the non-stop West-East record now an impossibility, the continent-stretch test of his futuristic altitude suit now out of the question.

The desert reached up to meet him, heat waves shimmering over the wastelands, as he continued to bring his beautiful lady down out of the sky. It was Washington's birthday, February 22, 1935, and Wiley Post was in a really bad spot.

He couldn't get out of the altitude rig by himself. Searching along the ribbon of concrete bisecting the floor of the desert, he found at last what he was seeking, a lone automobile along one shoulder, the figure of a man bent over the open hood.

The *Winnie Mae* banked away downwind, circling far out as her strangely clad pilot eased her down the invisible stairway in the sky, hoping to land near human aid.

Wiley Post, Texan by birth but an Oklahoma Sooner by personal choice, first flamed like a meteor across the aviation heavens in late September of 1930. Within five years he repeatedly captured the headlines as nearly every big-time flying record fell under the sleek wings of his beloved Lockheed Vega, the *Winnie Mae*. In a decade of giants, he was always in the vanguard of the record breakers. In the five years before his death, he consistently vanquished time and space, his string of "firsts" a thing of wonder even now, some 30 long years later.

Some men drive themselves in the quest for money. Others beat the wings of their lives against art, literature, war or women. The antagonist for Wiley Post was time. Time was his adversary, from the day of his birth until his crashing death among the icy tundras of a shallow Alaskan lake.

Short, stocky, curly-haired, in later life wearing a black eye patch because the air "feels cold on a glass eye," Wiley listened a lot and talked volubly only when the subject was flying. Naturally shy and diffident, he formed very few close personal friendships, and remained a lone wolf in most of his fantastic air exploits.

Wiley Post was born on a remote farm, in Van Zandt County, Texas, near the small town of Grand Saline, on November 22, 1899. His father was Scotch, his mother Irish. Wiley, with three older brothers and

a younger sister, did his share of the farm chores, but he was never an enthusiastic son of the soil. His father commented wryly years later, "Wiley could cultivate, plow, and sow, but never until after I had fixed everything for him."

Will Rogers described his farm career quite simply. "If it hadn't been for the boll-weevil and a Republican Administration, he might have remained an underfed, over-mortgaged farmer!" Rogers went on to comment on the move to Oklahoma. "Even Texas kids grow up!" the beloved humorist said drily. Rogers, of course, was the most famous Oklahoman of all time.

Wiley and formal education parted company when he was 14, to the great relief of both parties. In that same year, at nearby Lawton, Oklahoma, he saw his first airplane at a county fair. It was an old and battered Curtiss pusher, piloted by Art Smith, one of the early pioneers of flight. When Smith took off and flew the old job around the fairgrounds for 15 minutes, Wiley was spellbound at the sight.

The 14-year-old boy was so entranced that he slipped away from his brothers as soon as it was dark, and after a brush with a suspicious watchman, sat for hours at the controls of the old crate. His angry brothers, waiting with the family buggy, finally found him and yanked him out of the ship to take him home.

Two years later, at 16, he had saved enough money to go to Kansas City for a mechanic's course at the old Sweeney Auto School. Returning home after graduation, his flying fever still running high, he took a job driving a team on the grading work for the construction of the new airport at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

World War I was staggering through its final phases, and all three of Wiley's older brothers were in the Army and overseas. Too young to enlist, he managed to wangle his way into the Students Army Training Program at Norman, Oklahoma. The Armistice ended his military ambitions, and he drifted into a job as "roughneck" on a drilling crew in Walters.

First man to solo around-the-world is greeted on completing flight.

Four days later, Wiley is acclaimed by a New York ticker-tape parade.

Unaware his ship has been sabotaged, Post prepares to set altitude record.

The dirty, tiring job paid well for the times, but Wiley's natural aptitude for things mechanical soon paid off. He became a tool dresser at $11 daily and saved carefully, still intent on an aviation career.

The oil business is full of tales about the wildcatter who struck it rich, and twice Wiley took every cent out of the bank and shot the wad on dry holes. Broke, he simply started over. By the summer of 1919, he was a driller at $25 a day, and when a barnstormer flying an old army Jenny hit Walters, Wiley gave him a full day's pay to fly him through every maneuver the slow and underpowered ship could execute. Thirty minutes of this exhausted both the pilot and the old Jenny, but Wiley calmly walked away after announcing that the ride had not been as exciting as he had expected.

He spent nearly five years wandering about in the oil fields, drilling, saving, investing — and losing. Financial lightning struck all around, but never hit him. He kept doggedly on, drilling holes for other owners all over the oil fields of the Southwest.

One day at Hodenville, a lone ship droned across the sky. Wiley watched it until out of sight. All the old fascination rushed back, and that very night he quit his job and went to Wewoka to join a flying circus and learn to fly.

Coincidentally, Wiley arrived at Wewoka the same time one of the parachute jumpers had a slight accident. For the lowest possible pay — nothing — he took over the jump; and the next day, he dropped off the wing 2,000 feet over the tiny field! It was his second time off the ground, but before his career as a jumper ended he made 99 step-offs.

Wiley soon realized that his jumping was worth far more than he was being paid, so he hired a pilot and plane to strike out for himself. Rotary Clubs and Chambers of Commerce all over the Southwest hired him for exhibitions, but he ran into a little difficulty when he went home to Maysville for a show.

Wiley's father was distinctly unhappy to hear that his youngest son was to entertain the local folks (*continued on page* 44)

case of the Girl Who Lost Her Grip

The day she left town, well-stacked Emma was well packed. Having stuffed a worthless piece of baggage — her husband — in her Saratoga trunk, she simply left him waiting at the station!

by **LEWIS THOMPSON**

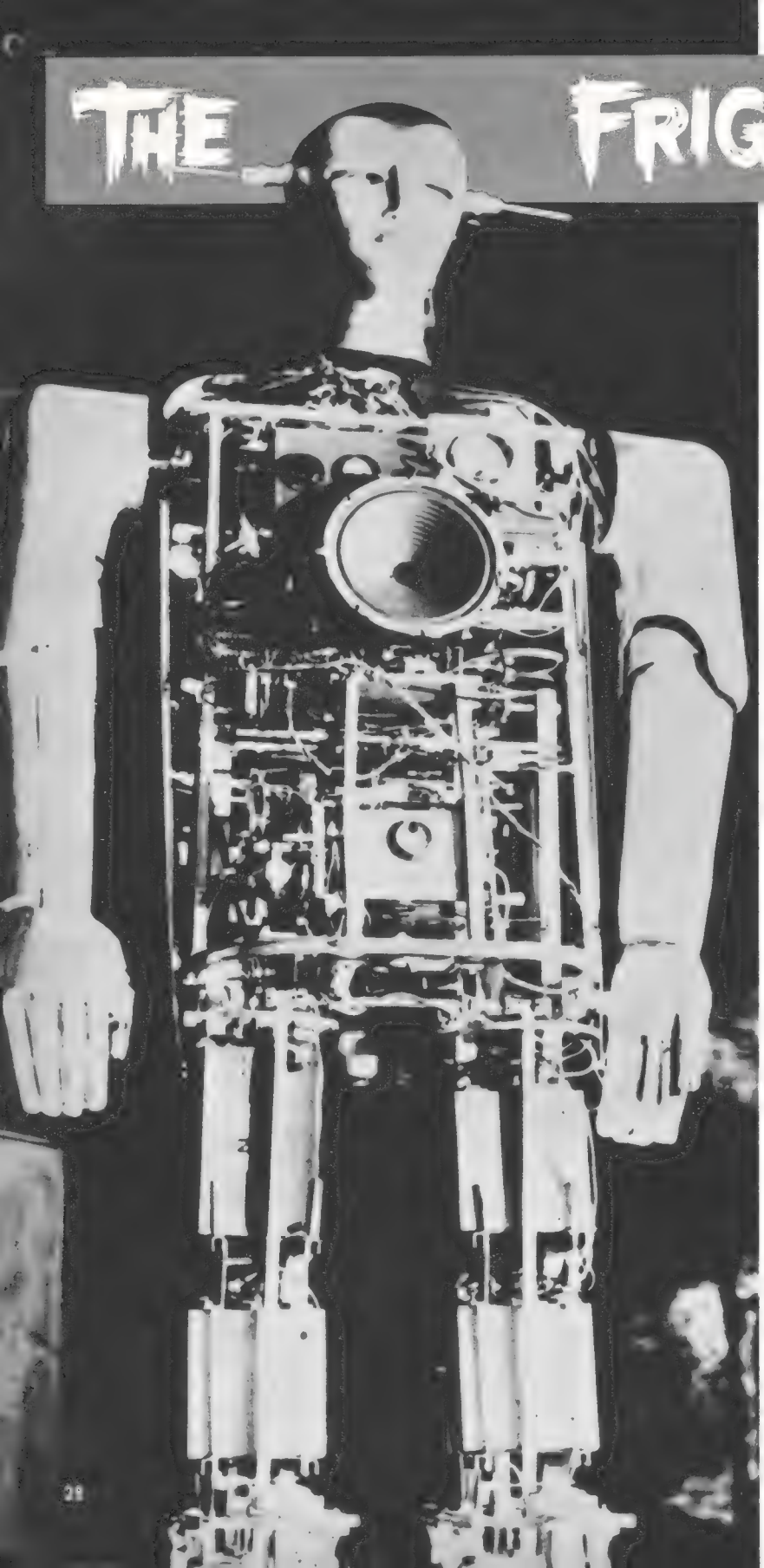
EMMA'S HOLD on Albert McVicar was an elemental one, based almost entirely on her devastating natural attributes. That is to say, she was a well-stacked deck, wild as the deuce, and she had acquired considerable talent in developing provocative tricks. McVicar, who sat in on this libidinous game enthusiastically, never realized that he was not the only player, and that Emma always saw to it that she was shuffled quite a bit by a number of different hands. He never realized, either, that the rules by which Emma played were sensationally *not* according to Hoyle.

The healthy male's usual reaction to Emma was mentally to whistle and then speculate along the lines of what comes naturally. Frank Vizelly, the baggage master at Stockton, California, demonstrated, shortly before 3 on the afternoon of Saturday, March 24, 1906, that he was no exception to the rule.

Vizelly had been standing on the platform, contemplating with perplexity two pieces of luggage: a straw suitcase and a rope-bound Saratoga trunk. Neither bore any labels and he had received no orders concerning them. In the distance he could hear the braying approach (*continued on page* 86)

illustrated by George Eisenberg

THE FRIGHTENING



When a metal monster takes 9 minutes to do the work of 44 humans slaving 14 days, it's time to wonder: WILL AUTOMATION COST YOU YOUR JOB? Here are the facts about man's greatest challenge since the atom.

by MARTIN HAVER

THEY descended a flight of stairs and filed past a steel door that clanged behind them. They walked up an aisle filled with mysterious gadgets, coils, wires and baffling mechanisms in glass housings. They were in "the place."

Outside — in the crisp, sunny world above — was Idaho Falls, U.S.A., sturdy buildings inscribed in stone saying: "Atomic Energy Commission." The month was August, the year 1957. All was "right" with the world . . . up there.

But down in the labyrinths, deep in the humming electronic bowels of this one building, Robert W. Sampson, up-and-coming employment manager in an Illinois plastic factory, with a group of other personnel executives on a guided tour of automation plants, witnessed an incredible sight.

The vision before them was not human, yet it had a human name: "Joe . . . Joe Handyman." Joe did human things, too — only better than anybody else.

The humming sound rose to a muttering hiss. Before the astounded eyes of these personnel men, this "thing" — six feet tall — began to move. It put on quite a show, demonstrating 10 types of motion — including finger bends, finger curls, thumb bends, forearm twists, wrist bends, upper arm twists and sideward pivots of the shoulder joints.

Joe, a blank-faced $242,507 metallic demon behind his seven-foot-thick glass wall, twirled hula hoops and flipped the pages of a telephone book to look up a number!

Bob Sampson, sweating and appalled,

WORLD OF AUTOMATION

listened with a mounting sense of apprehension as the voice of the AEC expert boomed through the silence:

"Joe Handyman has already served as a full-time mechanic on nuclear aircraft being built by the General Electric Company. Joe can be *told* to replace a 40-pound tube to be fitted into a hole with one-eighth of an inch clearance. He can also be dismantled and used in sections."

Sampson, already emotionally distraught at the prospects of machine replacing man, breathed heavily as he watched this incredible performance by an electronic monster. Feeling sickly — dizzy and nauseated — he leaned against a wall for support. Although he didn't know it at the time, Bob Sampson was undergoing the initial stages of a massive nervous breakdown.

Behind the seven-foot-thick protective wall, Joe Handyman's "section" of mechanical arms reached out its nine-foot maximum span and, from a tiny pot, lifted a fresh Shasta daisy. Then, gentle and precision perfect, Joe plucked all 60 petals from the daisy without a single tremor.

Seconds later, the metal man's steel palms and fingers (with a 500-pound pulling weight no human muscle could generate) pulled apart radioactive material that would kill a human being in a few seconds.

Somewhere beyond, in the darkness, AEC technicians ran a remote-control. The robot's arms swept into an arch and its fingers came down on a "hot (radioactive) airplane engine and casually began to dismantle its 6,300 separate parts. It would have taken a human crew a whole day to do it; Joe Handyman did it in a few minutes.

ASSEMBLED again as a "totally automated man" Joe Handyman was ready to stroll into any nuclear aircraft engine assembly plant and save a *full year* in human labor with his awesome speed and accuracy. All he had to do was step up to the most intricate assembly arrangement and "go to work."

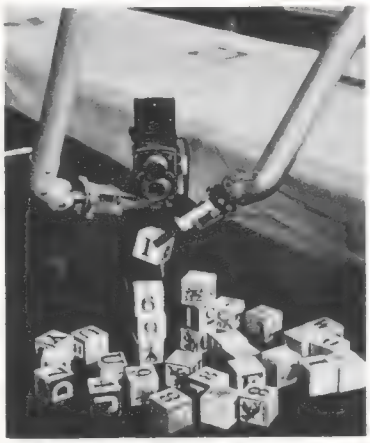
From August 22 to August 29, Sampson and his colleagues, who hired-and-fired real humans, saw the following:

• In a Westinghouse experimental laboratory, they were "introduced" to a seven-foot, 263-pound steel "thing" which smoked cigarettes, counted up to 100 and delivered a speech of welcome with a vocabulary of 77 words.

• Stopping off at Hammond, Indiana — where Bob Sampson was showing signs of near hysteria — the men investigated "Willie," a dapper metal man who performed all the basic human motions.

(continued on page 63)

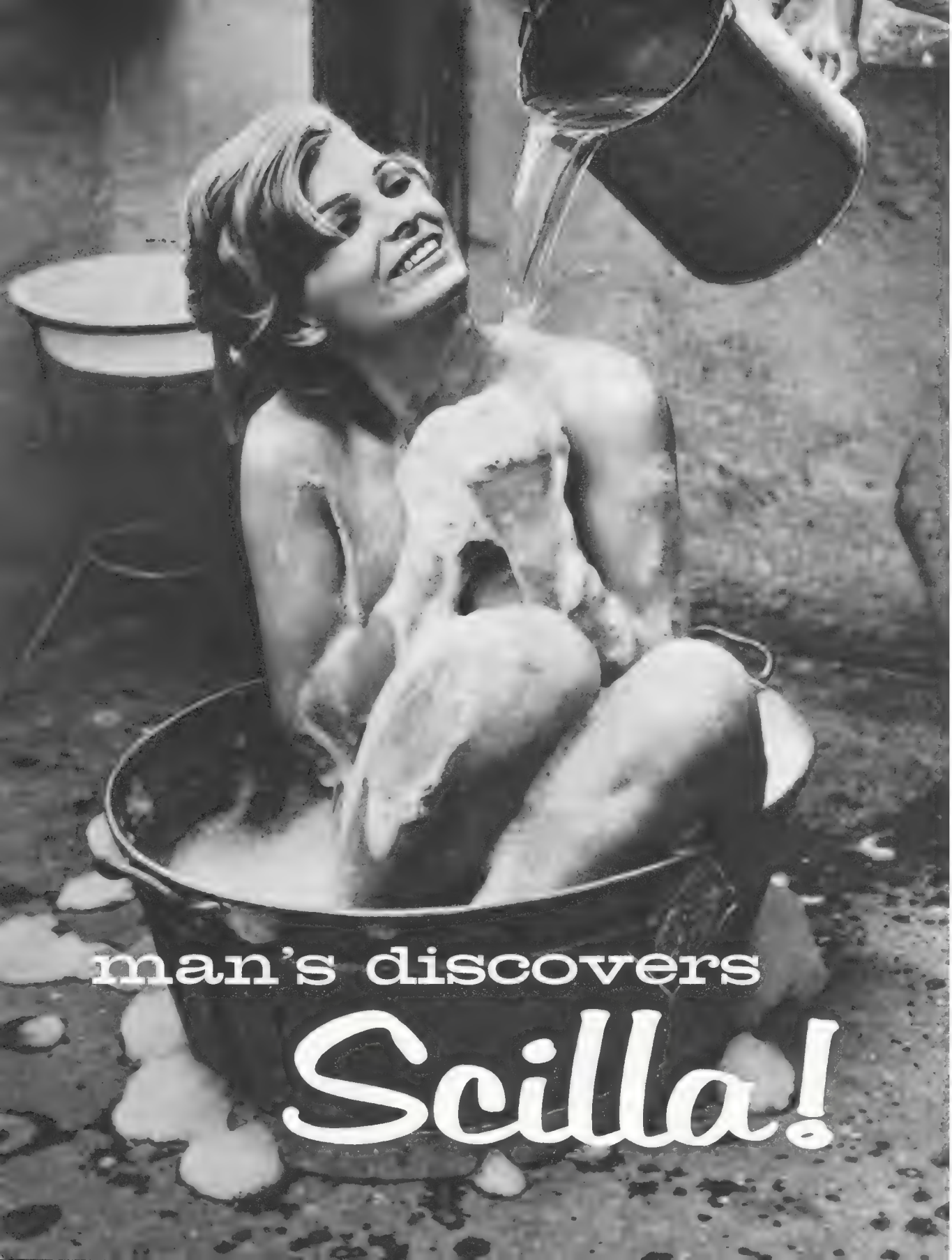
In Paris, electronic robot drove a scooter at special science exhibit.



In N. Y., Borg-Warner unit snaps a picture of itself stacking blocks.

In Washington, robot Elektro, property of Westinghouse, smokes, plays piano and has a vocabulary of 77 words.

In Harmonville, Pa., auto products lab wing is supervised by only two men.


man's discovers
Scilla!

continued on next page

photographs by
Torossi of Globe

man's discovers

Scilla!

continued

IT WAS "double or nothing" when Scilla Gabel sought her first job in Italian films. So, despite her many outstanding features, Scilla had to take a back seat to Sophia Loren, working as her double in two films. Not satisfied, Scilla brushed up on acting and English; and today, rapidly achieving star status, she no longer has double trouble. ▲

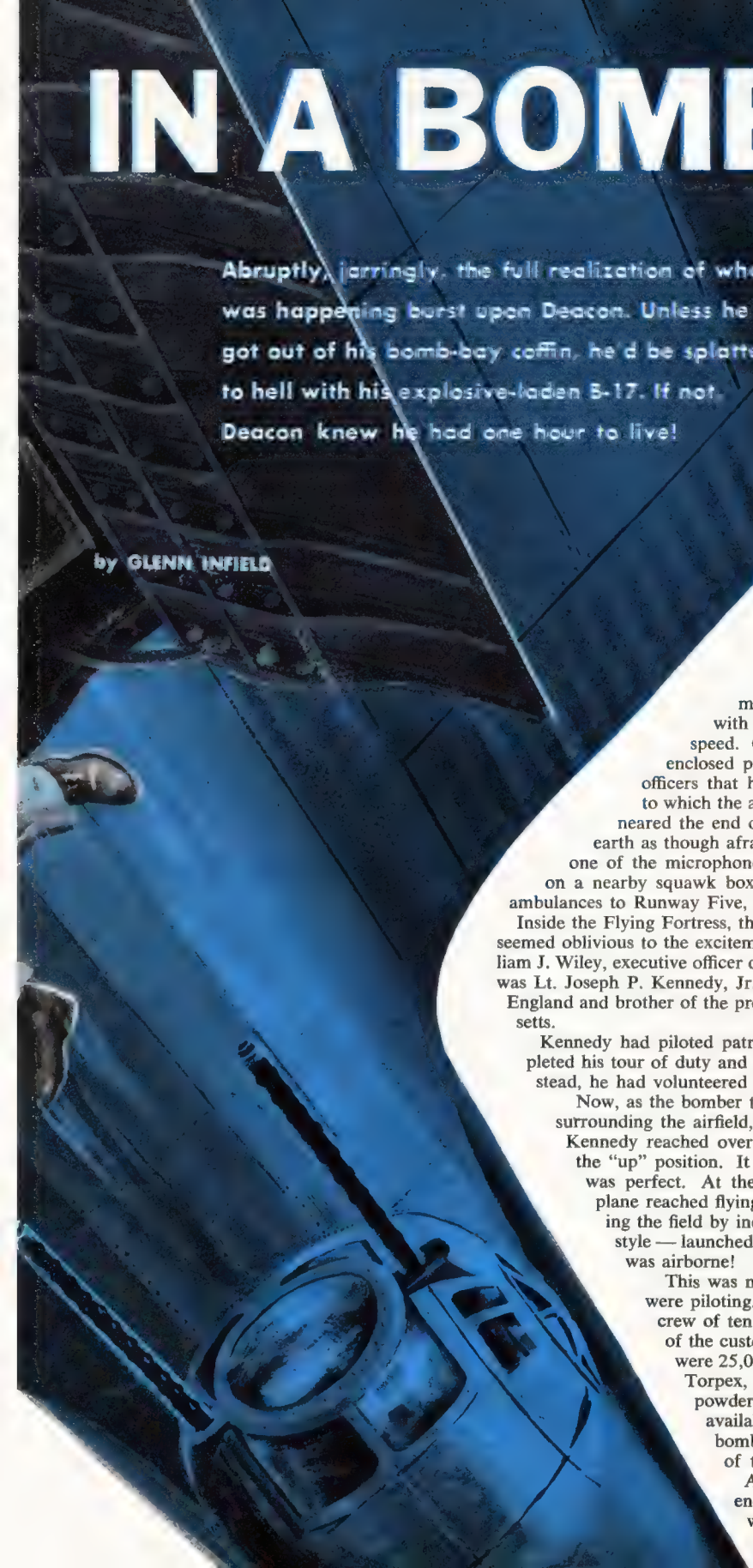
DEATHWATCH

illustrated by Mal Thompson

IN A BOMB BAY

Abruptly, jarringly, the full realization of what was happening burst upon Deacon. Unless he got out of his bomb-bay coffin, he'd be splattered to hell with his explosive-laden B-17. If not, Deacon knew he had one hour to live!

by GLENN INFIELD



AT EXACTLY 5:00 P.M. on August 12, 1944, a green flare arched skyward from the control tower at Dunkeswell, Devonshire, England, and a lone Flying Fortress started moving down the take-off runway.

Along the hardstands mechanics, armament men and radio technicians watched with bated breath as the big bomber gathered speed. On the narrow walkway skirting the glass-enclosed portion of the control tower, the group of officers that headed the mysterious "Castor Group" — to which the aircraft belonged — was hushed. The B-17 neared the end of the runway, its wheels still hugging the earth as though afraid to leave it. A young corporal manning one of the microphones in the tower suddenly flipped a switch on a nearby squawk box and said, "Scramble the fire trucks and ambulances to Runway Five, east end."

Inside the Flying Fortress, thundering down the runway, the two pilots seemed oblivious to the excitement they were creating. One was Lt. William J. Wiley, executive officer of Navy Special Air Unit No. 1. The other was Lt. Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., oldest son of the former ambassador to England and brother of the present Senator John Kennedy of Massachusetts.

Kennedy had piloted patrol bombers on submarine searches, completed his tour of duty and was on orders to return to the States. Instead, he had volunteered for this secret mission.

Now, as the bomber threatened to dig up the green countryside surrounding the airfield, both men pulled back hard on the yoke. Kennedy reached over and flipped the landing gear switch into the "up" position. It was "go for broke" or die. Their timing was perfect. At the same instant the wheels started up the plane reached flying speed and they cleared the trees bordering the field by inches. The first guided missile — television style — launched by Allied forces against an enemy target was airborne!

This was no ordinary B-17 that Wiley and Kennedy were piloting. In a plane designed to be operated by a crew of ten they were the only ones aboard. Instead of the customary load of ten 500-pound bombs there were 25,000 pounds of torpex in the Flying Fortress. Torpex, a mixture of TNT, cyclonite, aluminum powder and wax, was the most deadly explosive available for use at the time. Also, in place of a bombardier sitting in the plexiglass nose section of the plane, there was a television camera. And there was one other important difference in their flight plan. This was a one-way mission from (*continued on page* 94)

DAVE MAZROFF, former member of Chicago's Capone-Torrio Mob and Detroit's notorious Purple Gang, is eminently qualified to write this story. Today, as penance for his past, the author is Convict 85208 in Michigan's Marquette Prison. (See MAN'S Corner, page 4, for further details.)

by DAVID MAZROFF

KILLERS roamed Chicago's streets during prohibition like locusts devouring a field of grain, and during the 10 years from 1922 to 1932, some 500 men were murdered. The Capone mob decimated many. Mobs of Bugs Moran and Dion O'Bannion killed their share. The newspapers carried names of the gang leaders and their lieutenants, and sometimes of lesser members, each time a killing occurred; and from time to time the name of Hymie Weiss — O'Bannion's lieutenant — appeared.

And when he was 28 years old, Hymie's name made the obituary columns of the newspapers — the result of his having been shot to death by Capone's executioners.

Hymie was slain because he had become a thorn in the sides of the Capone Syndicate. Few men who bucked Al in those days were wise enough to know they were beat before they started. When they learned, the roof fell in and it was too late, and wisdom came with the shock of hot slugs tearing through them, spilling their life's blood and emptying their lungs of air.

I was connected with Al at the time, and I knew Hymie well because we were friends. Then Dion O'Bannion was murdered in his flower shop and things changed. Hymie changed — toward me, toward everyone. He became a man infused with hate and lusted for vengeance. He forgot all the others who had tried to fight Al and lost. He forgot that O'Bannion had tried it and lost. He was different, he thought. Tougher. Smarter. Actually, he was a man marked for death, for dying in the street, harshly and violently.

His real name was Earl Wajcieckowski. An American of Polish descent, a renegade from the time he was 10 years old, he had been a burglar, auto thief, hijacker, gang leader and murderer. He once burglarized a perfume and toilet goods shop, accidentally upset a shelf of perfume and, when he emerged from the store, smelled like a two-buck whore. The cops picked him up a few blocks away, sniffed him, and asked him if he were a pansy. The papers picked it up and dubbed him "The Perfume Burglar." It took him several years and a couple of gun fights to live it down. He adopted the name of Hymie Weiss but was also known as Hymie the Polack, and Little Hymie. But he wasn't little — about average height, with the body of a strong middleweight, although a little plump.

O'BANNION and Weiss had been an ideal combination. Dion always had been impulsive, terribly headstrong, and acted on snap judgment. Not so Weiss. Prudent, diplomatic and far-seeing, a master of the soft-soap and butter-up technique, Hymie built a business in liquor and beer by conning the dissatisfied customers, or muscling them if necessary, but only if absolutely necessary. However, despite his intelligence and suaveness, his alert and agile mind, his acquired polish, he was a thorough hood and a conscienceless killer.

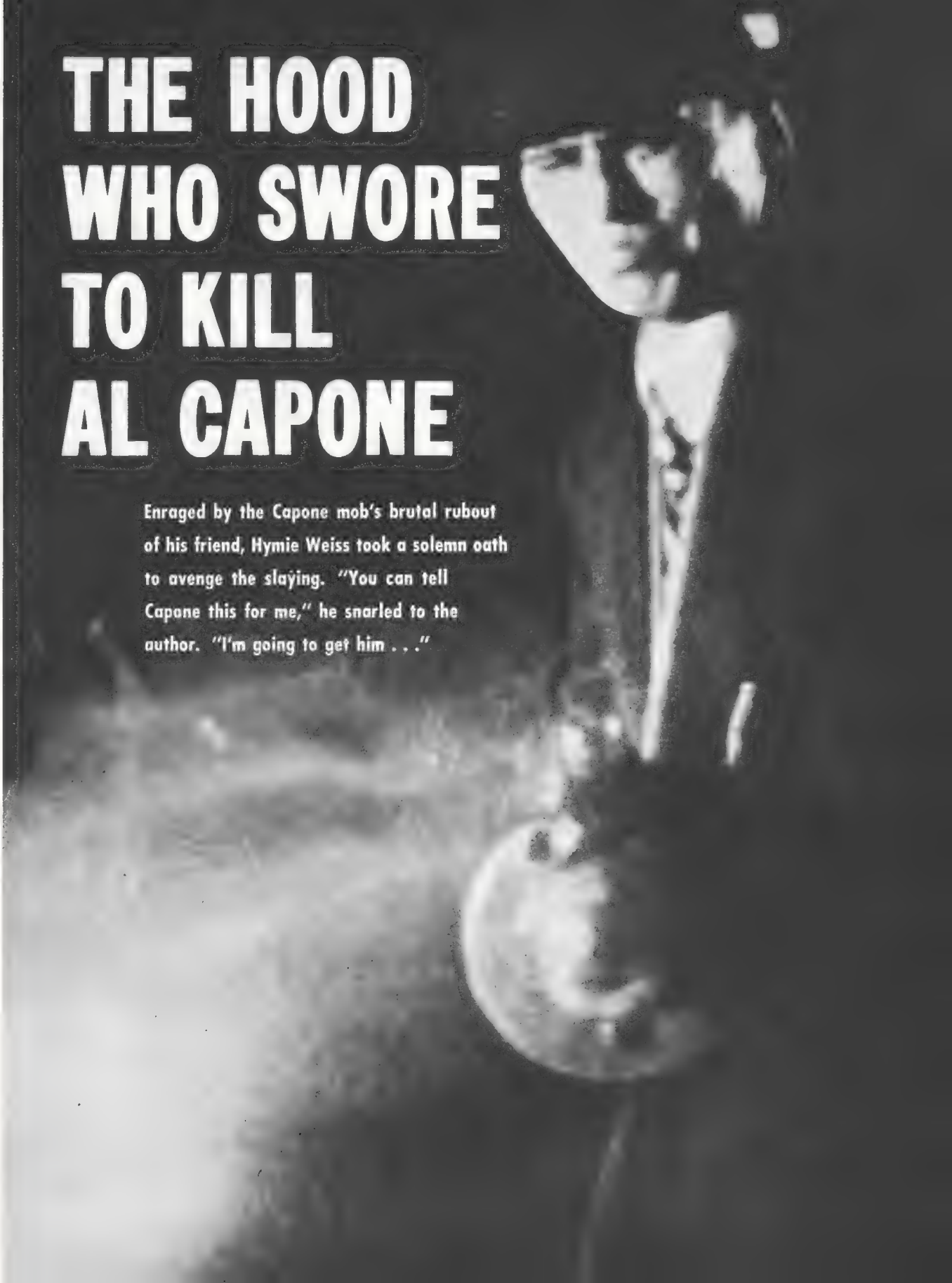
Like O'Bannion, Weiss was a Catholic. He always carried a crucifix and rosary in his pocket, attended Holy Name Cathedral regularly. Unlike most of the era's hoods, who frequented the hot spots nightly, Hymie cared little for night clubs or blind pigs. He rarely, as a matter of fact, took a drink, and when he did, it always was wine.

In the early Twenties, Hymie met Josephine Libby, a principal in the Ziegfeld Follies, as the blonde doll strolled through the

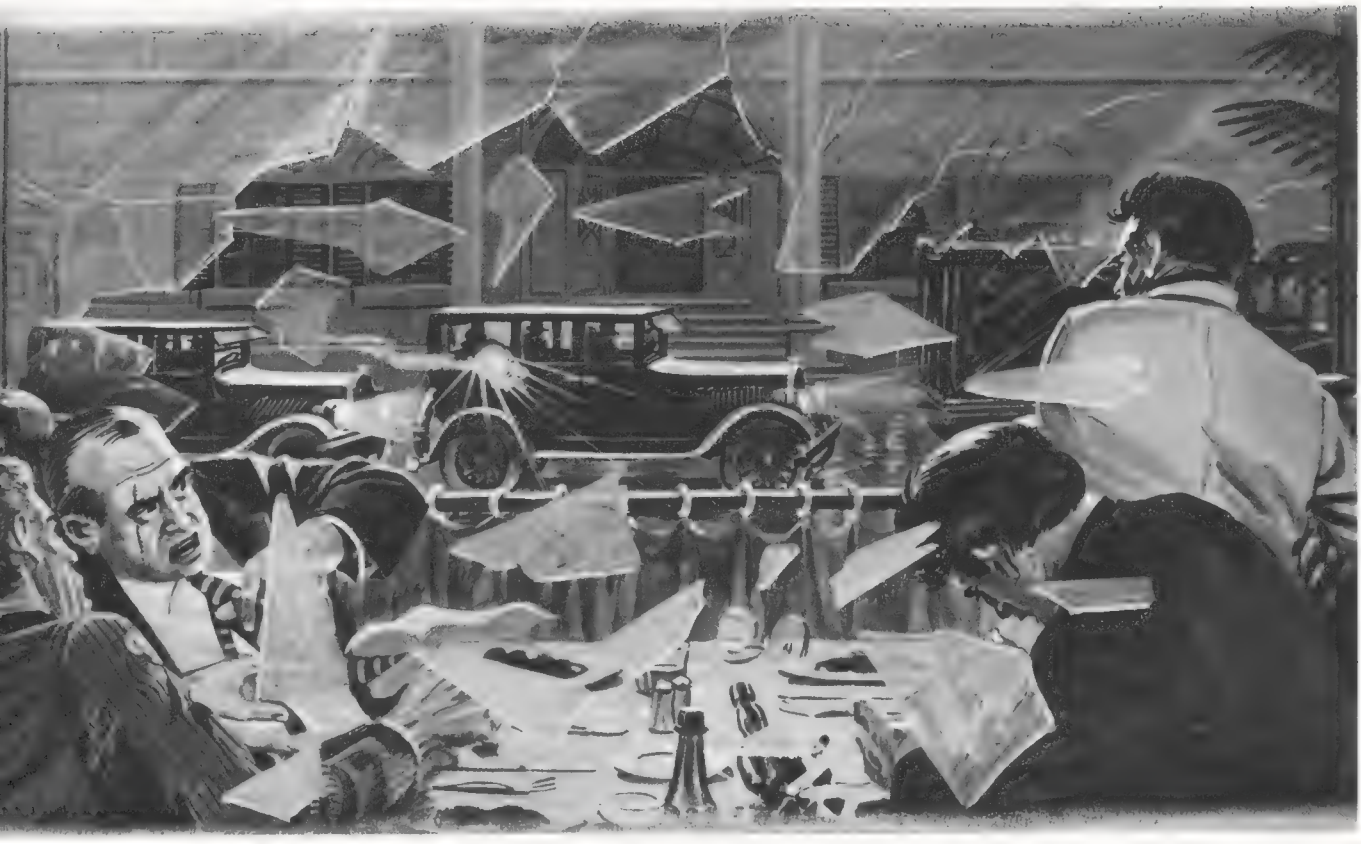
continued on page 38

AL CAPONE

THE HOOD WHO SWORE TO KILL AL CAPONE



Enraged by the Capone mob's brutal rubout of his friend, Hymie Weiss took a solemn oath to avenge the slaying. "You can tell Capone this for me," he snarled to the author. "I'm going to get him . . ."



THE HOOD WHO SWORE TO KILL AL CAPONE continued

lobby of the Congress Hotel. Po Libby's large and wise blue eyes sized up the man smiling at her; he looked and smelled like money. That night she found a basket of flowers in her dressing room. She smiled smugly, looked at the card enclosed and knew it was from *him*. The card, made of linen and smartly embossed with Hymie's name, bore the simple message: "I've thought of you every minute."

Hymie appeared after the show and took Jo to supper at a smart restaurant. The talk was of the theater, books, philosophy — all of it interspersed with bright chitchat; and Hymie dropped a name here and there — the Palmers, McCormicks, Clarence Darrow, Carl Sandburg, Mary Garden, Samuel Insull, Charles G. Dawes. Names to dazzle even the blasé, and Hymie dropped them with the careless but delicate insouciance of a man long accustomed to the intimacy of the elite, the famous, the accomplished, and shrugged them off as a natural part of his heritage. Josephine Libby was enchanted.

During the evening Miss Libby remarked that she had read of a Hymie Weiss in the papers a day or so ago. He was a — a bootlegger?

"Oh, yes," Hymie replied, a frown crossing his face, "I've heard of him. He's a notorious gangster, and it's very embarrassing to me. People make the most ridiculous sallies about it." He sighed. "There's nothing I can do."

The evening passed with Hymie continuing his pitch, eager in his desire but holding himself back with magnificent restraint. This wasn't any night-club chippie who could be had with a simple proposition. This was a famed Ziegfeld Follies beauty, a principal in the show. You had to take it slow and easy with her, so Hymie moved carefully, employing all the timeless byplay man has used to woo woman — the subtle flattery of promises of love everlasting and a life filled with luxury — jewels, furs and travel.

And Josephine Libby lapped it up like a cat loose in a creamery.

Hymie then said, "Do you think you really should be on the stage, Jo?" He had arrived at the intimate first-name basis. "A young girl like you — so innocent."

"That's silly," Jo replied. "Girls on the stage are safer than those in offices." She smiled winsomely. "I do believe you are somewhat of a Puritan."

"Well, I guess I am, sort of," Hymie admitted. "It's my background."

Those were precious words, if you knew Hymie, and at this point it may well be argued that Miss Libby did know Hymie but kept it to herself. Bootleggers and gangsters were the fashion. Moreover, they threw money around like confetti.

Hymie got Jo, and continued to play his role all during the time the Follies was in town. He showered her with flowers and candy, and each night took her to supper at a different restaurant or club. When the show left town, Josephine sported a huge diamond on her engagement finger and was deliriously happy. A short time later, unable to stand the agony of separation from his beloved, Hymie leaped aboard the Century for New York. He met Jo's mother, Mrs. Simard, who was very much impressed with her little daughter's fiance. Hymie also knew how to get around older women.

Hymie took Jo out of the Follies, no mean task that, and hustled her on a train for Florida where, according to Jo,

they were married. When questioned about this event, after Hymie was murdered, she couldn't remember exactly where they had been spliced, although she seemed quite certain they had been married somewhere. Some Follies girls had notoriously bad memories.

"I didn't know what Earl — she preferred his real name — was when I married him," she told newsmen. "But if I had known it wouldn't have made any difference. I loved him and he loved me. I'll always love him." Deathless love seemed to die early and Jo was seen around and about with one man or another shortly after Hymie had been laid to rest. But she was so beautiful, so irresistible, and a woman with strong needs. Who could have blamed her?

"You'd expect a rich bootlegger to be a man about town," Jo went on, "but Earl never went to night clubs. Well, seldom ever. He liked to be alone with me, just lounging about, listening to the radio or reading. He was very well read. If you didn't know he was a bootlegger you'd have mistaken him for a college professor. He really hated doing what he did. He told me he planned on getting out of the racket. We were going to go to Europe for two years or so, and if we liked it, we thought possibly we might live there."

Another newspaper reporter interviewed Frank Weiss, Hymie's brother, at the inquest. He asked if Frank would fill him in on Hymie's life with his family. "I know nothing about Hymie's early life at home because I can't remember too much of it, and I don't know anything about his affairs. I've seen him only once in 20 years. That was six years ago when he shot me."

Such was the nature of Hymie the Polack when he came to O'Bannion just before prohibition. Dion was rising to power as a gang leader, and Hymie became O'Bannion's right-hand man in a short time. His admiration of O'Bannion bordered on idolatry.

Dion had married Viola Kaniff, a pretty, well educated, fine mannered young lady, and installed her in a mansion on Pine Grove Avenue. Each room in the large house, done by a professional decorator, had its individual color, furniture, rugs, draperies, paintings, etchings and water colors. There was also a player piano in the living room which Dion loved to play by the hour. When I called evenings at his home, while we all were still friends, I'd usually find Hymie and Schemer Drucci there; and Dion would insist that we form a quartet and sing all the old songs, much to Viola's discomfort. Dion had a good voice but Drucci, Weiss and I sounded like sick cats that had supped on poisoned garbage. That, of course, was also before Hymie met Josephine Libby, and before Capone ordered the executions of the South Side O'Donnells, all five of them, and their henchmen. The murders of these Irishmen dismayed the chauvinistic O'Bannion.

The O'Donnell's — Spike, Tommy and Walter — had been left out of the big meeting at the Lexington Hotel when the city was divided into territories by Johnny Torrio. They had sent back word that nobody made any laws or rules for them, especially a bunch of greasy dagoes. The South Side, they said, belonged to them and they were going to stay in it, come hell or high water. A lot of this may have been sheer bravado; or it may have been that they really believed they were big enough to buck the Syndicate, as the Torrio-Capone gang now was known. (*continued on page* 80)

A conscienceless hood, with a high IQ and low boiling point, Weiss (r.) finally went too far.

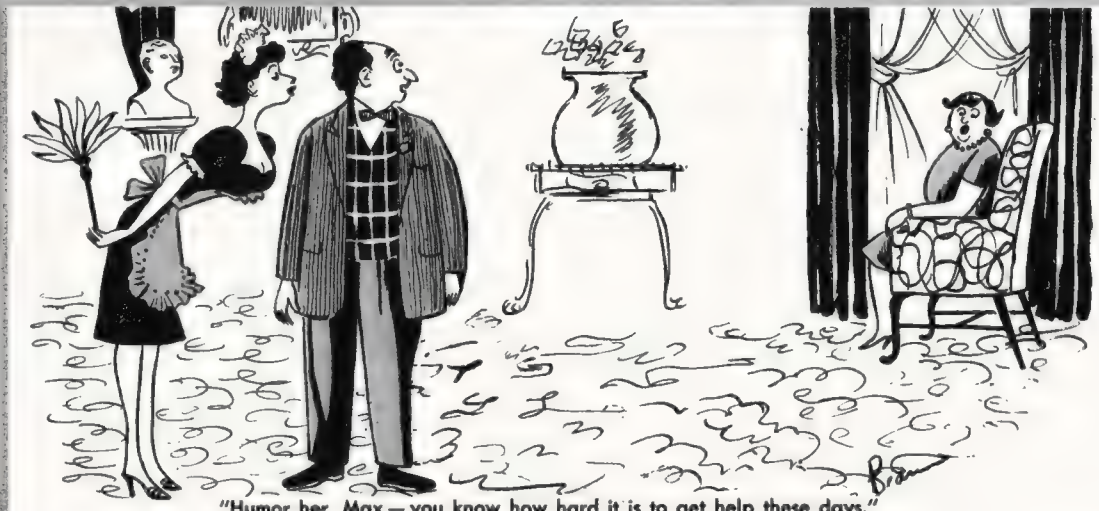
He plucked Josephine Hill from the Ziegfeld Follies, then impressed her with his urbanity.

Gangland rubouts in Chicago during Twenties were common.

"There's no flash to disclose its position, it's silent, and we think it's going to make present-day artillery obsolete."

"I wonder if you have a few minutes to look at my rear end?"

"She doesn't know the signals, but she's getting her message across."



"Humor her, Max — you know how hard it is to get help these days."

BACK TO MIRTH MOVEMENT

CHARLES PEARSON didn't exactly find a home in the army, but 3½ years in Uncle Sam's "Marching and Chowder Society" gave him a healthy respect for outdoor living.

"Maybe I'm out of step after all those forced marches," says Charlie, "but I learned to love the country." That's why, upon receiving his discharge, the cartoonist vowed never again to live in his native Brooklyn. He moved upstate, near Hudson, N. Y., and started a dairy farm. He still draws cartoons in his spare time, though. That way, he milks laughs as well as cows. ▲

"I assure you, Potts, even if one of them does break the three-minute mile, the A.A.U. will not approve it."

by **ALLEN ROBERTS**

BUMPING over the bomb-rutted road, the hearse contained live cargo: two French girls and "Shelley," the great spy being hunted by the Gestapo throughout the length and breadth of France. Strapped to Shelley's wrist was a brief case filled with documents lifted from the Germans relating to the *Verwaltungswaffen* (V-1's and V-2's) and their locations.

The two beautiful girls, being transported out of France with Shelley, were resistance fighters who had become too well-known to the Germans. The top command of the resistance decided, therefore, to get them to England.

The young women shivered in the cold night. As the hearse came to a sudden halt, Shelley and the two Frenchwomen dived for the floor of the car and lay still, not daring to move a muscle. They could hear someone speaking German to the driver of the hearse. It was a *Feldgendarmerie* patrol on the lookout for resistance fighters.

Monsieur Gidot, the driver and a licensed undertaker, was not the kind of man who frightened easily, and he displayed no trace of nervousness in responding to the Germans' questions. Inside the hearse Shelley slowly pulled a Colt .45 from his holster and handed it to one of the young women. He, himself, held on to a Sten gun. If the Germans opened the door of the car a blast from the Sten gun would greet them. But, convinced all was in order, they ordered the undertaker to move on.

Hardly an hour had passed when the hearse stopped again. But this time there were no Germans. Gidot stamped his foot sharply on the floor of the car — a signal to the occupants inside that all was safe. The three jumped out of the hearse and found themselves surrounded by about 60 armed men, all of them resistance fighters. Still others hid behind bushes, guarding a secret airfield.

A tall man in his middle forties, the chief of the *Maquis*, stepped forward and grasped Shelley's hand. "This is the proudest moment of my life," he said. "It is a great honor to meet you. France is grateful to so valuable a friend."

The plane which was to transport the trio to London stood waiting on a darkened runway. Shelley and the two (*continued on page* 58)

THE SPY

AGENT THOMAS

For months he whisked in and out of Occupied France, making fools of the Gestapo.

Then, after dozens of narrow escapes, Churchill's personal liaison man fell into a trap, and SS men began to work him over in a desperate attempt to extract the secrets of the Resistance Movement . . .

continued from page 23

by riding a silk umbrella down over the town. In an effort to maintain good family relations, Wiley tried to cancel his contract with the Maysville Chamber of Commerce, but they had already widely distributed handbills advertising the affair.

Mr. Post listened glumly when Wiley explained the situation, but he made no comment. Later, when Wiley went to check his chute before the scheduled jump, it was gone! A desperate search turned up not a trace, and Wiley had to go to the Chamber of Commerce, explain the circumstances, and obtain a week's delay. He appealed to a friend in Oklahoma City and managed to borrow a chute to use on the big day. A full week late, he jumped. Post senior never explained what had been done with the parachute, but gossip has it the chute was burned and the steel fittings buried.

The novelty of aviation began to wear off for the small towns, and airplanes or chute jumps no longer drew big crowds. Wiley looked up his old friend, Sam Bartels, pilot on many of his exhibitions, and made a deal. For $200 cash in hand, a concerned Bartels watched Post, with only four hours of dual instruction, stagger off the ground in Bartels' old Canuck. Two uncertain landings later the relieved Bartels handed back the $200, even refusing the charge for the use of the ship. Wiley Post was now a full-fledged pilot.

It was 1924, but his roughest year loomed just ahead. Public interest in flying was at a new low, and Post struggled along for a year trying to earn sufficient money to live . . . all the while building up his flying time. By the end of 1925, the going became impossible. Wiley decided to try his hand temporarily again at his old trade — driller in the oil fields.

In December, he reported on the job in a new field at Seminole, and within a few hours of his first day at work, disaster struck. Overseeing a repair on the rig, Wiley stood nearby as a "roughneck" swung a tremendous blow with a sledge at a jammed bolt. The bolt head split, and a steel chip sliced painfully into his left eyeball. An infection developed, and in order to save his life, doctors removed the eye.

Accurate depth perception a matter of life and death to a pilot, Wiley was sick with discouragement. He slipped off to visit an uncle in the Davis Mountains of Southwest Texas, and as they hunted quail and deer, Wiley practiced judging distances. While they walked along with their guns he would estimate the position of a hill or a shrub, then pace it off to check his figures. In two months, he was far better at judging depth with one eye than he had been with two. His confidence restored, Wiley went home to Oklahoma to collect $1,800 Workmen's Compensation. When all the bills were paid, he had $1,200 left as a settlement for one eye.

Not far from Holdenville, two young pilots had a slightly damaged Canuck, and Wiley bought it for $240. It took another $300 to finish the repairs. However, he had a good ship and, still, a small grub stake. One of the Canuck's previous owners ferried him to Holdenville, and he immediately got his old friend, Sam Bartels, to polish him up on some of the finer points of flying. Since Wiley was in a hurry, this took all of two hours. Early in 1927, Post hung out his shingle as a charter pilot for oil operators all over that portion of the Southwest. On week ends he hauled passengers or put on exhibitions.

During one of his appearances, a dainty 17-year-old ticket-buyer climbed aboard the Canuck for her first ride. Mae Lane never bought another ticket, but she did acquire the man who sold them. Over the protests of her father, she and Wiley took off late in the evening of June 27, 1927, in the faithful but weary Canuck. Post had their marriage license in his pocket.

Over Graham, Oklahoma, the magneto rotor suddenly expired, and Wiley had his first forced landing thrust upon him. In the gloomy dusk he picked a corn field, and in they went, knocking over corn shocks as the ship bounced down the furrows.

They took time out right there to look up a local minister and put to use the marriage license Wiley was carrying. Later that evening Wiley moved several rows of shocks, turned the Canuck into the wind, put a new rotor in the magneto, and the newlyweds were off on their honeymoon.

The fabulous career of Wiley Post, like a missile on a launching pad, was about to arc upward. And the man whose friendship would light the fuse for one of the most famous pilots of all time was waiting just over the hill in Oklahoma City.

Somewhere in his travels Wiley had met and become good friends with Powell Briscoe, junior partner in the oil firm of Hall and Briscoe. Now, on a visit, Briscoe introduced Post to Fred C. Hall, a wildcatter with an uncanny knack of doing the right thing in what looked like the wrong place. On a nearly invisible $250 shoestring, he had successfully drilled nearly 300 wells. Now he suffered not from lack of funds.

On the day he met Post, Hall was still smarting about a lost oil lease, barely missed because of his late arrival on the scene of operations. When the advantages of airplane travel were pointed out, he took steps — hired Wiley on the spot and bought a three-place Travelair. For a year, Post and Company showed up all over Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas and Kansas. Hall, never a man to dally, was sold on Post so completely that he practically adopted the one-eyed youngster. He was also sold on flying.

In late 1928, he sent Wiley and the Travelair to the Lockheed factory in Los Angeles. It was here that Wiley Post fell in love for the second and last time in his life. The object of his affections was the sleek new Lockheed Vega monoplane, hottest thing to come off the drawing boards since the Gibson Girl.

Probably the smoothest job of streamlining accomplished up to then, the Vega had a lot of other features. Her round fuselage, formed of molded plywood, provided an unbeatable combination of strength and lightness. In the nose was one of the best examples of air-cooled horsepower ever built — the 450 h.p. Pratt and Whitney Wasp. And hung on the crankshaft was a Hamilton Standard controllable-pitch prop, the most efficient airscrew man had yet devised.

The design of the ship itself was clean — no struts or projections to create drag — and the big tapered plywood wing was faired into the upper cabin for a maximum of visibility. From any angle the Vega looked pretty. To Wiley Post she was a dream come true.

Hall made only one request during construction of the Lockheed — that it be named for his daughter, Winnie Mae Fain of Oklahoma City. And thus it was that the Winnie Mae, destined to be known in every country of the world, was christened.

The first *Winnie Mae* — there were two — was the fourth Vega off the Lockheed assembly line to be Wasp powered, and when Wiley arrived over the Oklahoma City airport he couldn't resist showing off the ship to Hall and his daughter as they watched admiringly from the field below. For 10 minutes he wrung it out, violating practically every rule the old Department of Commerce Aviation Agency had written.

For several years, and several thousand air hours, Wiley had flown without a license. Under the regulations at that time this was possible, although inspectors from the Bureau were fast picking up the legal reins.

Hall, watching the Vega from the ground as Wiley did impossible things, made a decision. When Post landed, he stipulated that the one-eyed pilot stop everything and go after a legal ticket, so that all flying in the *Winnie Mae* would be in strict compliance with government regulations. Post agreed, but with deep misgivings about passing the physical with only one eye.

He sailed through a rigid written and oral test, much tougher than normally given applicants, but his license was temporarily held up. Post — who knew practically every inch of the Southwest from the air more intimately than some people know their own back yard — had never kept a written log book! He was unable to produce written proof of 700 hours in the air, although everyone knew he had several thousand. With Hall's blessing, in eight months he logged the new time, starting from scratch. No mean feat, as any pilot knows.

By the end of 1928, he had his license, the use of the finest and fastest ship around, and an indulgent and wealthy backer. The missile fuse of fame was burning faster now, but the blast off was still one year over the horizon.

Hall, in the middle of a business expansion that required all his available cash, began to feel the pinch of supporting the sleek *Winnie Mae*. Only a stable full of race horses can chew up money faster than a high-powered airplane.

Post, itching to place the *Winnie Mae* in competition, sounded out Hall about releasing the ship for a few months under Post's financial responsibility so he could go after a record or two. Hall readily agreed, and dropped a negotiation he had been conducting for sale of the ship back to Lockheed.

In Dallas, a home-town booster by the name of Colonel William Easterwood had posted a $50,000 prize for the first Dallas-Hong Kong flight, permitting only one stop en route for fuel. Wiley sighted in on this fat-looking melon, and began prompt but careful readying of the *Winnie Mae*. A close study of air navigation was at the head of his list of preparations, and he turned to a textbook on the subject written by Commander Weems, of the United States Navy.

A recognized authority on the peculiar problems incidental to air navigation, Weems entered into some personal discussions with Post as to conditions he

might encounter. On one of these occasions, Commander Weems pointed out that he had been helped in writing his book by a young Australian named Harold Gatty, and he suggested Post look up Gatty for some technical assistance. Thus the two men came together and the friendship that was to send the name *Winnie Mae* ringing down the years was born.

Everything was set, aside from a few minor details, when Colonel Easterwood pulled the plug by withdrawing the $50,000 prize money. A sorely disappointed Post reported back to Hall and suggested the deal with Lockheed be concluded. He offered to deliver the ship to the factory. In a few days it was accomplished, and an unhappy Post was winging into Los Angeles. But the fuse of fame, now burning brightly, refused to go out.

At Lockheed, the company accepted the *Winnie Mae*, then offered the dumbfounded Post a job as a factory test pilot. He joyfully accepted, amazed at the generous raise in pay they promptly gave him. But best of all he learned that his duties would include flying the *Winnie Mae* on sales demonstrations.

For a year Wiley had a real ball in his own quiet way. He had a top job in the field he loved, he was near the *Winnie Mae*, and his technical education was force fed as he advanced from drawing board, to production, to testing the new designs. The lessons learned were to help him pull the second *Winnie Mae* out of the mud of Siberia and get her airborne again, to temporarily straighten a prop on a sandy Alaskan beach, and to demonstrate over and over again that he knew every gusset, every bolt, and every whim in her make-up.

In the 1929 National Air Races, he flew escort for the women pilots competing in the Santa Monica to Cleveland Derby. His old friend Amelia Earhart took third in another Lockheed.

DURING the summer he got in airline time between El Paso and Brownsville, and acquired a real respect for schedules. In late 1929 he entered the *Winnie Mae* in the Ford Reliability Tour. Under the points system for the race, he stood no chance of winning, but he had a lot of fun and got some good publicity.

And in June of 1930, the fuse touched the fuel load and the rocket began to flame.

F. C. Hall, his cash crisis ended, telephoned Post at the factory. He wanted to buy back the *Winnie Mae*, and urged his favorite pilot to return to Oklahoma City. The *Winnie Mae* had just been sold by Lockheed, but Hall was his old, determined self.

"Buy a new one for me," he said. "If you can think of any improvements, put them in!"

The elated Post rushed into the engineering department, and the real *Winnie Mae*, the snow-white mistress to be known the world over, began to take shape on the floor of the Lockheed plant. Wiley hovered like a mother hen as she made her queenly way through assembly and inspection, finally to stand a pristine white in the California sunshine, waiting for the first eager rush upward into her natural element. Her name, painted out on the old ship, was neatly lettered in black on each of her sleek flanks: *The Winnie Mae of Oklahoma.*

Naturally, Post test piloted her. He found a few minor changes necessary and wired Hall for permission to spend the money. Hall OK'd the work without even asking what the changes were or how much they would cost.

Post's wife, the other Mae in his life, joined him, and the flying couple "tore out of Los Angeles, making tracks to Oklahoma." The tracks ran a hell of a lot further than Oklahoma; they were to cross and crisscross the surface of the globe within the next five years.

The "record-breaking" bug bit deeply now. This new *Winnie Mae* was hot — too hot to keep under the wraps of ordinary business flying. Wiley dreamed up a neat little switch on record-busting and went to Hall with his plan. He proposed entering the *Winnie Mae* in the 1930 National Air Races at Chicago, particularly the race from Los Angeles to the Windy City. After copping that one — he never doubted the outcome — the *Winnie Mae* would refuel quickly and proceed to New York, thus smashing the transcontinental record held by Frank Hawks.

Simple. Two destinations . . . two records. Hall listened, then came back with a suggestion of his own.

The National Air Race was fine, he said. Use it as a warm-up for a record buster to end them all — a furious dash around the world!

POST, knowing his ship as well as his own body, went to work. He dropped a notch on the angle of incidence of the big wing, to gain a few miles per hour. He altered the tanks to hold a full 500 gallons and chopped four inches from the tail skid to slow up his landings. When he was finished, the *Winnie Mae* zoomed 10 miles per hour faster.

His old friend, Harold Gatty, stayed up all night before the race, charting the course, checking the weather, and marking compass headings. At take-off time, he handed Wiley a beautifully-detailed set of maps, all based on corrected compass headings, regional variations, winds aloft, and elapsed time after take-off.

The moment was at hand. The plane shivered, then gently lifted, and, in a looping rush, was airborne. The *Winnie Mae* burst upward from Los Angeles like an anxious filly leaving the post.

The *Winnie Mae*, her Wasp engine drumming eagerly, swept eastward. Before nightfall she and her pilot would be on the front pages of every newspaper in the country, their names a household word that for the next few years would instantly summon a picture of a graceful white ship piloted by a man wearing a black eye patch.

Not far out of Los Angeles a gremlin crept into the cabin of the *Winnie Mae*. The compass, all important for the course laid out by Gatty, began a wild spinning. As Post watched, the spinning slowly stopped and the compass card dropped over on its side and lay still.

Goodby compass. Goodby Gatty's beautiful course, so carefully checked and rechecked during the night. And goodby to any plans for the Los Angeles-New York record.

Post folded Gatty's work and tucked it away. He got out a regular aerial navigation map and settled down in his seat. From here on in to Chicago, it would be strictly contact, and from his altitude it wouldn't be easy. He thought about the 30-minute handicap the horsepower in the nose of the *Winnie Mae* had caused him to sit out at Los Angeles, after all the others had roared away toward the Windy City.

Among those who left ahead of him were Roscoe Turner, the D'Artagnan of the air, William Brock, and Lee Schoenhair. Famous pilots all. It would take some damn fine flying to win this one!

Nine hours, nine minutes, and four seconds later he was officially clocked in at the finish line, 11 seconds ahead of his nearest rival! Add the handicap, and he actually beat the second-place entrant by 30 minutes, 11 seconds. The *Winnie Mae* averaged 192 miles an hour, in spite of 40 minutes charged off to course deviation. That record stood for several years.

The day after Post's arrival, a familiar-looking ship came sweeping in to land. As Post drew near, he was pleased to see that it was his old *Winnie Mae*, slightly altered and repainted, but still his much-loved first Lockheed Vega. Art Goebel, another duster, was flying her. The judges finished their figuring, and Post's joy was complete when he learned that Goebel had sliced the 11-second lead in half, and now the two *Winnie Maes* held both first and second places. Topping it off, Post discovered that Gatty also had drawn up the navigation charts for Goebel.

Post and the *Winnie Mae* triumphantly

Symbol of era — jaunty Oklahoman, wearing eye patch, waving from Winnie Mae.

returned to Oklahoma, to be greeted by a jubilant and proud Fred Hall. He at once told Post to proceed with the plans for his 'round the world flight. From that moment, Wiley plunged headlong into preparations for his famous globe-girdling effort.

In January of 1931, Post, his wife, and the *Winnie Mae* left Chickasha for the Lockheed plant at Los Angeles. There, carefully considering every detail, the graceful lady would be fitted for her long journey. In town, Post looked up Gatty first thing, and the two of them sat down to plan.

Meanwhile, back at the airport, *Winnie Mae* was like a queen in a beauty shop. She was getting the works. The Wasp engine went home to Pratt and Whitney for a thorough physical. Every interior fitting was checked; station frames were inspected for tightness; every line, every cable, every nut, screw and bolt was subject to scrutiny and replacement.

Fuel tanks took up all the cabin space aft of the pilot's cockpit, and jammed in behind that was a small cabin and folding table for Harold Gatty, navigator. Communication between the two men was by speaking tube.

As the plans progressed, some of aviation's brightest stars stopped by the Lockheed factory to pour their accumulated knowledge into a common pool for the quiet, competent little guy from Oklahoma. Jimmy Doolittle and Roger Williams, two of the most experienced instrument pilots in the business, helped select and mount a blind flight group on the instrument panel.

Fred Hall cheerfully footed all bills for these major alterations, and he didn't bat an eyelash when the Department of Commerce took away the NC license and gave *Winnie Mae* an NR rating instead. This meant the ship was restricted "for use of necessary operating personnel only." Until the *Winnie Mae* came home, and the unusual equipment was removed, Mr. Hall couldn't even ride in his own airplane.

In May, the ship was ready. She slipped east to Washington on a shakedown flight, and to enable Post and Gatty to obtain the necessary landing permits from the foreign embassies in the capital. When all papers were properly in order, they hopped to New York, landing at Roosevelt Field to await weather suitable for their first jump — from New York to Harbour Grace, Newfoundland.

For a solid month they sat and waited out storms over the North Atlantic. The bad weather smothered their hopes like a blanket, and they fretted and fussed as they haunted the hangar where the *Winnie Mae* sat poised expectantly.

At last, Post could take no more. On the morning of June 23, 1931, at 5 A.M., the *Winnie Mae* splashed roaring down the runway and lifted heavily into a low, slate-gray overcast. She swung off into the northeast, her trim silhouette swallowed by the rain long before the heavy roar of her engine could be heard no more.

The rain came steadily and water ran off the windshield in silvery streaks. Post sat watching the panel, alert to every gentle lift and slide as they bored onward into the low clouds. Behind him in his little cubicle, Harold Gatty traced their course continuously.

Slightly under seven hours after take-off, the airport at Harbor Grace appeared under the left wing as the *Winnie Mae* dropped swiftly down over the bluffs on the west end of the runway and circled for a landing.

The last two hours and 42 minutes of the trip had been flown at 170 miles per hour at a constant 400-foot altitude. Time and again on the hop from New York, Gatty, unable to see anything ahead of the ship, had called out approaching landmarks through the speaking tube, only to have them slide under the nose within seconds. Post, to put it mildly, was highly pleased with his navigator.

The sullen, pressing rain-clouds watched balefully as the *Winnie Mae* made port. It was noon, New York time, June 23rd. Coming up was a tough leg — Harbor Grace to Berlin, with the broad Atlantic in between. At 3:25 P.M. the rocky hills around the Harbor Grace airport thundered back the echoes as the Lockheed disappeared into clouds over the ocean.

Gatty's log is starkly indicative of the crossing. For the first hundred miles they stayed at 800 feet, then went down to 500, then up to 1,800, the highest recording all the way across. Several course dveiations were tried, in an effort to break out of the bad weather, but all failed. They went back to their plotted heading and settled down for the night, resigned now to a blind crossing of the heaving waters below.

The dark hours wore on, with very little conversation between the men. Dead reckoning is a shifty business at best, but at night over the ocean, with no "winds aloft" reports to check drift, it becomes a lottery best described by Gatty as "an educated guess". At one point Gatty, feeling the solitude in his tiny cubicle, attempted to entice the silent Post into conversation. "What are you thinking?" he said through the speaking tube.

"Nothing," came the instant but laconic answer.

Gatty gave it up and went back to his ceaseless checking of their flight path. The Wasp hummed to herself, happily devouring the miles. And Post sat like an Indian from his native Oklahoma, his eyes ceaselessly scanning the panel, his ears delicately sorting out the engine sounds.

A hole in the clouds slid by about 7 A.M., and Post lanced the *Winnie Mae* into it just as Gatty made the same suggestion over the tube.

"Water!" shouted Gatty, peering through his drift aperture in the floor of the ship.

"Water, hell! Land!" answered Post.

They were over! The Atlantic had been bridged in slightly more than 16 hours, by far the fastest time to date. The Alcock-Brown record, of 12 years earlier, had finally fallen.

Twenty minutes later, Wiley sighted an airport. When they landed down it turned out to be Chester, just a few miles outside Liverpool. It was nearly noon in England and they were given a rousing welcome, gassed, and fed lunch by the officers of the Sealand Airdrome, the R.A.F. installation on which they had landed.

One hour and 20 minutes later, about 9 A.M. New York time (June 24), they were again airborne, on their way to Berlin in clearing weather. At Hannover, to verify their position, they landed on the local field. Satisfied of their course, they took off.

Back at the Sealand Air Base Wiley had entrusted the fueling of the *Winnie Mae* to the R.A.F. personnel while he and Gatty, both famished, ate lunch. He had requested only that sufficient fuel for the Berlin flight, with a reasonable reserve, be put aboard. He had also explained he didn't want to land a heavy ship at Templehof. Now, just off the ground at Hannover, a gas check showed them nearly out of fuel! He lost 45 minutes returning to Hannover and shocked the airport attendants at this casual attitude of a round-the-world pilot over his gas supply.

At 8:30 P.M. Berlin time, they landed in the German capital. Wiley cautiously brought down the *Winnie Mae*, conscious of pilot fatigue and the tricks it can play under night landing conditions. Then, met by a covey of reporters and radio announcers, the two men put in a tough two-and-a-half hours answering questions.

A New York newspaper had bought the story from Wiley and when their reporter-representative sat down to question him for the Trans-Atlantic cable, the exhausted pilot fell asleep several times in the middle of a sentence. But at midnight New York time (5 A.M. in Berlin) they were on their feet and headed for Templehof. Next stop: Moscow — 994 miles away.

It was now June 25th. They were roughly 46 hours out of Roosevelt Field. Wiley was deliberately leaving his wrist watch set at New York time for quicker calculation of their progress.

The clear weather didn't hold. Storm cloud formations began to gather ahead of them, and Post dropped the *Winnie Mae* down on the deck again to avoid blind flying over unfamiliar country, where any radio signals he might receive would be in a language he couldn't understand.

Entries from Gatty's log tell the story:

3:04 A.M. — OVERCAST. LOW CLOUDS. RAIN.

7:24 A.M. — CROSSED BORDER OF POLAND AND U.S.S.R. RAIN. LOW CEILING.

8:00 A.M. — HEAVY RAIN. HEDGE HOPPING. NO VISIBILITY.

The trio who set the aviation world afire — Wiley Post, Fred Hall, Harold Gatty.

9:20 A.M. — HELL! RAIN AND MORE RAIN! STRONG HEAD WINDS. TOUGHEST PART OF THE FLIGHT SO FAR.

Wiley later wrote: "Hedgehopping through Russia with about 200 yards visibility at 150 or more miles an hour, is enough to make your hair stand on end every time you cross a fence!"

At 10:40 A.M. they landed at Moscow, for the most frigid and formal reception of the trip. Less than two dozen people were on the field, and the cold efficiency with which their papers were examined, stamped and returned left Wiley a little amused. The *Ossoaviakhim* (Society for Aviation and Chemical Defense) took them in tow, and in a nice shiny American automobile, whisked them to the Savoy Hotel. Wiley didn't even stop to take off his clothes. He flopped on the bed and slept like a bear.

He was soon forced awake, however, to attend a nine-course dinner. In typical Russian fashion, it lasted until after 11 o'clock that night. With a call already in for 1 A.M., they got less than two hours of shut-eye.

Three days out of New York, over one-third of the way around the world, and ahead of schedule, both men acted jubilant. But they wouldn't remain happy for long.

Arriving at the Moscow field, they found that confusion in the language had caused far more gasoline to be loaded aboard than Wiley had desired. He wanted to open the drain cocks and let the excess fuel spill onto the ground, but airport officials feared a bad fire hazard. As Wiley stood by, swearing impotently, mechanics slowly siphoned the excess fuel through a small hose, losing suction time and again.

The mechanics couldn't understand Post's words, but there was no mistaking his tone. The young woman interpreter blushed several times as she attempted to repeat his comments — sans their pungency. The young lady was a godsend, though. A graduate of Hunter College in New York, wife of an engineer on a project in Russia, she pinpointed their paper work with such efficiency that for the rest of the trip they had only to fill in landing and take-off times in pre-written wires in order to keep New York informed.

Next stop: Novo-Sibirisk, 2,600 miles away over the high and threatening Urals.

At 10:01 P.M. New York time, on the morning of the 26th, they bounced off the field at Moscow in a manner that left Gatty shaken. "I fully expected the struts on the landing gear to come up through the cabin," he said later.

As soon as the *Winnie Mae* was airborne, Wiley dropped the right wing and swept around to pick up his course heading. He opened the throttle, and the ship streaked over the Russian countryside like a deer bursting from cover. The pace became so fast, Gatty had a hard time plotting the course quickly enough to identify the check points whipping by below. Post was trying to regain a portion of the three hours lost on the field.

On they roared, until, at 2:03 A.M. by Wiley's New York-time watch, they entered the Ural foothills. *Winnie Mae*, nearly a thousand pounds lighter now than at take-off from Moscow, climbed easily. The Urals, about which they had heard so much, were duck soup.

"If they call these mountains," Wiley said, "we ought to take them for a ride over the Rockies!"

Gatty, disappointed too in the 2,500-foot "mountains," added some disparaging comments of his own. Post interrupted him speculatively.

"Pretty bad sittin'-down country, though. Looks like you couldn't set a glider in there without cracking up!"

Looking through the floor at the rocky bluffs and tree-covered slopes, Gatty agreed.

Then, with humor as subtle as an ax-blow, Wiley deliberately let a gas tank run dry. The starving Wasp gasped and backfired, nearly stopping while the tanks were switched.

As the engine barked back to life, Gatty, in a cold sweat, grabbed the speaking tube. "The next time your tank is low, let me know, so I can catch my breath!" Post, immensely pleased with his timing, laughed loudly into the tube.

They picked up a tail wind after crossing the Ural range, and *Winnie Mae's* shadow flew across the Russian landscape at a breathless pace.

At 9:32 A.M. New York time, the Lockheed swooped in and landed at Novo-Sibirisk.

Gatty and Post, perennially hungry and without funds, were rapidly qualifying as the fastest-traveling free loaders in history. Although they had a doting, generous backer of great wealth, and had planned every phase of the flight in the most meticulous detail, at take-off time in New York, Wiley Post had only $34 in his pocket, Harold Gatty exactly $1!

Although hotel accommodations and fuel had been paid for in advance, these were available only at prearranged stopping points!

It may have been hunger, but Gatty became lyrical after the steaks and trimmings the ever-present *Ossoaviakhim* arranged that evening in Novo-Sibirisk. The food was good, but one or two other details bothered him.

They were quartered on the fifth floor of an ancient hotel that boasted no elevator.

Once inside their room, the phlegmatic Wiley flopped on the bed in all his clothes and instantly fell asleep. Not so the more highly strung Harold Gatty. He became uncomfortably aware that other creatures were sharing his bed, and that they wanted to get warmed and fed, preferably on him!

Leaping up, he used a flashlight to confirm his fears. As he later wrote in a book he and Post co-authored: "I got in a little Siberian hunting. As a great man once said, 'It's the little things that count,' and they did. For two hours I stalked the foe. Acting as my own beater, pointer and shooter, I had a perfect score. But I was glad to leave that fruitful game preserve!"

The next morning, when Harold woefully detailed his discomfort, Wiley laughed heartily.

They jolted out to the field in the old Ford that had brought them into the city, a few hours earlier, and at 5:47 P.M. New York time, June 26th, now nearly halfway around the world, the *Winnie Mae* raced down the rough Russian runway and bounced aloft. Next stop — Irkutsk.

At this point in the flight the friendship between the two men began to take on a deeper tone, the same subtle tempering that occurs between comrades-at-arms under fire. On the flight across the Atlantic, Post had endured long hours of continuous blind flying, and Gatty knew only too well the physical and mental punishment the man had taken. Now, as they watched the long, wild stretches of Russia roll away under the swift wings of the *Winnie Mae*, Post was again aware of Gatty's amazing care and accuracy in plotting their track across the face of the earth.

Both men knew that a crash in any one of the thousands of these forgotten and desolate areas could leave them dead and undiscovered . . . perhaps forever. Or, worse, injured and unable to identify themselves to the Russian or Mongolian peasants who knew nothing of them or their flight.

In addition to their common danger, Gatty had by now learned to love the *Winnie Mae* almost as much as Post. A bond of respect and rough affection for each other was now undeniably present, and it began to show.

The flight to Irkutsk took them over some cattle-raising country, and Wiley remembered his boyhood in Oklahoma as he watched the herds milling below.

The weather toughened again and as they approached a solid mass of storm clouds ahead, Wiley asked Gatty for a last definite "fix" before they went "over the top." Harold took it quickly, and the *Winnie Mae* began a fast climb.

At 9,000 feet, the top was still somewhere above them. Wiley pointed out to Gatty that fuel consumption at such an altitude was becoming a problem. Still completely blind, he kept his course and dropped the nose into a straight-ahead dive. Post, racing as usual against time, watched the air-speed needle pass the final mark — 240 miles per hour — and start around the dial on a second lap.

The altimeter unwinding at a furious pace, at 1,500 feet Post started easing the *Winnie Mae* into a screaming flat line of flight. They were now at 500 feet, and still blind. The fog seemed a little lighter.

"Harold, look on that map and see if you can find any high spots around here before I let down the rest of the way," Post asked over the tube.

The answer was negative, so the *Winnie Mae* roared on, gingerly feeling her way closer to the countryside beneath her dripping wings.

"Kaasnoyarsk coming up," said Gatty. At about 300 feet, they whipped across the town.

Just over the Yenesei River the air suddenly roughened, and the *Winnie Mae* pitched and tossed as they broke through a temperature-change line. The experienced Post knew that really bad flying loomed just ahead, and sure enough, in seconds they were in a torrential downpour.

Up front, with all the windows closed, Wiley watched a continuous curl of steam whip out and disappear from under the engine cowl as water hit the hot exhaust collector ring. The engine never skipped a beat, but he was soaking wet with perspiration in the hot and humid cabin. Post picked up the speaking tube.

"I won't need a bath when we get to Irkutsk," he announced.

"The Ark is leaking a bit back here, too," replied Gatty.

The rain lessened, and Wiley remembered that Gatty had spent his sack time killing bed bugs. "Why don't you take a nap, Harold?" he said. "You can't navigate in this stuff and I've picked up the railroad into Irkutsk. I'll follow the 'iron beam' the rest of the way in."

Gatty did relax, dozing off, but every 10 minutes he jarred awake to look out the hole in the floor. The *Winnie Mae* bored on into the rain, as an intent Post kept the ribbon of steel just two or three hundred feet below the left wing, glistening silvery in the gray light. It was a hell of a way to have to fly.

As Irkutsk seemed magically to appear under the nose, Post rocked the ship violently to awaken Gatty.

"Yes?"

"Climb as far back as you can towards the tail when I land, Harold. It's going to be muddy and I need all the weight I can get back there!" He felt the tail grow

heavy as Gatty obeyed.

At 11:50 P.M. New York time the *Winnie Mae* sloshed wetly onto the field at Irkutsk. A tired pair of flyers climbed out and tried to find an interpreter in order to get fuel and change the engine oil. They had a hell of a time, with Gatty trying desperately to converse in high school French. Several Russians at least partially understood him, but he was totally unable to understand their heavy accent. At last, when they were almost ready to give it up as a bad job, a 16-year-old girl named Annie Polikof stepped forward.

Annie had been born in London, living there until she was six. In a delightful mixture of cockney and pidgin English, she took over the job of translation. In a matter of minutes the necessary instructions were over, the wires to New York were on their way, and the subject of food came up.

Post discovered that he was ravenous, and that the always-hungry Gatty had "cheated" by filching two rolls from the dinner table at Novo-Sibirisk.

While they were eating, Gatty made some hasty course and time calculations. Unless they took off at once, they would be flying over Manchuria in the dark, with no possible communication or landing facilities underneath them. The information galvanized Wiley Post. He was by this time absolutely sure that the slim little Gatty never missed. In a matter of minutes they were gone, out of sight to the east before the dust cloud had time to settle back down on the runway.

It was 2:09 A.M. in New York. They were now exactly halfway around the world. Every mile now was a mile closer to Roosevelt Field and home. The weather turned friendly for a change, and as they crossed over Lake Baikal, they were treated to some of the finest scenery of the flight.

The Yablonovoi Mountains towered ahead, and the *Winnie Mae* lifted up the west face easily. Once over, Post stuck the nose down and roared on, regaining the time lost in climbing to clear the ridge.

The fleet white queen raced her shadow, crossing quickly over into Manchuria. For nearly 300 miles they arrowed above the lush plains, not once in sight of man or the works of man. It was as though they were totally alone on an uninhabited planet.

Darkness came just as they crossed the Amur River for the final time, and the last glimpse Post had of the sky to the east was a menacing low overcast. They hung suspended now in total blackness, only the soft glow from the wing lights visible in the night. There was nothing — absolutely nothing — on the ground below them. They seemed to lose all sense of motion, and the slight vibration from the thundering Wasp engine was their only reassurance that the *Winnie Mae* really was racing toward her destination.

Low in the darkness Post located Blagoveshchensk. But finding the field was another matter. They had wired ahead for flares, and finally it dawned on Post that the line of lights along what he had taken for a river or lake was in reality a runway covered with water. The rain had drenched this area, too!

Night landings on improperly lighted fields, never a cinch, become immeasurably tougher when the only illumination is a line of flickering oil flares, their red flames uncertainly reflected from a sheet of water, depth unknown. Post realized the flight could easily end right here.

"Harold, get as far back towards the tail as you can. Pick up your instruments so they won't get broken. Brace yourself for a jolt, and hang on like hell!"

Nose high, tail down, with 900 RPM indicated on the tach, the *Winnie Mae* came down out of the dark and rainy night. As the wheels touched, the ship was engulfed in a sheet of spray. The deceleration was terrible, and as they rolled to a sudden stop, Wiley felt the left wheel go into the muck clear over the hub. From 80 miles an hour, they came to a total stop in less than 400 feet.

It was 9:09 A.M., June 27th, in New York. The city was just going to work. In the middle of a black and rainy night, half a world away, the *Winnie Mae* was hopelessly mired in the Siberian mud.

A few people braved the rain to come out to the ship. They found Post down in the mud, feeling around the left gear to see how deeply the ship had worked its way in. Two inches of water covered everything, but the rich loam formed a six- to twelve-inch layer of thick muck. It was a helluva mess.

Harold Gatty, in his little "office" behind the fuel tanks, had felt the landing and the sliding skid off the solid patch Wiley had tried so desperately to hit. He looked down at Wiley, "crouched on his haunches, with his hand under the tire edge, trying to find a rock to keep the ship from sinking any further." The indomitable Eagle from Oklahoma simply didn't know how to quit.

The omnipresent *Ossoaviakhim* waded out to pick them up in a Ford. Wiley promptly enlisted the car as a tractor. Someone got a rope, and Post climbed back into the cockpit to handle the engine.

The Ford skidded and slipped, the wheels throwing mud. The Wasp roared mightily, and water flew in sheets — all to no avail. The Soviets, through two Danish interpreters, informed Post and Gatty that a communal farm tractor had been sent for, but it would take several hours for it to arrive.

The two Danes took Gatty in tow, offering their homes for some food and sleep. Post refused to leave the ship, settled himself in the navigator's chair and went to sleep. All night the rain drummed against the smooth white skin of the forlorn *Winnie Mae*.

Gatty had his concern nicely tempered with the one diversion sure to attract his attention — food! Mrs. Nelsen and Mrs. Jacobsen, wives of the two Danish interpreters, plied him with all sorts of home-country delicacies. It was hard to get him up from the table long enough to take a nap!

The Jacobsens awakened him and drove him back to the field in a horse-drawn droshky, carrying a big basket of food for Wiley. The tractor had not yet arrived, and the energetic Post immediately pressed the poor horse, plus another one borrowed near the field, into service.

A wild scene ensued.

In the middle of the Siberian airport, the two horses were hitched by ropes to the tow-rings on the inside axles of the *Winnie Mae*. While the Ford stood by, Wiley entered the cabin and started the engine. The heavy roar from the Wasp frightened the horses. They struggled furiously as the engine poured 450 supercharged horsepower into the effort. But the *Winnie Mae* didn't budge. Mud flew in every direction, but the left wheel remained deeply mired . . .

The sun finally shown, and the porous soil began to dry rapidly. Post spent five rough hours impatiently waiting for nature to take its course. About noon he hitched the team to the wheels, and enlisted every bystander on the ropes. With the Wasp engine bellowing mightily, the *Winnie Mae* heaved up out of the mud. Twelve hours had been lost.

Wiley wasted no time, and at 9:21 P.M., New York time, the mud-spattered ship took to the air for a short, uneventful 363 miles to Khabarovsk, last stopping point before Fairbanks. Two-and-a-half hours later, they were on the ground for refueling.

Next stop: Fairbanks, 2,441 miles away.

At 4:56 A.M. New York time, June 29, the *Winnie Mae*, after a grueling check by Wiley, lifted a full load into the dark sky over Eastern Russia. A Japanese weather report had altered their plans. To avoid the predicted low, they were going straight through to Solomon.

Again from Gatty's log:

8:58 — FLYING LOW ABOUT 75 FEET OVER RIVER AND MARSHES. CLEAR WEATHER.

10:00 — PASSED PADDLE STEAMER GOING DOWN AMUR RIVER.

10:16 — HIGH HILLS. FLYING OVER TREE TOPS.

10:25 — ALONG THE RIVER. SCARING THE NATIVES IN THEIR SAMPANS.

15:00 — HARD FLYING. DOWN.

16:00 — HEAVY RAIN. FLYING BLIND.

16:30 — STILL BLIND.

17:20 — IN AND ABOVE FOG.

They encountered hail and again Wiley was forced to fly solely on instrument for hours on end. The weather changed often, stable only in that it was always bad. The *Winnie Mae* ranged all the way from 20 feet off the water to 9,000 feet. They had just cleared the coast of the Kamchatka Peninsula when an unmarked mountain, over 4,000 feet high, suddenly loomed through the clouds. It startled Post.

"Kid, navigate me! See if there's a lower area either north or south of us! We're a little ahead of schedule, and we can waste a little time going the long way around. I don't like these clouds that are stuffed with mountains!"

Gatty quickly came back. "Head north, up the coast. At the second village swing around to 97 degrees for about 40 minutes. We'll lose about an hour."

Post looked at his fuel gauges. "OK." he replied. The *Winnie Mae* banked northward up the coast of Kamchatka. Another mountain, higher than the first and also unmarked on the map, poked through the clouds. Post grabbed for the speaking tube.

"It's a damn good thing we've got a ceiling here!" he commented. Over the nose of the *Winnie Mae*, an ugly gray overcast hung about 1,000 feet above the peaks. It was the wildest, roughest terrain encountered on the trip.

Gatty, soberly checking the data furnished by the Russians, said, "Wiley, let's go up on top so I can get a sun shot!"

Post looked at the overcast. It had that ugly blue-gray look that means a thick layer. And the heavy dark lines along the base could mean only one thing — turbulence. "What do you want to go up there for, Harold? That stuff looks mean as hell!"

Gatty was quietly determined. "Wiley, if these maps aren't accurate on elevations, they probably aren't accurate on anything

else, either. I've been checking them, and they look like they're free-hand drawings! We can't waste any gas looking for Alaska!"

"OK." Post answered. "Hang on to your chair, kid, it's comin' up to meet you!"

He opened the throttle and started upstairs. There, in the hard brilliance above the clouds, Gatty got his sextant shot and plotted a new course to Solomon in a few minutes. The frugal Post dropped back down on the deck, and the *Winnie Mae* raced on over the roof of the world.

As they headed across the Bering Sea the weather, if anything, got worse. The *Winnie Mae* skimmed over the rough waves a bare 25 feet off the water. Trouble — in big chunks — lay just ahead.

A current of cold sea water, fresh off the frozen Arctic wastes, pours through the Bering Straits and clings along the coast of Siberia as it flows southward. It doesn't come out of the north empty-handed. Floating along in the deep green waters, huge icebergs move irresistibly to their doom in the warmer climes to the south. And all over the area, heavy patches of fog shift and swirl around the towering white masses.

Visibility was down to a quarter of a mile. At any instant a looming mountain of ice, too near to avoid, could come bursting into view. The *Winnie Mae* pitched and tossed like a wild thing as she threaded her way through the thinner swirling patches.

Somewhere in the nightmare they crossed the International Date Line of the 180th Meridian. Tuesday, June 30th, suddenly became Monday, June 29th again.

What had been bad, now became nearly unbearable. Fog, rain, and fog again. For three hours Post worked like a Trojan, every nerve alert to the constant danger. They picked up the coast of Cape Kukuliak and headed inland for Solomon, skirting Nome on the way. At 7:58 P.M., New York time, they landed on a sandy beach, grinding to a quick stop.

One hundred gallons of fuel were loaded aboard, and again the *Winnie Mae* rolled down the beach to turn into the wind for take-off. The graceful ship hit a soft spot and began to sink. Wiley slapped the throttle open, and the big Wasp bellowed angrily. Too late. The yielding sand caused the tail to come up, and both blades of the prop bit into the sand. Wiley cut the switch and clambered anxiously out of the ship.

Now the early years of repairing his father's farm machinery, the years of clambering over oil rigs in the fields of Oklahoma, and the catch-as-catch-can repairs of the old-time barnstormer paid off. The doughty Wiley, wielding a wrench, a hammer with a broken handle and a round stone from the beach successfully straightened both tips. Satisfied, he climbed in to start the engine.

At this instant Harold Gatty nearly lost his life.

With Post at the controls, Gatty swung the big Hamilton prop to prime the cylinders. Still hot, the engine backfired. Like a whiplash the silver blade sliced backward, the flat side striking Gatty a stunning blow on the shoulder and knocking him flat.

The lucky navigator had only a bad bruise and a wrenched back, and under the solicitous eyes of Post, he gamely climbed aboard.

The *Winnie Mae* sped down the beach and lifted for Fairbanks, 510 miles away. It was now 12:38 A.M., June 30th, in New York.

At Fairbanks they got a real break — a Hamilton Standard propeller, the same as the one on the *Winnie Mae*, was available. Alaskan Airways turned their mechanics loose on the replacement job while Post and Gatty went to a hotel for three or four hours of sleep. The pace of the trip was beginning to tell on both men.

At 9:25 P.M., New York time, they roared out of Fairbanks for Edmonton, 1,300 mountainous miles away. Up and over the range they went, the craggy peaks racing away behind them as the faithful ship tore over the rugged landscape. The new prop had been carefully set to the same pitch as the original, and the big Wasp engine hummed happily as the miles fled away below. The *Winnie Mae*, seemingly tireless, was in a lot better shape than her crew.

Across the Yukon country they went, then up and over the Canadian Divide. Below, unrolled the famous gold rush countryside with tiny settlements still clinging to exhausted lodes or old abandoned workings standing empty and deserted. Only the refuse of the diggings showed where man had marred the starkly beautiful face of nature.

The mountains held prison millions and millions of tons of ore, and the compass searched constantly in an effort to find a north magnetic heading. Both men minutely scanned the terrain below as they checked their maps. It was no place to get lost — no spot to have a forced landing.

They passed 100 miles south of Dawson, with the shadow of the *Winnie Mae* chasing directly over White River, and a little later over the Yukon, near its source. The heavy beat of the Wasp bounced back and forth in the gorges of the Canadian Rockies. Caribou, startled at their feeding, raced for cover.

And then it rained. Back to the deck went the indomitable *Winnie Mae*, and the man with the eye patch drove her onward at treetop level, swooping down into the valley west of the British Columbia coastal range.

Gatty watched the rocks and trees and then the desolate plain whip endlessly by the small port in the floor from which he checked their drift. His melancholy overcame him, and he tried to strike up a conversation with Post. Intent on staying below the overcast, hurtling along at deck level, rain streaming across the windshield, Wiley wasn't having any. Never talkative, he acted positively sphinx-like now in his concentration to keep the *Winnie Mae* on course and out of the trees. Gatty gave it up.

They picked up the Finlay River and at the first waterfall swung south along the western face of the Rockies. They had chosen Smoky River Pass as the point to lift the swift wings of the *Winnie Mae* over one of nature's most majestic barriers; and as they arrived at the check point Wiley went into a nearly blind climbing turn.

The *Winnie Mae*, her tanks lighter from hours in the air, purred like a kitten as her smooth cowling climbed up and up. Blind, no visual sight to aid him, Wiley threw his white dart across the mountainous ridge. Slowly he began a let-down, and when they broke out of the overcast 50 miles to the east, they were right above the Canadian National railroad tracks out of Edmonton.

They were exuberant. Wiley relaxed, and tucked the iron beam just under the left wing. The *Winnie Mae* drove onward, the rain no longer noticed.

Over the field at Edmonton, Post circled to the left and carefully analyzed the situation. The field was a sea of mud. "God, I wish we were on floats," he said.

Both men remembered the agonizing hours back at Blagoveshchensk and, as the *Winnie Mae* splashed lightly into the

Two-horsepower "engine" pulls *Winnie Mae* from Siberian muck after Ford fails. Rain and mud proved a persistent problem.

watery goo, they tensed appreciably. The skill from all the years of barnstorming went to work, and Post taxied jauntily up to the hangar apron after one of the touchiest landings of the trip.

Word of the record-tumbling flight was racing ahead of them. A big crowd stood dripping in the rain at Edmonton, and as the sleek white bird rolled to a stop, they broke through police lines and surrounded the *Winnie Mae* in a tightly packed, cheering mass.

Post and Gatty had to wait until police cleared the area before they could climb out. Even then photographers and newsmen mobbed them.

Wiley, heartsick as he surveyed the field, kept thinking of the take-off with a heavy load of fuel. It looked hopeless as hell. His answers to interviewers were not discourteous — just monosyllabic, his mind on the problem at hand.

The mayor of Edmonton and the acting premier of Alberta met Post and Gatty in the airport office. But far more important to the single-purposed Post was a group of Canadian air mail pilots who realized his predicament. One of them made a suggestion that snapped Post to instant attention. He pointed out that Portage Avenue, a straight two-mile stretch into town, would be a natural runway if only the street-light wires were down.

An enthusiastic mayor and premier agreed. Within the hour traditional Canadian hospitality for their American cousins went to work, and an emergency crew began to tear down the cables on one of Edmonton's main arteries. Meanwhile, Post and Gatty went to the MacDonald Hotel for a nap.

They arrived at the field early next morning, but nearly all of Edmonton was there ahead of them. Line boys and mechanics had lovingly washed and polished the *Winnie Mae* during the night, and she stood now glistening in the sun.

Gatty was stiff from his propeller slap on the Alaskan Beach, and he simply waited for the signal to climb aboard. Post lost no time in warming up the Wasp; then, just as the rain stopped, they hurtled down Portage Avenue — on their way once more.

The wires were down, but not the poles, and the *Winnie Mae's* wing tips just cleared the standards on either side. Wiley rode the rudder pedals in a slight crosswind, judging distances in inches; and in a few hundred feet they were airborne.

With good weather and the arrow-straight section lines of the Canadian wheat fields below them, North Battleford, Saskatoon, and Yorkton rolled past. They were less than half an hour crossing Lake Superior into Michigan.

Over United States territory, like the last 20 miles of a long automobile trip, the miles and the time seemed to drag: Gogebic Lake, Iron River, and the Wisconsin tip; Green Bay, Lake Michigan, Flint, Pontiac, Detroit. The *Winnie Mae*, her throttle well advanced for a daylight landing at New York, sped onward.

At Cleveland, 5:15 P.M. New York time, they made a 30-minute stop for gas. The exciting news of a record in the making had turned Municipal Airport black with people. Post had a hard time keeping the big props from chopping into some of the greeting mob. Gatty lost half a suit in his frantic efforts to avoid the crowd.

In spite of the seething, happy people, many of them in Cleveland for the Stribling-Schmeling fight, airport attendants gassed and oiled the fleet Lockheed quickly. Within 30 minutes, in smooth air and racing the dusk now, they were headed for New York. Below, the shadows began to purple the landscape as the sun receded westward. The Cleveland-New York beacons came on, winking white every 10 miles, only their flash visible from the still-present daylight upstairs . . .

Over the Alleghenies, and there, like Mecca, sprawled New York, beyond the Jersey flatlands.

There, also, pandemonium awaited. A photography ship met them miles from the field but couldn't hold pace with the *Winnie Mae*.

At 8:47 P.M. New York Daylight Saving Time they were clocked down out of a gentle left sideslip by Walter D. Ward, official timer of the National Aeronautic Association, the same man who had checked them out eight days, 15 hours, 51 minutes, and 15,474 grueling miles earlier.

Mayor Jimmy Walker gave them the keys to the city, and the ticker parade up Broadway left the Department of Sanitation with a mammoth headache. For three days they were mobbed everywhere they went, and when the two men finally boarded William H. Todd's yacht in New York harbor, Post was so dead tired he lay down in a chair and slept for five hours.

It was July 4, 1931. A big adventure lay behind him. Fame, of course, was his. And he had the *Winnie Mae*. Sometime earlier, Fred Hall had recognized the passionate bond between man and ship, and he simply handed her registration certificate to Wiley.

The offers poured in, but the one he wanted — and took — was that of cross-country pilot for TWA. For nearly two years he shuttled back and forth between east and west coasts, but in late 1932 he began watching the development of the automatic pilot under the gifted hands of Lawrence Sperry.

Here was something to be reckoned with — a little black box that would hold a plane on course faithfully while a pilot slept! Wiley kept turning this over in his mind. Finally he bought one of the early models from Sperry and had it installed in the *Winnie Mae*. Between flights for TWA he checked it out thoroughly, and at last his mind was made up. He went to see Fred Hall.

"Mr. Hall, I'd like to fly the *Winnie Mae* around the world solo. Would you consider backing me again?"

"SOLO!"

"Yes, sir. I've had an automatic pilot put in, and I've been checking it. I think I can beat the record Harold and I made in '31."

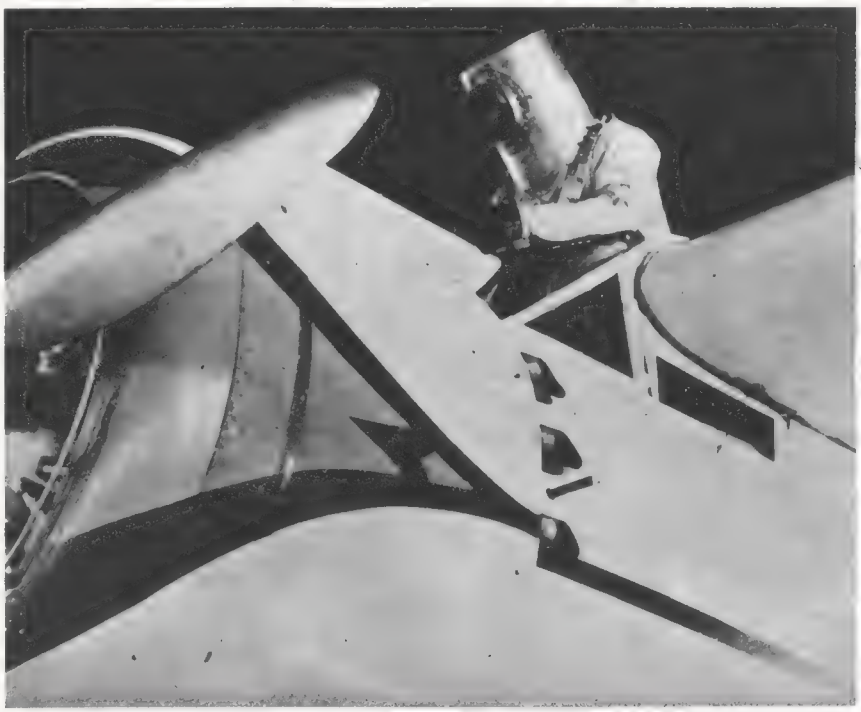
His old friend looked intently at Post. Then he reached for his checkbook. "Wiley, if you think you can do it, I can finance it!"

Post at once resigned from TWA and plunged into preparations. Lee Frenholm became his business manager, and at first reluctant, Mae Lane Post finally added her weight to the cause.

Jimmy Mattern, another aerial great, had been preparing months for the same effort. Now, just before Wiley could be ready, Mattern left New York on his first leg. Seventy-two hours later, in the wilds of Siberia, Mattern's ship lay a twisted wreck, while Jimmy waited for Soviet flyers to come to his rescue. Post sent a wire of condolence and rushed work on the *Winnie Mae*.

Saturday morning, July 15, 1933, the *Winnie Mae*, fleet and eager as she had been for the earlier take-off two years before, drummed her way familiarly up

Dressed in Man-from-Mars suit, Post boards plane before breaking altitude record.



and out of New York, this time nonstop for Berlin.

Wiley planned exactly five hops — all of them longer than Lindbergh's famous Paris flight six years earlier: Berlin, Novosibersk, Khabarosk, Fairbanks, Edmonton, New York. Nice round hops, all of them, averaging better than 3,000 miles each. It didn't work out that way, but that is what he planned.

The weather, like the first trip, was alternately good and bad across the Atlantic, but Wiley flew for hour after hour on the automatic pilot. He was elated when he cleared the Irish coast check points right on the nose.

After 25 hours and 45 minutes, Wiley brought the *Winnie Mae* into Sunday morning traffic at Templehof Airdrome, the first man to link New York and Berlin nonstop. While he waited at Berlin, a call went out to Mae Post in New York. The shy pilot reacted typically when he heard his wife's voice on the phone.

"How are you?" asked Mae.

"Fine."

"That's good."

"How are you?" he asked.

"Fine."

There was a pause, then Mae said, "Well, hurry home!"

"I sure will."

And that was that.

He wasn't nearly as tired as he had been first time out with Gatty. He tarried only two hours, then left for Novosibirsk. But a cold front pushed across in front of him, and one of the most violent thunderstorms he had ever encountered forced him down at Köenigsberg.

Wiley had noticed a small oil streak on the pedestal under the automatic pilot. Close inspection uncovered a weak gasket in the oil line; he made repairs while he waited out the storm.

In the air again, he was soon bouncing and tossing in a Russian thunderhead as vicious as the one in Germany. Worse yet, the repair to the Sperry pilot hadn't held, so he was flying the *Winnie Mae* strictly by himself. A further complication arose when he lost a sectional map. So he headed into Moscow to regroup.

Wiley was nearly brought to keel this time by Russian hospitality — Moscow style. Before he could protest, two Russian doctors swarmed over him and, noticing his inflamed eye, immediately sprayed some antiseptic solution into it. They insisted he lay down for some rest, and forced food and drink on him. It was heavy going, but Wiley managed to settle for some food and a shave, his first since New York. In three hours he took off again.

Five hours out of Moscow he hit the Urals. This time it was no breeze. The weather went right down into the trees, and up he swept into the overcast again, completely blind. For seven hours he caught only one glimpse of the ground — one he would gladly have dispensed with. It was a cliff face, and the *Winnie Mae* nearly sliced her right wing into it.

The automatic pilot conked out again. Post felt enervated now, bogged down by fatigue that could be deadly. He caught a short nap at Novosibirsk but made no effort to repair the Sperry unit. That would have to wait until Irkutsk, where facilities were much better. He would then get some sleep.

At 3 A.M., Tuesday morning, the *Winnie Mae* rose determinedly into the east, this time for an uneventful flight into Irkutsk. Six hours later Post made the field, and although he hadn't scheduled the stop originally, it proved a welcome sight to his tired eyes.

Friendly mechanics swarmed over the *Winnie Mae*. While Post got four hours of much needed sleep, they silver-soldered the oil line on the Sperry pilot and replaced the lost oil. It was a professional job, and when Wiley awoke they refused to accept any payment, asking instead for his autograph. The little man with the eye patch was known now almost everywhere on the globe.

Khabarosk next! A scheduled stop. But it was not to be. A few hours out, he ran into one of the most damnedest, unrelenting sheets of rain he'd ever seen, completely obliterating his check points below. Two-thirds of the hop already behind him, he played it safe and splashed the *Winnie Mae* in at tiny Rukhlovo on the Amur River. He waited out the storm, then made it into Khabarovsk without incident.

Now a real sense of urgency became a part of his flying. If he got a break or two, he could beat his own record! A hasty two hours, and the *Winnie Mae* pounded out of the Russian town, not to land again until deep inside Alaska. The Sperry back in business now, functioning perfectly, up the Siberian coast they droned, man and ship, pressing onward for the Bering Strait. Hour after hour rolled by, and then the weather closed in again below the swift white wings. The next thing Post saw were the majestic ranges climbing steeply through the clouds beyond Nome.

On he flew, looking for the Yukon. He let down and began flying contact, but there was nothing identifiable below. He spotted a little Alaskan town, with a poor landing strip beside it. Low on fuel, possibly compounding an error of navigation with every mile he flew, only one course made sense. Down.

The flight nearly ended right there. The *Winnie Mae* was built for concrete runways, or at least well-manicured grass. The rough, pitted, rocky soil of the Alaskan strip clobbered her. Up she went on her nose, the big prop clanging as it dug in. Her tail went high, then settled back.

Wiley had been severely shaken in the cockpit too. Quickly he opened the upper hatch and climbed out to inspect his wounded mistress, his heart in his mouth. From the little buildings at the end of the strip, all the employees of the Alaskan Mining Company poured out to meet him.

The damage, as before, had been to the prop. Wiley remembered the spare he'd been able to get at Fairbanks. Alaskan Mining officials quickly placed a phone at his disposal and the urgent word went down the wires. Then a miracle occurred. Joe Crosson, most famous bush pilot of the north country, and an old friend, answered the phone. "Wiley, I'll be right there! Get your old prop the hell off the shaft!"

In four hours the two men were fitting the new prop, and after a minor repair to the gear, he followed Crosson into Fairbanks.

The town gave him a wild reception. Six hours later Post droned away to the southeast. He was really bushed now, with a bone-shattering weariness he couldn't shake off. The *Winnie Mae* helped him all she could, docilely ticking off the miles, obviously trying to make amends for her actions on the rocky strip.

Halfway in, the weather threw one last punch — a good one. It socked in, right down on the deck, and it rained like hell.

An exhausted pilot, pushing himself to the limit already, was forced to spend seven hours flying totally blind. For such an extended period under the fatigue conditions already existing, it nearly proved fatal.

It was still raining hard at Edmonton when he landed. The altitude had given Wiley a terrible headache. He felt dead, and damn near looked it.

Solicitous officials took one look at Post and immediately ordered a physician to examine him to see if the flight should be stopped. Realizing the spot he was in, Wiley pulled a reserve from somewhere, and managed a brave front. He didn't kid the Canadian doctor, but something passed between the two men that needed no discussion.

"OK, son, you can go on!" He smiled as he snapped his bag shut.

On Saturday morning, a week to the day from his take-off at New York, the *Winnie Mae* roared out of Edmonton on the last hop home — 2,200 miles.

The weather, defeated now, turned the other cheek and smiled sweetly. All the way to Cleveland Wiley had ground contact, with occasional low-scattered clouds pasted on the landscape like dabs of cotton. As the fuel load lightened the *Winnie Mae* gained altitude, and Wiley finally sat at 10,000 feet on the last leg of the trip.

The word had raced ahead, and all along the route people watched the sky for a flash of sunlight on the white skin of the *Winnie Mae*. She was seen by many and the news wires to New York hummed with reports of her progress.

On the evening of July 22, Wiley landed on the edge of a sea of people at Roosevelt Field. Harold Gatty, among those waiting, had a wide grin on his face.

"Congratulations, Wiley! You broke our record, and you did it alone!" Gatty meant every word of it, too. The slim little navigator — now Navigator Advisor to the Air Force — knew only too well what Wiley had endured. He was intensely proud of his old companion.

Wiley was now at the top of a small and distinguished list:

Magellan, sailing out of the Spanish port of Lucar de Barrameda, in September of 1519, took 1,083 days and didn't actually complete the trip.

In 1872, the great French writer, Jules Verne, sent his fictional hero "Around the World in 80 Days."

In 1890, Nellie Bly — actually the assumed name of a New York woman journalist — made the trip in 72 days, 6 hours, 11 minutes.

In 1919 the hard luck pilots of the lumbering NC-4s took 150 days, with several ships of the squadron totally lost along the way.

In 1929, Dr. Hugo Eckener took the "Graf Zeppelin" around the world in 20 days and 4 hours.

But now, in 1933, Wiley had chopped a full day off his own 1931 record with Gatty. Alone at the controls for every mile, in seven days, 18 hours, 45 minutes, he had covered 15,596 miles!

Congratulations poured in from every famous pilot in the world. All knew the tremendous price the man had paid. Post gave Mae a new automobile as a celebration present and they headed back to Oklahoma with the redoubtable *Winnie Mae*.

Wiley had a new bug in his bonnet — above-the-weather flight — and he went to see Frank Phillips, of the Phillips Petroleum Company. Like Hall, Phillips financed many aviation developments. Wiley had no trouble getting his ear.

"Mr. Phillips, I'd like to do some research in high altitude flying. The hops around the world have proved one thing to me. "We've got to get our ships above the weather! We need pressurized cabins if we're going to haul people up there, but the groundwork could be done in a special suit with an oxygen feed.

Phillips looked at Wiley's sketches and then at the man. "Wiley, we'll back you to the limit. We'll pay your expenses all the way and furnish you the kind of gasoline you need to boot. Get started." Frank Phillips was a self-made millionaire many times over; indecision wasn't one of the reasons.

Almost a year went by as Wiley made careful preparations. The Wasp engine was supercharged. A Hamilton controllable prop was installed. Changes were made in the fuel loading in the *Winnie Mae*.

Wiley huddled time after time with Goodrich Engineers in Akron on an altitude suit that would keep him alive in the stratosphere. The suit, forerunner of the now famous G-suit for jet fighter pilots was made of a rubberized non-elastic fabric and inflated like a balloon by pressure from the engine blower. Reinforced rubber boots came almost to his knees. The helmet was a simple round dural tank with a single pyralin face plate.

Air was supplied from a small tank of liquid oxygen on the floor between his feet, passing through a mixing valve to give it controlled feed and to convert the oxygen back to a gas by releasing the pressure. An oversized generator was installed on the rear accessory case of the Wasp, and fine heating elements were sewn into the suit to keep Wiley warm.

One important thing — Wiley couldn't get out of the suit without help. A forced landing away from human aid would be deadly. He didn't worry. In theory, everything should work.

In theory.

On September 8, 1934, at Curtiss-Reynolds Airport in Chicago, the *Winnie Mae* went aloft to try her new capabilities. Now — 31 years after the Wright Brothers historic flight — man was challenging the stratosphere, commercial passenger carrying his objective.

At 25,000 feet over Chicago Wiley headed the *Winnie Mae* eastward. Over South Bend he was at 40,000 feet. Looking down, he suddenly realized the stock was cutting into the oxygen line every time he moved the controls. Reluctantly he headed back to Chicago. Letting down, he made a decision. He and the *Winnie Mae* would head for Oklahoma. He'd make the major effort from there. Anyway, he wanted to report to Frank Phillips.

ON December 3, 1934, the *Winnie Mae* pointed her nose into the heavens and began a long climb out of Phillips Field in Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Wiley sat in absolute silence inside the suit. He later told his good friend Amelia Earhart: "It's a funny thing. When I'm inside the suit I can hear my own heart beat, but I can't hear a damn thing outside! I have to fly the ship completely by the instruments!"

Up and up he went, now out of sight and sound of the watchers on Phillips Field far below.

At 32,700 feet Wiley spotted trouble. The automatic oxygen pressure release valve, supposed to hold three and a half pounds, was already showing six! The whole pressure system would go to hell from here, and if the oxygen mixing valve got too far out of line, the liquid could suddenly spray his face, blinding his remaining eye permanently. If the suit burst, he'd be dead in seconds.

Wiley watched the gauge and held the climb. If it got no worse, he'd continue upstairs. At 51,000 feet, blood running from his nose and semi-conscious, he finally realized the prop control had frozen. The *Winnie Mae* could go no higher.

Thirty minutes later on the ground at Hatbox Field, 110 miles from Bartlesville, he sat on the gear of the *Winnie Mae* with his helmet in his lap, and told field attendants: "The wind was very strong, and my speed terrific. I just kept my eyes on that suit gauge and kept flying. I got one split-second glance at the altimeter, and it read either 41,000 or 51,000. It was hazy as hell to me. I just don't know!"

The mechanics removed the sealed barograph from the *Winnie Mae*. It read 51,000 feet. When they informed Wiley, he snorted.

"I want to make another attempt to do this thing up brown!"

On December 7th, with no concern for what Washington might decide about his barograph reading, he went aloft again. The suit worked perfectly but at 35,000 feet his altimeter froze. The *Winnie Mae* wheeled upward. How far — he wouldn't know now until much later.

Finally, controls sluggish in the thin cold air, he started from the deck. This time the barograph read 55,000 feet, but it still wasn't official. He described the flight to Frank Phillips.

"I had an opportunity to fool around somewhere about 40,000 feet. I could see Oklahoma City (110 miles away) without difficulty. It was a tiny speck.

"I PICKED up El Reno (150 miles distant) and I could see the Oklahoma Salt Plains 130 miles over on the horizon. Guess we're ready to take a crack at the record."

Phillips smiled. "Still leaving from Burbank?"

"I think so."

"Your 100 octane is already out there waiting!" The two men understood each other perfectly.

Now here he was, on Washington's Birthday, an overheated engine in his lap, no landing gear and over the desert. He thought briefly of the motorist tinkering with his car along the lonely highway below. It would be too damn bad if he took off before Post got down to him.

This altitude he was giving away couldn't be regained — the engine would never hold up. He turned into the wind and flared out above the sand. With a gentle swish, the skid touched down. The *Winnie Mae* slid along, a dust trail strung out behind her. Wiley, unable to hear anything through the helmet, didn't realize he had landed so silently that the driver, still bent over his engine, was totally unaware of him.

Two hundred feet from the car, the *Winnie Mae* halted. The hatch opened and Wiley slid out onto the desert. He paused a moment to check the nose cowling with a quick glance, then walked towards the stalled car. The rubber boots made no sound, and when he walked up and laid his hand on the man's shoulder, it startled the motorist damn near out of his mind. He shrieked, threw down the wrenches, and began to run.

Wiley stood stock still, waiting. Yards away, the man threw a terrified glance over his shoulder. He saw the *Winnie Mae*, and suddenly knew the figure was appealing for help. As he started back, Wiley pointed to the collar of his helmet. It took a screwdriver to release it from the suit, but a few minutes later the helmet was off.

"Golly, Mr. Post, I thought you was from Mars!"

The story made headlines across the nation. So did the fact that Wiley Post, a man who had never made an excuse for himself in his life, angrily confirmed sabotage in an interview at Newark Airport a week later.

"It wasn't just an engine failure!" he stated frankly. "We found two pounds of emery dust and filings someone had poured down the manifold intake. The plane was unguarded. It's the rottenest thing I've met up with in flying!"

The aviation world was shocked and puzzled. Wiley was one of the most popular pilots in the business, with no known enemies. It was generally agreed that a crackpot was responsible.

On March 16, 1935, Wiley made his last transcontinental dash. The *Winnie Mae* streaked out of the west toward New York, with the whole Western Hemisphere holding its breath.

EVERYTHING worked smoothly. The suit, the Wasp, the controllable prop, and Wiley. Only one damn thing was wrong — Wiley himself had miscalculated his oxygen supply, and he was flying high enough to need it — at a steady 33,000 feet, intent on breaking the record made just the day before by a man named Andrews, who had traveled the west-east trip in 11 hours and 34 minutes.

At Cleveland he was forced to land. The *Winnie Mae* skidded in on her sled runner on the grassy side of the Cleveland Municipal Airport just eight hours and four minutes out of Los Angeles. It was the last time she would ever suffer the indignity of landing on her stomach.

She had averaged 253 miles an hour ground speed, and obviously would have trimmed at least an hour off the Andrews record. Disgusted with himself, Wiley fitted her gear back under her and returned to Bartlesville. A sympathetic Phillips met him.

"Wiley, I don't give a damn if it costs a million dollars! I'll back you on this until you're satisfied."

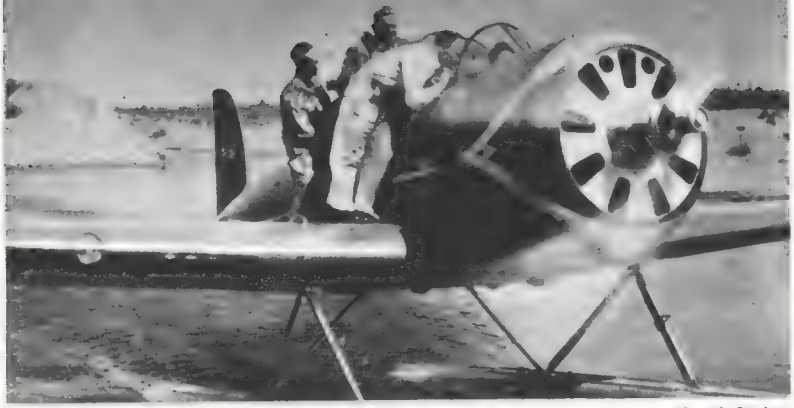
Wiley shook his head. "No, I've pretty well proved we've got to go into the stratosphere and get over the weather. Ships can be built to get up there where they'll be out of rough air, and where they'll go faster for less fuel.

"Will Rogers wants to take a vacation trip around the world with me and I've ordered a new ship on floats. They're finishing it now in Seattle. I'm going to put the *Winnie Mae* in storage, and we're going on a trip just for fun."

Wiley stored the *Winnie Mae*, and he and Will Rogers made their way to Seattle to test his new seaplane. It was the first time in five years Wiley had owned any other ship except the *Winnie Mae*.

"All I know is what I read in the newspapers!"

From the radios, newspapers, and the stages of America these words brought an unfailing gust of laughter as a leathery-faced man with a big cowlick twirled a rope and grinned knowingly. This was the kindly and gentle Will Rogers, master of laughter without malice, balloon-prickler without animosity, common-sense propagator with a smile. America heard his trade-mark, and settled back expectantly to laugh and repeat his gentle barbs at politicians, big business, the de-



Mechanics help famed comedian Will Rogers into Post s plane before fatal flight.

pression, prohibition and anything else that struck his fancy. And they were never disappointed.

Now the country's dashing eye-patched air hero and the idolized master of unbarbed wit linked arms and went off north on a holiday. The nation looked up from its labors and smiled, wishing them well.

Post quickly checked out the seaplane. It held a cockpit up front for the pilot, with a sealed cabin behind for the passengers. True to his own pioneering, the ship was equipped for high altitude flying.

Plans had been made for several shakedown flights, then a hop straight across the roof of the world — Seattle to Moscow, west to London, New York, and return to Seattle.

No pressure, no rush! Just for the hell of it.

On August 7th, 1935, the new ship — still unnamed — lifted her dripping floats swiftly out of Puget Sound and faded north to Juneau. Will Rogers wired the editor of the New York *Times:* "This old boy Wiley Post turns up the right alley all the time."

On the 9th they landed leisurely at Dawson.

On the 10th they made Aklavik.

On the 12th they were welcomed at Fairbanks where old friends had gathered to greet them, including bush pilot Joe Crosson; it was a heartfelt reunion for both Post and Crosson.

On the 13th Crosson borrowed a Pan American ship and flew the two men to see Mount McKinley. Joe held the big aircraft in close to the towering rocks so that a fascinated Rogers could see the mountain sheep. The next day he flew them to the Matanuska Valley, famed pioneering resettlement project of the Roosevelt administration. The settlers were immensely cheered that the famous men came to see them, and they laughed uproariously as Rogers made some impromptu sallies.

On the 15th, the happy travelers left Fairbanks to visit Charles Brower, a resident there for 50 years, and known in the north as "King of the Arctic." Fifty miles out they ran into dense fog, hanging down against the landscape like a curtain. They landed on Harding Lake for the night, and the next morning continued toward Point Barrow, 450 miles away on the edge of the Arctic Sea.

In the shifting, always tricky lakes, woods and rivers of the north, there are few stable landmarks. Late that afternoon Post became uncertain of his position. The big red-and-silver seaplane roared low over the hummocks, and 15 miles short of Point Barrow, they sighted a sealing group from the Eskimo village of Walkpi. Post landed in the shallow water, then taxied to the shore.

The Eskimos watched as a "man with sore eye" and "big man with boots" climbed out on the wing and jumped ashore.

Which way to Point Barrow?

Clair Oakpeha, an Eskimo hunter, pointed toward the northeast.

How far?

Twelve or 15 miles.

The "man with sore eye" climbed up on the cowling and tinkered with the engine. The "man with big boots" stood among the Eskimos, his cowlick hanging down from underneath his hat. He cracked jokes to an appreciative audience.

The door of the big red bird opened, and both men climbed back inside. The engine roared, and as the sealers huddled on shore watching, the plane began its take-off run. The wings rocked as an old trick of seaplane pilots was employed to get up on the float "steps." The curling wake broke off. The bird was up. Her silver wings and red body gleamed in the late afternoon sun as she made a steep climbing turn to avoid a low hill just ahead.

Suddenly, the booming roar of the big red bird ceased, as though cut by the keen edge of a sealing knife. Faltering, the stricken ship fell off, the right wing tip digging into the icy water. She cartwheeled. The tearing impact of steel, wood and water sounded low across the tundra as her muddy splash quickly subsided.

There was no movement. None. Not a sound.

The Eskimos splashed out to her. The man with big boots was tenderly pulled from the smashed cabin, his spirit gone. The man with sore eye was pinned in the nose, his spirit also flown away.

They waded ashore and held short council. The big bird was going to Point Barrow. Someone must carry the word. Clair Oakpeha stripped to his trousers and fur boots, and with one last look, began to run.

Over the icy, half frozen ground, around the lakes too deep to wade, across the shallow streams gurgling steadily toward their unknown destinations in the Arctic night, now closing in rapidly, he raced on.

Three exhausting hours later he was pounding on the door of the United States Signal Corps station, with its tiny wireless in the charge of Sgt. Stanley Morgan.

"Red Bird — smashed!"

In minutes, Morgan, Dr. Henry Greist, Presbyterian medical missionary in charge of the Point Barrow hospital, and a native crew left in a whaleboat powered by stuttering outboard motor.

But there was nothing they could do. Will Rogers lay in a sleeping bag, his legs broken and his skull crushed. Post was extricated from the cockpit. His smashed wrist watch showed 3:30 — A.M.

In Will Rogers' pocket, Dr. Greist found a clipping, a review of a play his daughter Mary was currently doing in Maine summer stock — a drama titled "Ceiling Zero." Ironically, the play ends with a fatal crash.

And so the word went out in the leaping spark of the Signal Corps radio under the steady hand of Sgt. Morgan. Two illustrious Americans were dead.

A stunned world heard the news, and everywhere there was mourning.

A sorrowing Joe Crosson flew the bodies of his friends south from the Arctic Circle, back to the sunny plains and the oil derricks of the country both men loved so well.

On August 22nd, in the Wee Kirk O' The Heather at Glendale, California, in a small private ceremony, Will Rogers was interred.

At the same moment, far away to the east, across the Rockies he had flown so often, Wiley Post was buried at Oklahoma City.

In a spontaneous desire to pay last homage, 10,000 people attended memorial services for both men in the Hollywood Bowl.

In New York, during ceremonies for both men, Capt. Wm. E. Allison led a flight of 24 Army ships over New York. The dull thunder of their engines reverberated up and down the concrete canyons of the city that lavished its love, its laurel wreaths, and its ticker tape on both. Gotham's bustling millions did not hurry this lovely August afternoon, but watched the tight formation over the city silently, countless thousands of them in tears.

An era had ended. Sharply, with stupefying suddenness. It takes no historian to relate the loss, no trumpeter to sound the news. The people know.

And the *Winnie Mae?*

A hushed Congress quickly passed a special bill, authorizing a payment of $25,000 to May Lane Post for the historic Lockheed Vega.

She hangs now, aloof and musing, from the ceiling of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, the big Wasp engine a dozing powerhouse, steel muscles smoothly hidden under her glistening white cowling.

Patiently she waits, staring at the throngs of sightseers below, watching always for the rolling gait of a stocky man with curly hair and a black eye patch, her lover of other years who disappeared into the north country flying one of her sister ships. ▲

Wreckage of plane that ended lives of Post and Rogers, put nation into mourning.

Firebug

(continued from page 13)

He dropped to a crouch and waited tensely. Smoke drifted up from the pile of lumber and pointed to him like a beacon. Fear gripped him. For minutes he forced himself to squat motionless. The flame danced higher, but he saw no other movement in the yard. There was no sound except the faint crackling of the fire and the hum of an occasional car passing on the street.

Finally he bolted for the fence, vaulted it and ran. Thirty minutes later the yard was a holocaust, the area a mad kaleidoscope of sound and feverish activity. In the crowd, which had materialized magically from the deserted streets and buildings on that sleepy Sunday afternoon, Jordan lurked insignificantly, slender and wide-eyed, his dark hair falling continually over his forehead, one hand in his pocket and a half-smile on his lips.

He watched until dusk shrouded the smoking ruins but finally turned away from the glowing debris with a frown on his face. The ache should have been gone. There'd been a measure of physical satisfaction in this one, true. Surely it was as big a fire as he'd ever set. And yet somehow he wasn't fulfilled. He hadn't really shown them.

The image of his mother filled his head, but there was no look of awe or respect on her face, only the familiar frown of disapproval. And there were other images, his sisters, his step-father and the smug, well-dressed businessmen he saw so often on the streets and in the stores of Houston. He hated them, all of them, and he'd strike back at them, he swore it, even if it meant burning down every inch of Houston.

Vaguely, he'd known all the time where he was going but it seemed as if some force independent of his mind and body had directed him. It was dark now and the Sorrell Lumber Company sprawled before him, shadowy and forbidding. He moved silently into the gloom of an alley and crept up to the back fence. Seconds later he was inside the yard, standing over a box of wood chips and shavings he'd collected. He struck a match and once again stared into the flame and relished its warmth. When he finally tossed it into the box it etched a glowing arc on the darkness; then for a second the night closed in and it was dark again and he couldn't suppress a shiver. But when he saw the hesitant glow of the flame embracing the tinder, the clammy chill disappeared.

A finger of flame fluttered in the box, spread and soon played over the stack of lumber beneath it. He waited another moment, transfixed, until he was sure the flames would live, then he backed away, still watching the fire, and finally turned toward the fence at the rear of the yard and ran, glancing over his shoulder at the glow. He scrambled over the fence, catching a last look at the fire and then he was on the street. He ducked into the darkness and waited.

This was the worst part. The time of doubt. *Would it catch?* he invariably asked himself. Sometimes it didn't and the memory of these failures ate at him, nagged him for weeks afterward, or until his next success. It was as if a beauteous goddess of love had lured him into some sweet-smelling place, only to vanish when he reached out for her. He'd be filled with frustration at these times. He'd go away unfulfilled and lonely. Sometimes he'd go away angry, as he had earlier today, because there was another good reason for setting fires besides the beauty of them and the feeling which they caused in his loins.

Whenever he caused flames to shoot skyward, caused the fire sirens to wail, caused the crowds to gather, each time it was a blow against the people he hated and the raw deal life had handed him. And when the fire flickered prematurely and died, he was robbed of this delicious feeling of revenge.

This time he hadn't long to wait for the firemen. Indeed, they came so fast that his fire never gained the full bloom of life. If it had, perhaps the third lumber yard would have been spared, but when he left this second fire, still unfulfilled, Jordan proceeded directly to the Winkler Lumber Company and burned it to the ground.

"DON'T SEND ME BACK TO THE CHAIN GANG!"

Willie Reid's Incredible Escape from the Brute Sheriff of Florida

STARTLING—DRAMATIC INDICTING

this true story appears in the December issue of

MAN'S

on sale October 27

Later he lay in his rooming house bed and relived the day's experiences. Details of the three fires blurred together. He was sure only of the order — the Burton Lumber Company first and (chuckling) in broad daylight, then Sorrell and finally (a fitting climax) Winkler's. The image of them glowed in his head like fiery battlefield scenes and he wondered idly if anyone had been hurt.

He'd heard something about two firemen being killed in a traffic accident while en route to one of them, and he'd seen scores of firemen overcome by smoke or grimacing from minor injuries. But what the hell? Somehow these things had no relation to what he'd done, to the lovely purity of the flames which he'd brought to life. A fireman's business is fighting fires, he thought with calm logic as he hovered near sleep. And a smile crossed his lips as he resolved to give them more fires to fight, plenty more.

Monday dawned cold and hazy, and while Jordan dressed for work his mind still churned with visions of flame and desolation. At the sites of the fires hundreds of curious citizens gaped at the rubble. On street corners newsboys shouted a grim warning: "Firebug loose in city!"

Radio newscasters told of the devastation in tones sometimes excited, sometimes hushed with the enormity of it:

"Today the three lumber yards lay in smouldering ruins, the work, officials believe, of a single crazed pyromaniac. Retail lumber dealers met hastily and posted a $500 reward for information leading to the capture of this dangerous firebug. Police patrols have been doubled. Lumber dealers and fire insurance underwriters, who have suffered losses of half a million dollars, appealed to Fire Chief Tom Powers, and the chief responded by doubling his arson investigating staff.

"Meanwhile, as Chief Arson investigator Harry Foster searches for clues, the city trembles with apprehension. The big questions in everyone's mind: Where will the firebug strike next? When? And who is he?"

Poking about in the sodden ashes, Harry Foster snorted in disgust. "Nothing! No clues, no sane pattern, nothing."

"What do you think the motive might be?" a reporter asked the stocky, grim-faced inspector.

"Motive? Who knows? Disgruntled employee? Pyromaniac? I don't know. That's what we've got to find out."

"If these three tie in with the first two lumber yard fires," the reporter asked, "why would a firebug wait weeks before setting them?"

"Who said he waited?" Foster countered.

"You mean the same guy might have set all the other unexplained fires we've had recently?"

"We can't jump to conclusions," Foster said, turning away from the newsman. "Right now we've got a whale of a lot of leg work to do."

Foster and his men launched their attack. They had to interview every employee of the three firms, looking for signs of dissatisfaction, and then check the names against police and fire department files. They had to quiz homeowners and businessmen in the area, to resurvey the scenes for a clue, any clue. They had to round up all characters with known pyro tendencies, to check their alibis. They had to ferret out and question transients, to answer scores of telephone tips and follow up all of them, the genuine and the crank.

Letters too poured into headquarters, offering leads or suggestions, some criticizing the department "for doing nothing in the face of all this destruction," many from out-and-out screwballs. Yet all these things had to be filtered, and when it was done Foster had nothing more than when he started,. He could only redouble the department's fire prevention precautions, wait and pray.

While he waited he pored over the records, examining the series of unexplained fires which had occurred in the past months. Foster leaned more and more toward the theory that a single pyromaniac was responsible for them all.

The pattern had begun taking shape the previous summer. At first the blazes were centered in the downtown business area: Three in the upper stories of furniture stores; two in department stores; two in theatres. Then there was a rash of fires in empty houses and buildings, one a spectacular blaze in an abandoned hotel. The first two lumber yards followed and then, after several smaller ones, the three-lumber-company orgy on Black Sunday.

Foster drummed his fingers nervously on his desk and stared out the window. "They're all connected," he mumbled to another investigator. "I've got no proof, no real leads, but I'm certain one maniac set them all."

He was right. Each of the blazes was etched deeply in the warped brain of John Maurice Jordan, for he had set them all and, officials now suspect, many others as well. His job gave him the opportunity.

It opened doors to him, exposing the buildings' occupants to one of history's most dangerous firebugs, one whose reign of terror caused an estimated $4,000,000 in damage and endangered the lives of thousands.

As a copy boy for the Houston *Post*, Jordan was dispatched daily to various firms to pick up advertising copy. It was on a sunny afternoon in 1953 that he first realized his job's potential. On that day he entered the third-floor office of the Phoenix Furniture Company. Someone behind a desk looked up and, without a word, absently gestured at the copy Jordan had come after. Jordan picked it up and went out, a feeling of tenseness spreading through his body. It was the same everywhere. No one paid any attention to him, except to persecute him. He was hardly noticed. He was a nobody.

As he headed for the elevator, he saw a stairway leading up to the fourth floor. On impulse he hesitated. The corridor was deserted. He ducked into the stairwell, climbed up and found himself in a large room cluttered with furniture, a storeroom.

The light was poor, but he seemed to be alone. He fished a match from his pocket and struck it. The flame flared in the gloom and its brightness startled him. Quickly he blew it out and stood riveted to the floor, the strange tenseness diminished by fear of discovery. He waited a moment, heard nothing and moved toward the door. Then he hesitated again, struck another match and touched it to a lamp shade. The combustible shade flared instantly, and Jordan streaked out the door, down the stairs and onto the street.

Total damage: $61,407.

Had someone seen him on the stairs, Jordan's fiery career might have been nipped in the bud. But he was not seen, and for him this was just the beginning. Less than a week later he went to the sixth floor of Stowers Furniture Company, stacked some discarded boxes in a heap and set them afire. A few days later in the same store he stole into the furniture repair room and set fire to an upholstered chair.

Damage was minor, but Jordan quickly got back into five-figured destruction when he stopped on a stair landing in a clothing store, poked a match through a wire-mesh window and set fire to another pile of boxes.

Damage: $13,773.

The same week, during the midday rush hour when hundreds of shoppers jammed the huge Foley's department store, Jordan crept into a stage wing in the Town Hall, an auditorium for fashion shows on the sixth floor, and set fire to a lush velvet curtain.

The fire was quickly extinguished but a few days later Jordan again exhibited his utter disregard for the threat his dangerous compulsion imposed on countless human lives. He was coming down a flight of stairs in Grant's department store when, on impulse, he torched a rack of dresses. Once again his fantastic luck held. No one noticed the brazen action, and he walked out of the store as the fire spread through the garments.

Damage: $8,000. Lives threatened: hundreds.

But the fire which came nearest to disaster proportions was kindled at the giant Majestic theater in downtown Houston. Jordan came to drop off some ad proofs. But instead of leaving afterward, he slipped into a small storeroom under the stairway leading to the balcony. He crouched there in the quiet darkness, the opening strains of music from the film "From Here to Eternity" hardly register-

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ing on his consciousness. Out in the auditorium a thousand people settled down in their plush seats, oblivious to the danger.

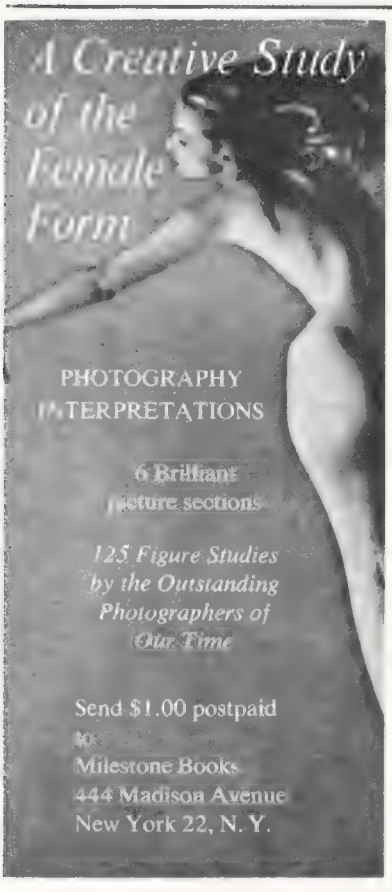
In the storeroom the thin-faced firebug squatted in the shadows. Beads of sweat popped out on his forehead as he felt the familiar tenseness come alive in his stomach and creep tingling into his arms and legs. A tightness in his chest made breathing difficult, but the swelling ache in his groin dominated all other sensations.

Feverishly he fished for a match, found one and struck it. The flickering light played over a stack of plastic letters used to spell out the names of films and stars on the marquee. Trembling, he held the match until it burned his fingers. He dropped it, struck another and waited until the pounding inside him mounted to a crescendo of anticipation; then he touched the flame to the plastic. It glowed red, then suddenly melted into nothingness, consumed by a tiny ball of fire.

Jordan scooped the letters into a pile and struck another match. The plastic crackled, popped and burst into flame. Smoke burned his nostrils and filled his lungs. He scooted backward and groped for the door. His hand found the knob, and with an extreme effort of will, he forced himself to open it slowly and look out. Luck was with him as usual. There was no one in sight. He came out, shutting the door quickly so as to keep the smoke imprisoned inside, and walked out of the theater. Outside, he almost collapsed in a fit of coughing. When it passed, he walked across the street and waited.

Inside, smoke billowed out of the storeroom and a cry echoed through the vast theater:

"Fire!"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At first there was only a rustle as heads turned and feet scraped the floor. For an instant a thousand hearts hesitated. Then someone screamed . . . and triggered the nerve-spring of panic. Fear raced through the theater and a thousand people moved as one toward the rear exits, scrambling over seats, clogging aisles with squirming bodies. Smoke clouds billowed through the cavernous room and flames burst through the storeroom door. People emerging began coughing from the fumes.

Outside the sirens screamed in Jordan's ears and sent a shiver of pleasure rippling through his body. Wide-eyed, he watched the first movie-goers stagger through the doors and into the street. They spilled out in increasing numbers until the first ones were pushed off the sidewalk and into the streets by the subsequent hundreds who reeled out of the big double doors.

Police cars converged from every direction, skidding to a stop at each end of the block and sealing off the street. Next the first fire trucks rumbled into view, pulled into position, and belched firemen before the wheels stopped turning.

Firemen hustled the growing throng out of the way and plunged into the smoke-filled lobby. When the last of the movie-goers were herded out, they attacked the fire. Their hoses writhed on the thick carpets as tons of water cascaded into the burning room. For a time the smoke grew more intense and Jordan watched firemen stagger outside, coughing and retching, to be relieved by others. And then, suddenly it seemed, it was all over.

"Miracle no one was hurt," a fireman was saying as others reeled in the hoses and stowed equipment. The crowd thinned. And the slender pyromaniac walked jauntily back to the newspaper plant, filled with a grotesque feeling of satisfaction.

Still something was somehow lacking. A small part of him still twitched with that familiar tenseness. He knew the feeling would grow, would bubble up in him again and cry for relief. It happened very soon. Within a few days Jordan had torched a warehouse, a vacant building and the lumber yards. Houston was a city gripped by fear, tensely waiting for the firebug to strike again.

The waiting, paradoxically, was repugnant to arson investigator Harry Foster, but he could do little else. The last of the leads had been checked out, the last ashes sifted. Days stretched into weeks. An uneasy lull began. Almost a month elapsed without a new torch job, and the city relaxed a bit. Yesterday's headlines were almost forgotten. Maybe the firebug had left town. Maybe he had read of the redoubled precautions, the police patrols and the reward. Maybe this had scared him into hiding.

Actually, Jordan had hardly given a thought to the efforts being made to apprehend him. In his twisted mind there was nothing really wrong with what he had done. And his activities had been curtailed only because he had taken on a second job — night usher at the downtown Loew's State Theater — and it was keeping him busier than before.

It was also this new job which portended the end of his career of pyromania. Because Jordan, whose IQ was normal, didn't use his head. He yielded to his strange compulsion instead.

Loew's reported three small fires in rapid succession, all in inaccessible places, difficult to detect and extinguish. Very fortunate, Foster thought, as he entered the theater, that they were extinguished. Could have resulted in many deaths. In the inspector's mind was the ever-present hunch that one man was behind the whole series of fires which had terrorized the city. This might be the case-breaker.

Investigation of the charred fire sites, however, yielded nothing. The next step was interrogation of every theater employee.

Usher John Maurice Jordan looked into Foster's flinty eyes and disclaimed knowledge of any fires. And Foster, face to face at last with the pyromaniac he'd sought for months, had no reason to disbelieve him.

Discouraged, the investigator went back to his office to begin the next phase of investigation, a search of the records for the names of the employees. Tiredly, he riffled through the papers on his desk. A few minor violations. This Jordan, the night usher. Picked up for theft. Ran away from home a couple of times, sent once to a home for boys. Could mean something. But nothing to nail him down as a pyro type.

Then Foster turned the report over and the words on the back leaped out at him: ". . . mother says he's always liked fire. . . caught him setting paper afire as a child. . .bragged about burning down a church in Arlington, Texas. . ."

Foster sprang out of his chair and walked to the window. He looked out, unseeing, and his mind clicked off the facts. It figured. Jordan was shy, withdrawn. Typical pyro traits. He'd only worked at Loew's a short time. The fires had occurred since he'd started there. Foster thought back over the series of downtown fires. Jordan was also a copy boy for the *Post*. Often sent to downtown stores. Probably some of the same ones which had been torched.

The inspector stepped to his desk, picked up the phone, then hesitated. It was all circumstantial. The officer who made out the report was dead; he couldn't elaborate on the case. If he was to nail this thing down, Foster thought, he'd have to be sure, maybe catch the kid in the act. He picked up the phone.

"John Maurice Jordan, he's an usher at Loew's State and a copy boy at the *Post*. Put a tail on him and keep me informed. And say, I need a picture of him. See if we can get a street photographer to shoot him."

Foster hung up and proceeded to the home of Jordan's mother. When he introduced himself, Maxine Parker's eyes dropped and she sank tiredly into a chair.

"I was afraid of this," she said finally. "I know why you're here. I've suspected Maurice might have something to do with all these fires ever since he moved into the rooming house."

From the mother Foster gently drew out the background. How she'd divorced her first husband, a seaman, and remarried. How they'd moved to Houston and Maurice had felt that he was being treated badly. How he'd run away and lived in vacant lots and old buildings until found by police. Now he'd moved into the rooming house.

"He's always been strange," she said. "When he was 16 months old he set some papers afire in our water heater. When he was five he set our garage on fire and later the bedroom. When I spanked him he'd have an erection and wet on himself."

Mrs. Parker painted a disturbing picture. Jordan's life had been marred by extreme nervousness, burglaries and destructive tendencies since early childhood. True, the first marriage — and the divorce — had been hard on the children, but Jordan's

sisters had come through it all right. Once as a small child, he'd stared fascinated at a big fire in Arlington. His actions there frightened his mother, as did a school teacher's revelation that he had trouble keeping him from the incinerator.

It all added up, and now Foster was sure he had his man. Still he waited. Jordan must be put where he could no longer threaten the lives and property of Houston's citizens. Foster wanted to be sure he had an ironclad case.

For days he and his men futilely observed every move Jordan made. Finally, Foster ordered him picked up. "We can't afford to wait."

When the two adversaries faced each other, still again Jordan maintained with calm insistence that he knew nothing . . . until Foster sprang his ace card.

"You work for the *Post*, eh, Maurice?"

"Yes."

"Copy boy?"

"Yes."

"They often send you to business places downtown, don't they, to pick up copy and deliver proofs?"

"Sometimes they do."

Foster held up a sheaf of paper slips.

"You know what these are?"

"No."

"They're 'trip tickets' which the *Post* keeps on all their copy boys. It's a record of the places they're sent, the date and the time of day."

Jordan's eyelids fluttered.

"These are your tickets for five months back. They place you in every one of those stores at the exact time they were torched. You'd better tell us the truth."

Foster himself had stretched the truth and he watched his prey intently to see if he would take the bait. They were Jordan's tickets all right, but they only went back a couple of weeks.

The youth held his hands between his legs and clenched and unclenched his fists. He stared at the floor and when he finally spoke his voice was hardly audible.

"I set the fires," he muttered.

Foster sighed in relief.

"All right," he said. I want you to take me to every fire you've set in Houston."

Quietly but without remorse, the pyro took Foster to 22 places he'd torched. Only one question remained: Why?

Some blamed his early life, conditions at home. But C. A. Dwyer, Harris County psychiatrist, discounted environment.

"He is a schizophrenic with a strong sexual aberration," the doctor testified at the trial, "one that made his only means of sexual gratification that of setting fires. He shows a persecution complex . . . but constant examination showed that he enjoys his delusions of persecution. He knew the damage and destruction he had wrought, but he justified it.

"I believe Jordan, like all pyromaniacs, was born the way he is. This is a field that has puzzled psychiatrists because there is obviously no organic reason for an individual to be stimulated by fires. And it is not a cultural or environmental development because it usually appears before the individual has been strongly enough exposed to any influences."

The doctor's conclusion: "There is no cure for a person like Jordan. He set between three and four million dollars worth of fires, and if he remained free, I believe he would certainly do it again."

After Jordan's own mother testified that she hoped the authorities would put her son "where he can't hurt anyone else," a jury found him mentally incompetent and sent him to the State Mental Hospital in Austin. He was later released, retried and committed to another Texas mental hospital at Rusk.

And in Houston, whenever an unexplained fire occurs, Jordan's file is the first one pulled, to see if he has been released. There is good reason. Because this troubled pyromaniac, asked at his trial if he thought he might continue his reign of terror if released, hung his head and mumbled:

"Yes, I probably would."

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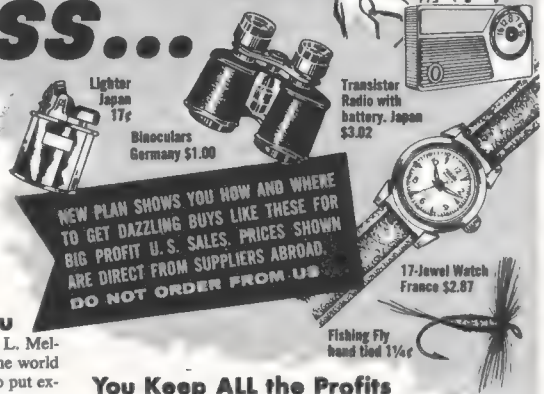
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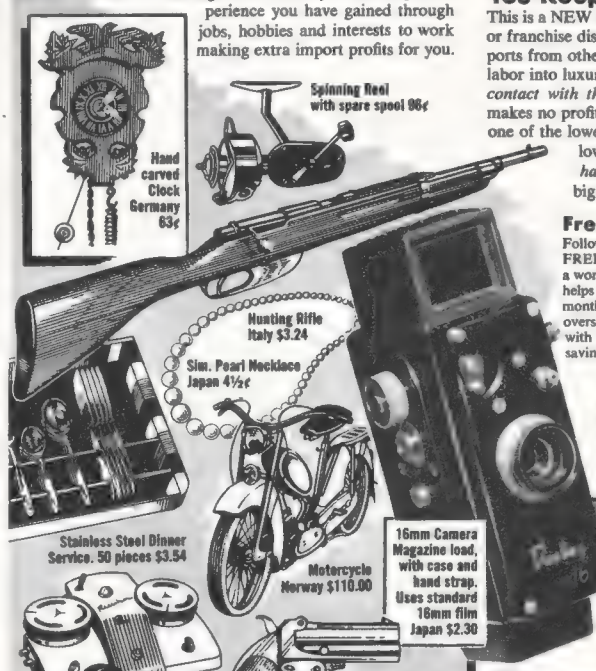
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The Spy

(continued from page 43)

women squeezed into the cockpit. An hour later they touched down in London.

Next morning found Shelley at Number 10 Downing Street. Not intending to waste time talking to underlings, he insisted on seeing the prime minister himself. This man — Shelley — who had been driving the Germans crazy and who was important enough to get through to Winston Churchill himself was really Wing Commander Forest Frederick Edward Yeo-Thomas, one of the top secret agents of World War II and Churchill's chosen liaison man with the French underground. He was 39 years of age, good-looking, a bachelor and loved and respected by all Frenchmen.

Shelley — or Thomas —, a sensitive-appearing man, who looked more the artist than the warrior, found fighting to his liking. While at school in England he had become involved in many a brawl and been expelled from two of them as a result. Only 16 when he enlisted in the army, he fought on the Western Front during 1917-18.

When the last gun had been fired in France, he enlisted with the Poles and helped stem the Russian advance on Warsaw. He was captured by the Bolsheviks and sentenced to death. The night before the execution, a Russian soldier walked into his cell and offered him a large slice of pumpernickel.

"You die tomorrow," the Russian informed him.

Thomas screwed his face in a painful grimace. He fell to the floor and staged a fake epileptic fit. The startled Russian stooped down to help and the Britisher's foot smashed against his windpipe. Thomas got to his feet, changed clothes with the unconscious Russian and calmly walked out of the prison.

This was his first escape. There were to be many more during World War II.

The peace between the two wars found Thomas at loose ends. He was constantly changing jobs. He started as a Rolls Royce mechanic and became, in turn, an accountant for a travel agency, a bank audit clerk, a sailor and finally manager of the high-fashion house of Molyneux, one of the top couturiers in Paris.

When the Germans invaded France, Thomas tried to enlist in the Foreign Legion. French officers did not view him as useful material and turned him down. He finally was drafted by England and served as an interpreter in the RAF. The work proved too dull and it was only a question of time before he rebelled. At the Air Ministry one day, he barged into a brigadier's office and told him he intended to quit. The brigadier reminded Thomas that no one was permitted to walk off a job in His Majesty's service.

"I want a change in jobs," Thomas said. "I know France. I speak the language and I want to serve as an intelligence agent there. If you don't do something about it, I'll send a letter to the *Times* and voice my protest in Parliament."

Whether the rash threat worked or not is unknown. Nevertheless, Thomas became a member of the top-secret Resistance Forces Section of Special Operations Executive.

The mission of this department of the armed forces was sabotage — to make life difficult for the Germans throughout the entire continent. Thomas was appointed chief of the planning division, but again the desk work proved too confining to so adventurous a spirit. When he learned complete chaos existed in the French resistance movement and there was grave danger that it would be smashed by the Gestapo and their willing helpers, the Vichy French police, he decided his personal leadership in France was essential. He told his superiors to give the desk job to a more sedentary-inclined man.

On February 24th, 1943, Thomas was ready to head for Paris. He carried fake papers in the name of one Andre Visson and he went over the life history of Visson for hours on end. For equipment, he was given benzedrine tablets, knives, revolvers, compasses and a signet ring with a cyanide tablet placed in it. Such a ring, worn by all intelligence agents, was to be used when they were subjected to unendurable torture by the Gestapo.

With Thomas was Pierre Brossolette, a pint-sized Frenchman who had a natural white lock of hair on an otherwise brunet head. The Gestapo aware of Brossolette's two-colored hair, he dyed the lock black to avoid being recognized.

From a Halifax bomber, the two agents parachuted down not too far away from Lyons-La-Foret in Normandy, where a group of resistance fighters waited for them.

"Are you Shelley?" their leader inquired.

Thomas nodded. It was the alias given him by his superiors in England. And from that day he became known by that name throughout France.

The two agents pedaled away from the air strip on bicycles. Both men carried a plentiful supply of hand grenades and explosives, as well as a small wireless transmitter. Leaving the air field in late afternoon was rather dangerous, for the Germans had ordered an early curfew. The two agents had been pedaling their cycles about a half-hour when they were stopped by a German patrol.

"What are you doing outside your house this time of day?" a Nazi sergeant asked.

Shelley staggered off his bicycle and weaved his way towards the Germans. Holding a bottle of rum with his left hand he stopped for a moment to take a long drink and began to chant a French folk song.

"Hail to the lovely bride," he mumbled in perfect French. "That was a wonderful wedding. My love to my cousin, the most charming bride in all of Normandy."

The Germans were amused at the sight. Shelley offered the sergeant a drink. He accepted and offered his congratulations in turn. Shelley and his companion were told they could proceed on their way.

Two days later, Shelley arrived in Paris and decided to test his nerve in the German-occupied city by taking a stroll on the *Rue* Franklin. Would he panic at the sight of the Germans? He did not know. The only way to learn was to get out into the streets and see what happened.

Turning a corner on the *Rue* Franklin he spotted a police patrol. His first impulse was to run. But he quickly gained control of himself and walked toward the

patrol, pulling his phony identity card from his jacket. At that time the German and French police worked hand in glove. The gendarme looked at the document and passed it along to the German. Both were satisfied everything was in order. Shelley knew he could use his false papers safely now.

The spy's first call in Paris was social. He walked to a house on the *Rue des Eux* and pressed a bell three times. An old man opened the door and peered out.

"Yes, monsieur, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"I have some interesting merchandise to sell," the Britisher said. "May I come in?"

As soon as the door closed shut, the old man embraced Thomas. The man, an active member of the resistance for years, was Thomas' father.

The next few months were arduous ones. Thomas traveled all over the country contacting the various resistance groups—the *Ceux de la Resistance, Liberation, Organization Civile et Militaire, Ceux de la Liberation* and the Communist Front National. While conferring with the top leaders, he also was able to give them directives from headquarters in London, documents printed in code on cigarette paper.

Once, during a short stay in Lyons, he was picked up by a Gestapo man on the street. The German searched him, found nothing. Thomas casually picked a cigarette from his pack and offered one to the Nazi who accepted and lit it. Both men enjoyed the smoke. The Gestapo agent did not dream that with every puff on his cigarette, the secret message was vanishing into smoke.

Thomas had many narrow escapes. But despite the fact that the Gestapo set numerous traps, he continued to elude them. He soon created a central organization which included all the resistance groups as members. The basic objective was to coordinate their activities and create a secret army ready to move into the field against the enemy on D-Day.

Many young Frenchmen were hidden by the underground when the Germans began drafting labor. The youngsters were the backbone of the future French Army which was to give great service to the Allied cause.

While busily engaged in this purely organizational work, Thomas still found time to send regular radio messages to London, giving detailed information about German Army movements in France. He ordered his men to attaeh time bombs with magnets to ship hulls, place explosive coal in railroad depots used by the Nazis; derail ammunition trains, and insert altimeter switches in the tails of German planes, the gadget blowing the tails off the planes and sending them crashing to earth.

Gestapo chieftains were thrown into a frenzy. A special order instructed their agents: "Get Shelley at all costs." But he still escaped the net so cunningly spread by the Germans.

By that time the RAF was bombing vital military installations in France on a round-the-clock schedule. The ball-bearing plant at Annecy was among those raided, but not damaged enough, it continued to produce war material for the Germans. Thomas assigned a number of his most efficient saboteurs to complete the job of destruction. They promptly put the factory out of commission for the duration.

Thomas, not the type of man to rest on his laurels, soon found a new project to occupy him. At Gigny, the *Saone* waterway was serving as an important transportation center for the Germans who used it to ship torpedo boats, sections of submarines, tanks and other military equip-

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ment. RAF raids were not effective in smashing the locks controlling the canal. Thomas had a conference with the fabulous "Jerome," leader of the *Maquis*.

"Have you a practical idea on how to sabotage the waterway?" Jerome asked.

"Simple," Thomas answered. "Get some floating mines and blow up the locks."

"Where do we get the mines?" Jerome asked.

Shelley thought a moment, then said, "The Germans will loan them to us."

Four expert swimmers dressed in bathing trunks were assigned to the job. Shelley supplied them with a diagram of the locks controlling the waterway. The men placed the mines well; the next day two German ships passing along the *Saone* were blown up, blocking traffic on the river for many months.

The elusive Shelley made life very difficult for the Gestapo. There were some who said that he really did not exist but was the trumped-up creation of the French — in desperate need of a hero. Top Gestapo officials knew better.

Shelley used many disguises in his work, none especially complicated; he varied his appearance by wearing different types of hats and changing his shirts, suits and shoes several times a day. He even changed his manner of walking by inserting false heels inside his shoes. To avoid detection, Shelley — who knew collaborators were the only Frenchmen who could afford to look fashionable — always dressed in the height of fashion.

He would always make it a point to walk past an underground contact on an open street and then turn around and follow him to a nearby hospital and walk through the visitor's gate. He conferred with his associates on the grounds of the institution.

And he was ever alert. Once he aroused the suspicions of two Gestapo agents while strolling along a Paris street. He ran into the basement of the Printemps department store, walked through the employees' comfort room, came out into the street, hailed a taxi, jumped out of the car about six blocks away from the store, skipped down the metro steps and just managed to get into a subway train as the doors closed.

The indomitable Shelley never slept more than one time in the same house. Among the places he utilized were the homes of the French screen star, Jeanne Hebling, a butcher, a cab driver, Claire, a showgirl from the *Folies Bergere*, and a former member of the Chamber of Deputies. At one time he rented an apartment next door to the assistant to the German Military Governor of Paris. The Gestapo never thought he would be audacious enough to look for a place in that neighborhood.

With more than 30,000 agents in Paris, the Gestapo did not spend their time drinking coffee and eating *croissants* at sidewalk cafes. They were able and ruthless men who took their job seriously. They had captured many an Allied agent. Safe apartments could become very unsafe overnight. Shelley did not walk into a house because someone told him a day or so before it was "clean." He took his own up-to-the-minute safety measures.

A resistance agent was generally in the area when Shelley appeared. The man carried a newspaper if the place was safe. If he held nothing in his hand, Shelley got out fast. One day, just before nightfall, the spy arrived at Claire's house. His contact not around, Shelley left immediately. It was a fortunate withdrawal because the Gestapo had raided the actress' home a few hours before.

On one occasion Shelley-Thomas was traveling on a train, carrying a valise which contained vital secret documents his men had lifted from under the noses of the German military. He struck up a warm acquaintance with the conductor and began waxing sentimental about his three mythical children. The conductor spoke about his four offspring. Thomas pulled a bottle of cognac from his overcoat pocket and offered the conductor a drink. After a few drinks the conductor slipped his arm over the British agent's shoulder and said, "You are a fine man and a credit to the nation."

"Aux contraire," Thomas replied. "I am a bad character. I sell food and other items on the black market. That is how I manage to feed my family. I have cigarettes, candy and jewels in my valise. I must sell them in Paris, but if the Germans open my bag I am ruined."

"Have no fear of the blackguards," the conductor exclaimed. "I shall help you."

The conductor hid the valise under a mountain of luggage. When the train reached Paris he personally carried Thomas' baggage to the exit and handed it over to him.

Back in London to receive new instructions, Shelley complained to Churchill about the scarcity of supplies for the resistance.

"What do you want?" the prime minister asked.

"We need 100 planes," Thomas informed him.

The following day, 100 planes were assigned to operation resistance. But while he had reason to be happy about the cooperation he received from Churchill, Shelley was most disturbed about the news from France. The Germans had captured Colonel Morinaud, one of the most important resistance leaders. He had taken the deadly cyanide tablet and had died in a Gestapo torture chamber.

And there was more disturbing news. Pierre Brossolette, the man with the white lock of hair dyed black, and a close friend of Shelley had been caught. He was now being held in the jail in Rennes, the Germans unaware of their captive's real identity. He was known as Pierre Diole to them, and that alias would bear scrutiny until the dye wore off. Brossolette was too valuable a man and the Germans would stop at nothing to get vital information from him once they learned his importance in the resistance. Since his confession could well wreck the entire movement, it was imperative he be rescued from the Gestapo jail.

In February, 1944, Shelley was dropped by parachute at Clermont-Ferran, about 200 miles from Paris. He spent the next few days studying the terrain around the prison. The main entrance was well-guarded and a sentry armed with a machine gun stood at each gate. A few hundred yards from the main entrance, stood an SS barracks which communicated with the guard house by telephone.

Promptly at eight o'clock one morning, a group of armed *Maquis* was placed in houses directly opposite the prison, covering all the approaches to the main entrance. At a signal, one of the men cut the telephone line. Shelley and two aides — one of whom spoke perfect German — drove up to the main gate wearing Nazi uniforms and *Sicherheitsdienst* (security police) badges. They ordered the guard to escort them to the prison warden. When they entered the room he was shown forged instructions stamped with the official seal of the Gestapo in Paris ordering the release of Pierre Diole for transfer to Paris.

Shelley and his two aides were instructed to wait in the guard room, a move they had anticipated. Shelley had learned that the guards always placed their belts and guns against the wall of the room while off duty. The three men entered the room with revolvers drawn and commanded the two German guards inside to turn their backs to the wall. One was hit on the head with the butt of Shelley's gun when he tried to reach for his weapon. The other, a sergeant, was ordered to bring Diole back to the guard room.

"I am right behind you," Shelley warned him. "One false move and you are a dead man."

All this took exactly three minutes. Two minutes later, Shelley, Diole and the other *Maquis* were outside the prison. They jumped into the waiting car and drove away at top speed.

The Gestapo realized Shelley had masterminded that operation. Berlin SS headquarters issued an order for heads to roll if the master spy remained at large one more month.

A few days after the prison break, Shelley, back in Paris, had an appointment to meet a new contact near the Passy metro station. The resistance man, Jacques, had been instructed to walk down the steps on the left side of the station while Shelley walked on the right side. Both men were then to cross a newspaper kiosk near the ticket office and greet each other like long lost friends. The meeting was set for 11:00 o'clock. Shelley arrived promptly to find Jacques nowhere in sight.

Usually, whenever an agent was late, Shelley would leave the area immediately. That day he disregarded this precaution and walked to the newsstand. Before he realized what happened, five Gestapo men seized him, pinned him to the ground and began beating him.

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Later, Shelley learned his capture was due to Jaques' carelessness. The agent had a slip of paper in his pocket when the Gestapo had picked him up which stated: "Shelley, Passy 11." That did it.

Shelley braced himself for the inevitable ordeal. At Gestapo headquarters, Nazi musclemen started to work on him with obvious joy. They stripped and began beating him with typical Nazi thoroughness. Not one part of his body was overlooked. After three hours of torture Shelley tried to get the cyanide tablet out of his signet ring, but an alert Gestapo agent tore the ring off his finger.

One man asked endless questions:

"Just give us the information we seek and all this brutal business will stop," he promised.

And when Shelley remained mute he continued: "As one civilized man to another, you must agree that all this is quite foolish. I find it most degrading to torture a fellow man. Speak, and we shall stop hurting you."

Still receiving no response, the Gestapo agent shouted: "Throw him into the bathtub."

The tub was filled to the brim with freezing water. Shelley was tossed in and his face was submerged. He struggled for some air, but a firm pair of hands kept his face below the surface of the water. He fought till he blacked out. The torture continued for two days, but Shelley still refused to reveal the secrets of the resistance . . .

The Allied armies, now on the continent, were rushing toward Paris, and the Gestapo ordered all prisoners lodged at Fresne jail to be transferred to a camp near Compiegne.

The resistance knew that Shelley was being held at Fresne and scheduled to be executed on May 18th. Through a contact they reached one of the Gestapo officers in the prison and offered him a bribe of 4,000,000 *francs* to lose the British agent's file. May 18th came and there was no execution. A methodical Nazi, discovering Shelley's file missing, ordered an investigation.

As a result, the Briton was raised to the level of "dangerous terrorist," a rank entitling him to a forced stay at the notorious Buchenwald Concentration Camp. Few lived through a year in that death camp.

The horrors at Buchenwald did not deter Shelley from ferreting new secrets from the Gestapo. He even got a message through to headquarters in London stating that he had proofs of experiments in bacteriological warfare. Finally, he induced the officers in charge of Buchenwald to transfer him to a more humane camp by promising to testify that one of Himmler's pals was a good German — if and when he stood trial before an Allied court. He also had the camp officials change the documents of 21 of his fellow prisoners to those of men who had died of typhus, thereby securing their release from Buchenwald.

On April 13, 1945, Shelley and the 21 other prisoners were part of a human shipment to a camp in Czechoslovakia. Three-hundred died in the cattle car because of extreme cold and tortures inflicted on them by sadistic Nazi guards. The train stopped at Marienburg-Golobtland, where the corpses were to be unloaded and thrown into a common grave dug by the surviving prisoners.

As some men began digging, Shelley and his friends commenced the odious task of dropping the dead bodies into the grave. Shelley looked around. The guards had withdrawn a good distance from the site, the stench of the bodies driving them away. One hundred yards in the opposite direction he saw a thick forest. Shelley turned to his friends and whispered, "Run for the woods. Quickly! It's our only chance."

Twenty-one men crashed into the woods with the Germans in hot pursuit. Shelley managed to keep out of sight, weak as he was after many months in the concentration camps. But with hope of freedom to propel his emaciated frame, his resistance and strength rose.

For the next two weeks he hid during the day and marched by night through an area crawling with Germans. There were many armed civilian volunteers, all trigger-happy, ready to kill him on sight.

Near Chemnitz, 15 days after his escape, Shelley stumbled into the arms of two American soldiers. He was a frightful sight, as he stood there feebly and said, "I am a prisoner of war and an officer in the British Air Force."

When Shelley returned to Paris, he looked like an old man. It was many months before he was fit enough to be released from the hospital. Both the British and the French governments awarded him the Military Cross and Bar, the *Legion d'honneur, Croix de Guerre* with palm, the George Cross and other medals. Today former Wing Commander Foster Frederick Edward Yeo-Thomas, better known as "Shelley," works at the house of Molyneux in gay Paris — again leading the sedentary life of a Parisian couturier. ▲

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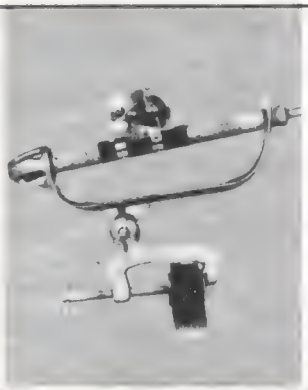

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Wine, women and wrong occupy the front and flip sides of "Bawdy Songs and Back Room Ballads" (Volume 1). Here are 15 slightly salty songs sung by Oscar Brand, whose repertoire includes "Roll Your Leg Over" and "No Hips at All." Songs of hard-living men and their winsome wenches. Issued by Audio Fidelity, price of 12" l.p. disc is $5.98 at record shops.

Next time somebody tells you to get lost, laugh in his face by flashing this handy Marble Wrist Compass. It is a precision instrument with a handsomely polished brass case, unbreakable crystal, low-friction agate bearing and a comfortable, high-grade leather strap. Plain dial is $3.25; luminous dial, $3.75, from Marble Arms Corporation, Gladstone, Mich.

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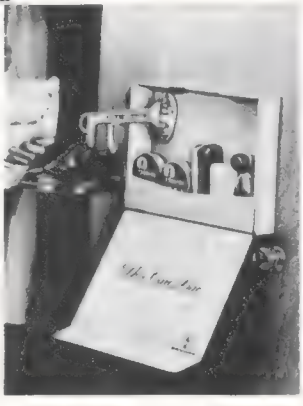

Automation

(continued from page 29)

In addition, Willie sang, danced a jig, played three tunes on a harmonica and fired a pistol.

Near the end of his educational tour of various automation experiments, Sampson began to drink heavily. Most of the time, he later told psychiatrists at Cook County Hospital, he sat alone in ginmills and struggled with the one last hope that automation was only exalted mechanics.

"After all," he said in a statement to doctors, "I had the conviction — at the time — that man only devised a super gadget science of motors, levers, gears and chains. I had read a hell of a lot of stuff about the mechanical brain — especially the computers — and I clung to the belief that automation increases 'work efficiency' and would never replace the human being in a flesh-and-blood job. But then *that* went out the window . . ."

It sure did.

On the last few days, just before he suffered a nervous collapse, Bob soon discovered that thinking machines existed which could replace 500 to 700 human beings in a plant, office or factory.

In Chicago, for example, Sampson (with a bad hangover and the jitters) saw a robot brain that signals its own moves in a game of chess, memorizes a bookful of facts and figures and eventually might be able to cook a full-course meal if its inventors — still busy at the top secret drawing board — learn how to give it a sense of smell.

Bob Sampson recovered from his shattering experience, but contributing greatly to his collapse was the chilling discovery that automation devices on the drawing boards today will, in a few years:

- Manufacture cardboard boxes without a single human being involved, assemble TV sets, roll and smoke cigarettes, make cakes at home while the household wife regulates the baking from her car 25 miles away, unload ships and freight cars and make decisions on how to run a business.
- Set up closets which will dry-clean clothes overnight by ultrasonic waves — thus eliminating thousands of humans in the dry-cleaning industry.
- Operate a combination freezer-cooker that will automatically move food from freezer to stove and then cook and serve it — thus eliminating some 300,000 human beings (besides the housewife) in restaurants, hotels and food establishments.
- Turn on a six-in-one laundry "monster" that washes, dries, sanitizes, presses, folds and packages the finished laundry. Farewell, then, to thousands more of human beings who, today, are at least engaged in the "human agent" capacity of running laundromats, laundry machines and waiting on customers. Throw in, also, a new National Cash Register "wonder" which automatically takes any denomination bill from a customer, rings up his bill and gives him (or her) the exact change.

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The real "work horses" in the new nightmare world of automation are the electronic brains. They do not "make" or "fix" or "install" — to replace unskilled or even skilled human labor — but actually shove the human brain aside and, at the touch of a button, do much of its work: reasoning; decision; judgment.

In New York, International Business Machines told this writer that it was ready to market a "selective sequence calculator" which makes the human mind practically obsolete.

"I suppose you could say it is almost frighteningly superhuman," the IBM executive admitted. "This electronic 'thinker' not only *reads* the problems of banks, insurance firms or any average administrative company, but accepts orders on *how* to solve those problems.

"It keeps logarithm tables in its 'memory' and makes mathematical and logical shortcuts with information given it — and comes up with an answer of what to do, or with an answer that human minds would take weeks to figure out."

In Washington in 1957, the War Surplus Bureau had to employ 44 auditors and clerks to handle 120,000 sets of statistics for needed results on a budget situation. A wizard-like electronic brain was plugged in. Where the 44 human beings required 13 days to think out the statistical tangle, the "brain" did it all in nine minutes! *And human error was eliminated!*

Banks in New York, Chicago, Spokane and San Francisco are now quietly experimenting with a "brain" that practically makes human bank personnel obsolete. All it requires is a "technical" baby-sitter, so to speak, just to make sure it runs properly. The "bank brain" accepts deposits; calculates interest; hands out withdrawals to the customer, automatically; rings a warning buzzer when a certain account is overdrawn; mails out statements; sifts out phony checks; answers letters on routine matters.

Cybernetics, Univac, Bismac, Multra, Binotrol, 705 Thinker . . . these are not science fiction terms, but words and names and "methods" linked with goliaths of wire, lights, "brain drums" and ultrasonic gadgets that not only do man's bidding, but in the frightful process, also do away with him as a worker.

In view of these enormous strides, will automation take away your job?

There are shining thoughts of optimism about automation, to be examined here. They need to be. For it is not enough to say that drudgery, boredom and monotony will soon be gone forever when the "super brains" take over the average human job. What will the human do after the job is taken over by a push-button?

Surely, it is comforting to hear the words of Dr. Norman Anon, of IBM:

"We, in 1959, are headed for an economy which will produce more goods of better quality for less money and with far less work. The three-day week end is around the corner."

But not too long ago, on a bright April afternoon, Walter Reuther, president of the powerful United Automobile Workers, was strolling through a "partially automated" Ford engine plant in Cleveland with a company executive.

Only a few human beings could be seen in the sprawling assembly floor of the plant. Most of them were electronic scientists. As he moved past self-operating "brains" that positioned, bored, bolted and adjusted eight-cylinder engines destined for Ford sedans and convertibles, the Ford executive said: "Not one of these machines pays dues to Walter Reuther's union!" Reuther, puffing on a cigar, brooded a moment and then answered, "Yeah, and not one of them buys a new Ford car either!"

With this quip Reuther put his finger on an enormous difficulty — and danger — engendered by automation. In the automobile industry alone some 152,000 jobs have been lost in the past nine years through "brains" which replace men. One "brain" often does the work of 10 workers.

If people don't have jobs, obviously, they won't have the money to buy cars spawned by their electronic replacements. And if they can't be bank tellers, dry cleaners, clerks, auditors, gas station attendants, engineers and motormen (New York City is experimenting, presently, with a subway train that will run itself), white collar or soiled collar workers, what does it profit an electronic monster to replace a human being?

MAN'S MAGAZINE went to the National Association of Manufacturers and obtained this statement on automation:

"There is no real crisis of machines replacing men. When greater automation comes, there must be a vast increase in employment requirements. The human element can never be replaced. The automation machines must be designed, built, sold, serviced and controlled. That alone will give us untold thousands of new jobs."

At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where automation experiments are being conducted round-the-clock (incidentally, there will soon be a machine to assemble, package and even wind thousands of new clocks), Dr. Norbert Wiener, the nation's No. 1 expert in cybernetics — an egghead word for automation — backs up the N.A.M. predictions.

"In any shop, store or factory where automation substitutes for a humanly operated job," he indicates, "a man has not been replaced but only a small fraction of a man — a bunch of muscles that worked with little or no thinking."

Dr. Wiener argues, along with other pro-automation experts, that shifting to "electronic thinking" may change the nature of certain jobs, but it will not reduce the number of workers.

A concrete example:

In an Ohio chemical plant last year, five owners of the company sat down at a round table, smoked furiously, and tried to figure out what the firm would do with 150 workers suddenly in the "excess" category after the installation of a $312,000 automation setup.

The company had been turning out a household rug-cleaning "shampoo" and a high grade floor wax. The "brain" took over the mixing of the formula for each product. It measured, exactly, the percentage of each chemical needed for a bottle or can. It labeled the cans, sealed and counted them and automatically took orders, cancellations, shipment instructions and "warnings" from the control department (run electronically) as to whether production was too low or too high.

A push button in another part of the firm molded plastic into linked rows of toothbrush-and-glass holders for U.S. bathrooms. Another button whirred machinery that "sliced" these rows into hundreds of single holders. (They came off the assembly line in batches of 60, fastened together by a plastic umbilical cord.) Still other "brain-guided" machinery wrapped the holders, placed them in cartons and addressed them to wholesalers across the country.

Meanwhile, as all these operations went on smoothly, some 150 "displaced persons" stood by, horrified, with nothing to do. Included in this hopeless group were chemical engineers, packagers, clerks, shipping handlers, machinery technicians, wrappers, and assorted workers who earned from $62 to $248.50 weekly, according to their previous specific task.

Company executives, frightened by the unemployment crisis resulting from automation, stayed far into the night at the discussion table.

Before automation, the company had 700 productive workers (chemical and administrative) and 300 maintenance men to keep the "old style" equipment in full blast. Some fast — and shrewd — calculating by the bosses came up with this formula:

Reduce the production workers from 700 to 550 (the inevitable result of automation) and increase "maintenance" from 300 to 450 . . . or the 150 "lost" humans after automation.

In a nutshell, the 150 people who lost their jobs to the electronic brain were rehired to nursemaid their successors. Chemical engineers, clerks and shipping handlers were sent to school to learn about the "brain" which needed more maintenance than the old equipment because of its complexity.

"This worked out very well indeed," an employer wrote to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1958. "There is a high cost to automation. But there is no need — in our case — to fire workers replaced by the brain. With the brain we increased our output of rug shampoo, floor wax and plastic holders by 60 per cent. We also reduced the unit cost of production, through humans, by thousands of dollars a month when the brain took over. This 60 per cent step-up absorbed wage increases, cost of training the 150 'displaced' people still on the job and the cost of maintaining the brain. In other words, we are now ahead financially — and humanly — with automation!"

But this happy "adjustment" to automation doesn't explain a good many ominous question marks about human beings — and human emotions — that do not adjust to the idea of automation.

A psychiatrist at Roosevelt Hospital in New York told MAN'S:

"Automation is a nightmare to millions of normal Americans. They do not think of it constantly — but the underlying fear is there. Automation brings a heightened sense of insecurity. First, there is the terrible insecurity of knowing robot weapons are in the making that will destroy millions of people by pressing down on a button.

"Secondly, people know that automation endangers them economically — in their jobs and in their pocketbooks. Yes, there are exceptions where automation creates jobs — but in the long run it does not.

"To what precise degree is automation responsible for the fact that there are — even with a thriving economy — 4,600,000 unemployed in the United States? Nobody really knows. And people know this . . . and are fearful."

For example:

What happened to the 6,000 long distance toll operators who were replaced by automation toll dialing? What happened to the 7,650 glass workers who made bottles, cups and glass containers? Their job is done today by a "brain." What happened to the hundreds of leather and shoe technicians (many of whom spent years learning the trade) who now see shoes made by automation — from start to finish? What about the hundreds of trained inspectors who examined delicate parts and instruments for defects . . . whose eyes were replaced by a photo-electric "eye brain" which works better and, in fact, never fails?

What about the grim possibility that automation and highly sensitized "electronic predictors" threaten to take much of the fun out of human life? Sports and legal gambling, for instance?

Remington Rand's Univac has already successfully predicted the 10 best football teams in the country and picked an All-American football team that was mere percentage points away from the predictions of the human sports experts.

The very same Univac, in a startling venture, matched its steel wits against the nation's thousands of horse players and proved, with all factors being equal, that it could pick horses finishing in the money just as accurately as the human handicapper.

Human beings playing games and race horses are unpredictable because of the built-in "frailty factor," and because of that factor the electronic brain, to date, could do no better than equal human thinking.

But the laws of mathematical odds are *fixed*. Therefore, more startling is the fact that an electronic brain employed in a poker game, crap game, or any game of chance dependent upon mathematical odds, would ruin the game.

In the summer of 1956, a Midwest millionaire rented an electronic monster ($21,000 for 30 days, including the services of an electronic engineer) and had it installed in the captain's cabin aboard a trim yacht anchored off Boston Harbor.

Not one of the major "brain" manufacturers will confirm this incredible yacht-with-brain experiment, but the fact remains that the "experiment" is common knowledge among automation tycoons. The "brain" installed aboard the yacht was prepared to beat any roulette wheel in the world — and it did.

Shortly after dawn on a July morning, the yacht pulled anchor and headed across the Atlantic toward the blue Mediterranean and the famed Monte Carlo Casino.

As the lovely craft cut through the smooth sea, its millionaire owner and his socialite friends spent many hours in the cabin watching the electronic engineer "nurse" the computer for its bold venture.

The "brain," for instance, could do 5,000 additions a second with 10-figure numbers, and 350 multiplications a second with any mixture of figures. Built into this "brain" was a magnetized drum (mechanical replica of the human brain — only 50,000 times more efficient) which was fed instructions to handle roulette wheel numbers, transfer the numbers from one part of the drum to another and keep strict control over the sequence of numbers that must come up according to the laws of mathematical odds . . . which is *not* the same thing as chance.

At 4:15 P.M. one hot afternoon the yacht dropped anchor off-shore, a few miles from the Monte Carlo Casino. The yacht owner, his friends and a secretary (loaded with steno books) hopped into a motor launch and headed straight for shore — and the casino.

Once in the casino, the party headed for a roulette wheel table and began to play that wheel, and no other. For three and one-quarter hours, as hundreds of "black" and "red" winning numbers came up, the yacht party steadfastly invested money in the spin of the wheel. A few feet away the secretary took down every number that came up as a winner, regardless of who played during those three and one-quarter hours. One woman, for instance, who was not a member of the yacht party, won $3,205. The yacht party itself — as a group — lost approximately $1,600.

Shortly after 7:50 P.M. the secretary,

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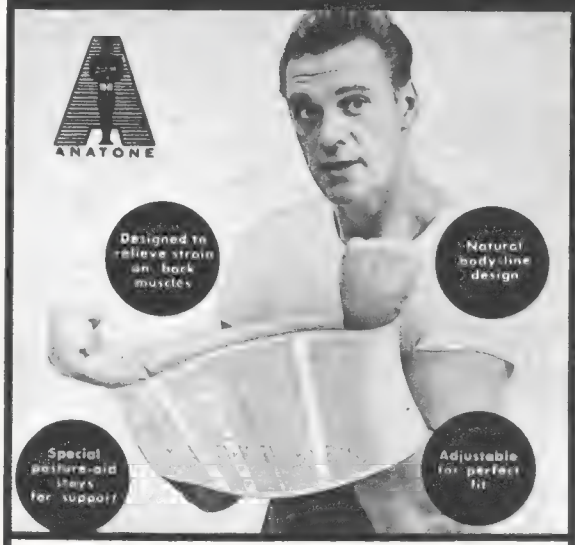
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his steno books crammed with every number that had "come up" on the wheel, retired discreetly to a lush garden outside the casino. Then, with a portable short-wave radio, he sent those winning numbers to the yacht anchored a few miles off-shore.

The electronic engineer stocked the "brain" with all the numbers and pressed a button. In 16 minutes the computer spat out, on punched cards, the numbers that would come upon the roulette wheel in the next few hours. Operating at incredible speed, using logical and mathematical rules applied to odds, the machine produced a correct answer . . . or the combination of numbers that must win more often in the next few hours.

Swiftly, the yacht's radio operator broadcast the "results" back to the secretary waiting in a hidden part of the garden. Once back in the casino, at the same wheel, the secretary began to play numbers "ordered" by the computer aboard the yacht.

Result: Some $63,000 in winnings in less than four hours!

Casino operators, stymied at first by this phenomenal run of good fortune, let it pass as "pure luck." But when the party returned a second day and siphoned off another $112,000, private detectives, frantically summoned by the casino officials, nailed the secretary in the garden.

It was all very hush-hush, of course.

Monte Carlo authorities officially deny the "incident," but they have never denied the erection of a $75,000 short-wave jamming" station just outside the casino grounds. . . Lastly, no one has yet explained the coincidence that Broadway producer Courtney Burr (who heard the story from an automation executive) plans to put the "incident" in a three-act play, "The Golden Fleecing," which is due to open in late 1959 or early in 1960.

The number of skilled jobs for millions of Americans may dwindle into the thousands when — and if — a new threat to human labor gets running at full steam. This new threat is magnetic tape, the electronic "food" which nourishes the brain of the automation machine.

In a depressing sense, magnetic tape may even replace the human being who is currently needed to baby-sit the automation monster!

Today, in the vast, hangar-like shed of the Republic Aviation Corporation at Farmingdale, Long Island, the tape is already "telling" an electronic brain what to perform. The human expert is no longer needed.

This writer, visiting the $600,000 "think machine" at Farmingdale, watched it perform as follows:

One human being (not necessarily an automation expert) strolled casually toward a silent and huge machine tool called a "skin mill." Deftly, like any ordinary mortal dropping a record on a phonograph turntable, he shoved the tape into a box and, presto, the tool roared into life.

While a machinist stood by — doing nothing — the mechanism began to trim metal in an intricate pattern on a tapering, 12-foot aluminum wing panel. The machinist merely watched, hands on hips, to make sure the tape was giving the right "orders" to the "brain" whirring, twisting and creating the design on the aluminum wing.

What is this tape?

Actually, it is an electronic "memo" dictated by somebody in the front office. A small machine codes the dictation and the code — on the tape — whispers the "order" into the brain which goes ahead and does the job.

Hundreds of human jobs are at stake in the near future when magnetic tape will be improved to "invent" mechanical parts!

On the drawing boards today, says William C. Speed, president of Audio Devices, Inc., now turning out the bulk of magnetic tape in the U. S., is an electronic brain-computer tape extravaganza that would not only "solve" a boss' production problem, but "invent" a revised part to make his machinery — already running without human help — run better.

A certain lawn mower manufacturer, for example, might learn to his dismay that a 1960 model power mower would not operate at full efficiency because of a "bug" in the mechanism. His human experts, having designed many parts to eliminate the "bug" and having failed, would be asked to leave the job. Then, stepping up to his magnetic tape recorder, the lawn mower manufacturer would tell his problem to the tape. Eliminated: an entire crew of automation technicians!

In turn, the magnetic tape would be fed into the electronic brain, asking for a solution.

Ten minutes later, perhaps less, the "brain" would report back a "solution" to the tape, which would be inserted into another tool that would manufacture the perfect part . . . thus squashing the "bug" in the mower's mechanism!

Worse yet, the tape would also eliminate countless tool-and-die makers, tool designers, machinists and, of course, thousands of human jobs one way or another involved with manufacturing and producing gadgets.

Few human jobs today are immune to electronic "brain" subversion. Take an old friend, the tasty pretzel. Until quite recently the U. S. pretzel-bender, often the butt of a joke, was a respected and highly skilled human being who took pride in his professional "bends."

The U. S. Employment Service reported — in 1955 — that there were some 2,400 skilled pretzel-benders in the baking industry. The pretzel had always been handmade — and by skilled men who understood the art. Now, there are only 250 skilled pretzel-benders at work.

Why?

Examine the ironic situation of one John P———, a 47-year-old pretzel-bender with a 19-year record of expert pretzel-making in a Minneapolis baking firm. In 1956, John lost his job to a pretzel "stamping machine" — but only temporarily. Pretzel connoisseurs immediately put up "customer resistance" to the firm's stamped pretzel, and that company's business dropped 55 per cent in six months.

No matter how the "stamper" was tinkered with, it still would not turn out pretzels with the taste, feel and look of the handmade art.

What does the skilled pretzel-bender do? Like John P———, he takes a small ball of dough (kneaded by hand), rolls it into a thin snake, makes a bow out of it by crossing the hands, presses the ends into the outer rim and then passes it on to be boiled, salted and baked.

In late 1956, with the rising cost of labor and baking ingredients, tycoons of the pretzel-making world met in a secret conclave (after hiring back John P——— along with other pretzel-bending craftsmen) and tried to find a way to either (1), get rid of human-constructed pretzels or (2), find a "subsidiary automation" that would make John work faster and produce more pretzels per hour.

The first solution was a dough-mixer, run automatically, that spat a snake of pretzel dough — exact length — on a moving belt, from which John P——— plucked each "spat" and fashioned a pretzel by hand. In good fettle and with a clear head, John P——— was able to hand-fashion 35 pretzels a minute instead of the 20 he had done previously with his own dough-cutting and kneading.

But John P———, craftsman, found he could not continue this accelerated pace very long and resented the hurried "molding" forced on him.

This created a psychological "block" in John P——— and his fellow pretzel-benders (not an uncommon situation in a newly automated plant, by the way) and company executives turned, in desperation, to automation wizards of the bakery division of the American Machine & Foundry Company.

"As we see it," an A.M.&F. expert finally reported to the pretzel authorities, "we will have to start with the pretzel itself — and work backward. If we are going to make, by automation, a pretzel indistinguishable from the handmade job, we have to ask the 'brain' to go at it that way."

The problem of designing a mechanical device to exactly duplicate the intricate, skilled motions of a human pretzel-bender was fed into an electronic brain. Minutes later this gleaming steel super-mind spewed out, via magnetic tape, instructions on how to manufacture a perfect "handmade" pretzel.

In other words, a highly complicated, almost uncanny, robot was created which *reproduced each individual human act* of John P———, the human pretzel-bender.

Today, according to latest statistics, that company and others produce 770 pretzels a minute with a gadget that creates handmade pretzels. This gadget, as a final blow, also salts, bakes, weighs and boxes

"Now that I have your attention again . . ."

the finished pretzels! The ultimate "triumph," of course, was the extinction of human pretzel-bending and accessory humans who did that baking, weighing and boxing.

What is John P——— doing now? He's *watching* an automation machine in another bakery which spews out 10,000 raisin crackers an hour.

Job-holders should understand says Dr. John Diebold, nationally-known economist and specialist in automation, that there is a big difference between something AUTOMATIC and that which is run by AUTOMATION.

Wryly enough, millions of Americans take great pride in their automatic dishwashers, windows and seat controls in automobiles and many other gimmicks which serve human beings as they never have been served before. In a sense, they are endorsing something else.

"There is a vast difference," says Dr. Diebold, "between a process which makes use of automatic controls and one which is truly automatic. The first is a marvelous convenience. The second is a marvelous convenience which sometimes does away with a human being."

In the duplicating of human action — as with the pretzels — General Electric has recently perfected something tagged Record Playback Control.

It records on magnetic tape the actual movements of a machine tool operated by a skilled human being. Ten minutes later, or a bit longer, it transmits all the tool and human movements to another machine . . . automatically. Pretty soon that second machine is humming merrily — turning out pretzels, Ford motors, or floor wax. The human being is now as useful as a blindfolded seeing-eye dog and goes looking for another job.

Automation, today, is making serious inroads on routine office jobs. The electronic brain can handle data of one kind or another. IBM and Remington Rand make "brains" which handle bank affairs, payrolls and statistical work. The machines do not actually think, but simply make logical decisions — and then perform those decisions.

Automation will most seriously affect your job if you work in certain areas of manufacturing (one-fourth of the nation's labor force). It is encroaching fast in the following industries: beverages, textiles, printing, baking, chemicals, oil refining, glass, cement and communications.

In today's vast labor market, shifting from a plant that installs an automation setup to a similar plant without automation is still possible. But not for long. As automation takes hold, the DP's (displaced personnel) of the electronic world will simply have to acquire other skills. Those who fail to adjust to the new environment may end up on relief, in mental hospitals or in a retired status.

On the brighter side, automation will never be universal. It is helpless in certain fields such as service businesses and all the professions. (Yes, even writers are safe.)

Dr. Norbert Wiener, of M.I.T., was asked if mankind will ultimately create a robot that will do everything a human being does.

"No," said Dr. Wiener flatly. "Mechanical brains can give us only logic and mathematics at incredible speed and accuracy. Nothing else. It can't develop human character. It can't give you human love and human happiness. And above all it can't deal with the social and economic problems automation might create. Only the human brain can face up to such problems — and solve them." ▲

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The Gypsy's Wife

(continued from page 15)

"You'll make a woman out of him," the gypsy sneered. "Coddling the boy! Cover your arse up, boy, before I bruise it for you."

Micah hastily grabbed his trousers and, sitting on the floor, pulled them over his legs.

"Sell any pegs this morning?" the gypsy asked.

She pointed to the bed. "There's one and six under the mattress," she said, almost scornfully.

He lifted up the mattress, took the money out and counted the coins slowly. She watched his greasy brown hands fumbling over them.

"Good," he grunted. "I sold two bobs' worth myself. Damn, it's hot."

He unlaced his boots and stretched his swollen red toes. His thick curly hair lay in a mat of sweat on his forehead. His beady brown eyes were brilliant with heat.

"There's an ironmonger selling out in the town," he said. "Promised to sell me 60 tin boilers for 10 bob. I said I'd call back for them."

"We haven't got 10 shillings," she answered, looking out from the caravan door at the blue haze on the hills.

"I can pawn something," he said.

"Pawn what?" she asked, her voice listless.

"I was thinking it would be worth it, just for two days," he said, cautiously. "We'd make a quid on the selling and then I'd recover them."

"What?" she said.

"Your earrings," he ventured.

"All right," she said, swinging her foot nonchalantly.

He had expected a quarrel. But instead of being relieved at her acquiescence, he was angered by her indifference.

"I'll take them now, then," he snapped. "And get them rabbits skinned and in the pot 'gainst I come back. Where the hell has that boy gone? Micah!" he shouted.

No reply. He ran down the steps, calling again.

"What're you doing under there?" he snarled, pulling the trembling child from under the caravan. Micah cringed.

"What's two and two?" the gypsy asked, holding him by his hair.

Micah did not reply.

"What's two and two?" the gypsy repeated, threateningly.

Micah's lips quivered.

"Four," said the gypsy, "one — two — three — four," shaking the boy at each count. "You're a *fine* scholar. Get on and help your mother skin them rabbits."

Micah ran up the steps to his mother. He looked up at her, but she was staring fixedly across the fields. The gypsy turned away without a word and set off along the hedge.

It was a mile to the town, down Lovers' Walk by the river. The children stopped their cricket to watch the lean, dark stranger in the garish blue smock coat. They gathered fearfully together until he had passed. Gypsies steal little boys and take them away in their caravans, vanishing mysteriously into the wide other world.

He passed the crowd of farmers outside the cattle market and climbed the steep shopping street. Ladies in white frocks stood under the window shades outside the milliners' and confectioners' shop. A pudgy barman stood at the door of "The Wheatsheaf," sunning himself between hours. Children clustered round an ice-cream barrow. The tar melted on the road, burning the gypsy's feet. He turned down a side street and entered a pawn shop. A shrivelled proprietor with scant, mousy hair and watery, peering eyes popped up ingratiatingly from behind the counter. His withered smile hardened as he looked at the gypsy.

"We-ell," he wheezed, rubbing his hands dubiously together.

"I want to pawn these earrings," the gypsy said, fishing them out from his deep, poaching pocket and laying them on the counter.

The proprietor bent over them, fondling them with his skinny fingers. "Six shillings?"

"Ten," the gypsy said.

"Well then, eight," the proprietor said.

"All right," the gypsy replied.

The owner counted the silver into the gypsy's palm.

"I'll reclaim them in three days," the gypsy said, placing the receipt and the money in his pocket.

Very good, sire, very good," the owner wheedled. "A nice day, isn't it?"

The gypsy spat on the doormat as he left. He went straight to the ironmonger's, who promised to deliver 60 boilers at the caravan in the evening, and then, after a pint at "The Wheatsheaf," the gypsy made his way out of the town.

During the next four days the caravan covered 20 miles, the tin boilers and cans rattling like skeletons in corrugated iron coffins as the skinny horse slipped and stumbled down the stony lanes. They were following the river to the coast, selling at farms and cottages and villages. The gypsy was in a good mood, for they were selling well and he enjoyed walking at the horse's head even more than the haggling. He let Micah sit on the mare's back when the road was flat, and he whipped the heads off the hedgerow dandelions and sang to himself. By the end of the fourth day there were only two boilers unsold.

They decided to spend the night in a pasture by the river, and after unharnessing the mare and tethering her to a hazel, the gypsy stripped and swam in the stream. The cold green water seemed to flow through him, dissolving his tired, sweaty body into energy and delight. He climbed onto the bank and lay in the long grass, biting off the leaves of sorrel with his teeth and tasting the bitter-sweet juice on his tongue. Micah was playing near him; his wife was sitting hunched up on the steps of the caravan.

"Hoah, hoah, hoah," a girl's clear voice made him sit up in surprise.

"Hoah, hoah, hoah," strong and bell-like and vibrant. Ah! there she was, two fields away, calling in the cattle. The reddening sun caught her obliquely so that one side of her was light, fleshly, quick, the other silhouetted darkly. Light and shadow moved over her as she walked. The gypsy pulled on his trousers and shirt, laced up his boots, and returned to the caravan. He tied a scarlet muffler round his neck, combed his hair

back, and hooked the two remaining cans on the crook of his arm.

"There's a farm over the fields," he said. "I'll try and sell these."

His wife nodded without lifting her bowed head.

With light springy steps he followed the girl. The cows were walking in a line before her, tossing their heads at the swarming flies, their full udders swinging against their hind legs. The gypsy caught her up as she was entering the cowshed. She looked at him boldly.

"Would your mistress need any cans?" the gypsy asked.

"Mistress is at market," she replied, pressing her full hips against the lower half of the cowshed door and stretching back a little. Her breasts pressed against her cotton blouse, strong and round, melting the gypsy's composure into an aching tumult of desire.

"Well, do *you* want anything?" he asked, the wild blood burning in his fingers and flushing into his neck.

"I've got no money for nothing," she laughed. He noticed her white teeth close against her full, laughing lips, and her fresh cheeks and bright, dark-flecked eyes. The gypsy smiled, his face eager.

"I'll milk your cows for nothing," he said.

"Are you a careful one?" she asked, tossing her head back.

"Yes, I'll be careful," he said.

She opened the cowshed door, and he followed her in. The shed was low and warm with the fodder and the cows' breath and the sweat of their bodies. The darkness was rich and luminous, as though it were cloudy with purple, intangible grapes. The chains rattled as the haltered cattle turned restlessly in the mangers, waiting to be milked.

The gypsy's wife came up to the farm with three pennies and an empty jug, wanting a pint of milk. From the gate she saw the girl come out of the shed, picking the straw off her shoulders and pulling her dress into shape. The gypsy came out after her, brushing his hair back with his hand and caressing the girl with his eyes.

He did not see his wife, and she turned back with the empty jug and made her way behind the hedge to the caravan. When she got back to the river she found Micah talking to a swarthy, dark-haired man. He wore a black flannel shirt and brown corduroy trousers; his chin was covered with a light stubble and his eyes were bright as blackberries. He looked up when he heard her step and smiled, looking swiftly at her body. She was breathing heavily, her bosom heaving.

"He's a Frenchman, mam," Micah said portentously. "Aren't you, mister?"

The man laughed, caught Micah by his leg and wrist and swung him up and down.

"Pas tout-à-fait, mon vieux," he said. *"Je suis Breton — plus gallois que Français."*

"Can you tell what he's saying, mam?" Micah asked.

She smiled. "I can't understand," she said.

Her face was dark and engrossed, her eyes filmy.

"You are dreaming of what?" asked the Breton.

"Eh?" she turned to him, her face suddenly aware and passionate.

"Your thought was absent," he said.

"Yes." She laughed breathlessly. Her eyes knotted again.

"You are a peddler like me?" the man asked.

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She saw a smooth, rounded pole in the grass, notched at each end, with long strings of onions lying beside it.

"Johnny Onions?" she asked.

"Yes," he laughed, "Johnny Onions. I leave my family in Brittany, I sail with my brother to Cardiff. I sell my onions across Wales, making friends with the little boys. This pullet — is he a gypsy?"

Micah tugged at her skirt, but she ignored him.

"Half and half," she said. "His father is a gypsy — he used to live with the Pembroke tribe. I'm Welsh — my father is a farmer."

"You speak nice," the Breton said.

"I went to school," she answered, and paused. "I didn't learn enough to keep me out of trouble, though." She laughed. He looked at her for a moment in silence.

"You like this life?" he asked.

She tugged nervously at the grass.

"Mam, look at this ladybird," Micah said, lifting his cupped hand. She did not hear.

"I do not like living in a house," she said.

The Breton stretched his sunburnt arms above his head.

"Well, I go before dark," he said.

"Stay and eat with us," she said suddenly.

He looked into her dark, brooding face. "Better I go," he said.

"No, stay," she begged. It was as though he caught a sudden glimpse of Hell. Her eyes and lips, the very look of her, were momentarily alive with a dark intense passion, as if night had broken into a wild, translucent dawn and still remained night. Her mood enveloped him like heat, filtering through his body, creeping through the roots of his hair.

Micah put his arms round her neck, tightly, and bit into the white flesh at the nape of her neck. She screamed as his teeth cut through her skin and sprang to her feet, shaking the child off her back. Micah cowered on the grass, quivering like an animal. She stood over him, pale, her hand fingering the wound in her neck. For a second she stood, tense, and trembling. Then she threw herself full length in the grass, and her shoulders shivered with sobs. The Breton knelt over her, laid his hands on her hair, caressed her.

"It is all right, my darling," he said. "It is all right. Do not, please . . ."

Micah caught his hand.

"Don't touch her," he hissed.

"What's up?" The gypsy stood over them. He walked as silently as a fox.

"The little boy bite his mother," the Breton said.

The gypsy bent down, his fist clenched. Micah had turned limp and sallow. The gypsy hit him with his fist. The boy gasped. He was limp as a jelly. The gypsy hit him again and again, ferociously. Then he straighted his back and looked down at the sprawling woman and the kneeling man.

"Johnny Onions?" he asked.

The Breton nodded. "Your wife ask me to stay to eat," he said. "Eat my onions, eh?"

The gypsy laughed. Warmth flooded back into his body and he swung his arms.

"Sure, stay. We'll eat fried onions together." He touched his wife with his boot. "Come on," he said, "I'll light a fire."

The Breton put his hands under her armpits and lifted her to her knees. She got up lithely to her feet and entered the caravan, keeping her face averted. Micah slipped off, crouching, into the copse. The gypsy opened his clasp knife, cut three beech branches, tied the tops together with a length of wire, sharpened the other ends and stuck them into the ground to make a three-legged stand for the kettle. He worked dexterously, whistling between his teeth, engrossed and happy. The Breton watched the woman busying herself with cups and bread and frying pan. Micah returned with an armful of dry brushwood and laid it by his father.

"Little weasel," the gypsy mocked, smiling.

The gypsy talked and laughed a lot as they ate the fried onions. He did not grumble that there was no milk for the tea. He told the Breton tale after tale of his youth with the Pembroke tribe.

His wife looked coldly at his animated face. Micah sat close to her side, his face shining in the firelight, his hand resting on her knee. Now and again he regarded the two men opposite him — his father and the strong, tawny Johnny Onions — and edged nearer the soft warmth of his mother. She covered his small hand with her own and watched unobserved the fire flickering over the stranger's face.

When the meal was finished she put Micah to bed in the caravan, set a dry stump on the dying fire, and stayed listening to the talk of the two men. The Breton was working his way down the coast to Cardigan. There he would meet his brother and together they would return to Cardiff, selling in the coast towns of Pembroke and Carmarthen. It was not as pleasant as Brittany; at home there were friends in the evenings, but it beat starving, or working in a Paris factory. He choked in the city.

The gypsy lay back and yawned.

"I'll sleep out here tonight," he said drowsily. "It's too hot to sleep indoors. You sleep on the grass too, Johnny?"

"Hay after harvest dead and soft," the Breton laughed, "before the harvest sweet and hard. I sleep on my feet easy."

The gypsy yawned and turned comfortably onto his side.

"Goodni'," he said thickly.

They sat still by the fire, watching the flames dancing red and blue and yellow over the crackling wood. Occasionally a red ash leaped into the air with a small explosion and floated up into the purple dusk and lost its fire. The meadow was silent, washed with the scent of leaves and grasses, tremulous with the downpressing night. The Breton looked up from the fire and caught her looking at him. He nodded with his head into the darkness, and the fire sang out in his eyes.

She stood up and softly walked to the river. The trees on the bank were masses of intenser dusk. She could hear the river swirling through the naked alder roots. The sound of it drowned the rustle of the grass against the Breton's boots but she was aware of his coming with all her body. When he put his hand on her shoulder she turned in to him and leaned against his body, her cheek tingling with the feel of his rough flannel shirt and the rise and fall of his breathing.

"You are not an easy woman," he whispered. "You do not do this before."

"Never," she replied, letting her hand move down his cheek and his neck until it rested on the warm hard flesh of his shoulder. "But he and I — we are nothing now."

"Why?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"But that is not why I am with you," she said.

"Why then?" he asked.

She did not reply. Then she said, "If my husband wakes, he will kill me."

He could feel how the tide had set in her. He laughed gutturally, and it engulfed them both.

Afterwards, lying under the trees, listening to the water, she was silent.

"Best go back," he whispered.

She started. "I had forgotten," she said, and in a panic, starting up, "you won't leave me tomorrow, will you?"

He laughed. She heard him plucking the grass. It sounded callous, the sound of taking and not giving.

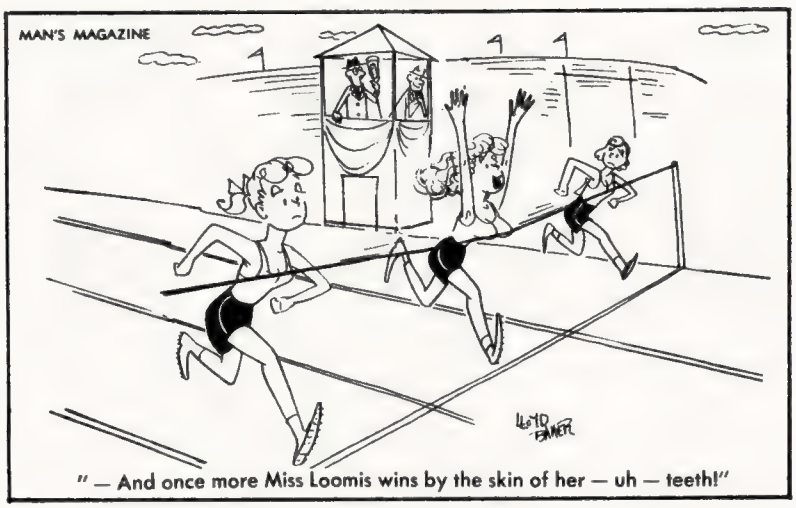
"Tomorrow, yes. I meet my brother in Cardigan after three days."

"No," she shuddered, holding him in a passion. He tilted her head back.

"Best to go," he said, kissing her lips. "If he finds us . . ."

There was a rustle in the long grass, and he sprang back from her. She did not move, in terror. Then a plop in the water, and a rat came swimming downstream. "*Sainte Marie*," he breathed, his voice quivering.

She went back by herself. The gypsy was lying by the dead fire as she had left him, and she slipped past him into the caravan. She stripped and climbed softly into bed. She put her hand out and



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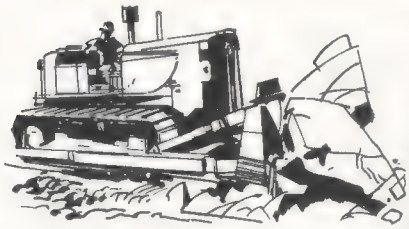

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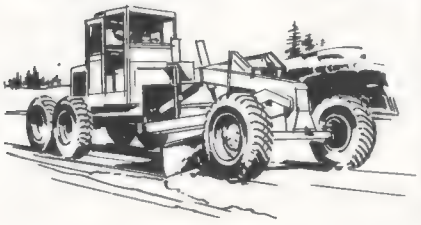

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touched Micah's naked little body. He wriggled close to her, put his arms round her bosom and hid his head in her breasts. . . .

The leaves were gold and dancing in the early sun when Micah woke her. "Come on, mam," he said, shaking her head. "You be a cabbage, and I'll be a caterpillar, and you scream when I eat you — " She sat up.

"Look how fine it is," she said, her sleepy eyes dazzled with the light. Then she remembered the night and sat still. She threw the quilt off and dressed quickly, not wanting her husband to see her naked. Then she went to the door. He had lit the fire; the kettle was singing.

"I was just going to call you," he said. "Do some breakfast while I go for a swim."

"Where's the Johnny Onions?" she asked.

He looked up shrewdly. "You sound excited," he said.

She was afraid he had gone. "I just wanted to know," she said.

"Well, he's over in the trees," he replied, smirking, "doing his business. Send Micah out. I'll take him swimming with me."

She went into the caravan and lifted Micah out of bed.

"Off with you, snake's body," she said. He ran out naked into the sunlight. The Breton had come back, and he greeted Micah cheerily, holding his arms out, asking the boy to play pig-a-back. Micah shrank away, hanging his head and frowning. The Breton laughed.

"Sulker," he mocked, pulling his ear. Micah broke loose and ran after his father. The long grass reached to his thighs as he bobbed like a naked little cupid across the meadow.

"Why are you crying?" his father asked. "Afraid of the water?"

Micah sniffled.

"What's up, boy?" The gypsy was gentle with him this morning. Micah sat on the bank and shivered. He would not enter the water. His father swam up to him, grasped a willow root and let the current break in a wave over his back.

"Say, boy, what's the matter?"

Micah's face puckered, angry and fearful.

"That Johnny Onions," he stammered.

"What's wrong with him?" the gypsy asked.

"He's going to steal mam," Micah burst out.

The gypsy laughed contemptuously. "What for would he steal *her?*"

Micah was stung by his laughter. "He took her away last night," he said, his voice embittered.

"Where to?" the gypsy asked.

"Into the meadow," the boy replied, frightened by his father's wild face. It was terribly ugly and cruel, and smiling, and his eyes all set. The water bubbled against his side and broke over his skin in a little rush of white foam.

"Don't say nothing to mam," the gypsy said. The tears were trickling down Micah's cheeks and dropping onto his belly and his thighs. The gypsy caught him by the ankle and jerked him into the water.

After breakfast the Breton put the strings of onions on each end of his pole, shouldered it, and stood up to take his leave.

"I remind me always of your goodness," he said, in his rich, curling voice, and added a few words of patois.

The gypsy got up lazily. "I'll come with you a bit," he said. "I'm going to town to get her earrings out of pawn. Come with me?"

"Certainly," the Breton said, clapping the gypsy's shoulder.

"Let's get some money from the bed first," the gypsy said.

He entered the caravan. His wife went to the Breton and stood in front of him, very near, rocking a little on her feet.

"You *must* come back," she said. She was nearly out of her body with longing. The Breton moved back.

"I must go selling to get money," he said. "I must get money for my own wife."

"Wife?" she gasped.

He nodded. "I have three children."

She blanched, and then her desire surged back.

"You must come back," she said, her eyes burning in her.

"Come on, Johnny," the gypsy called, "no time to talk."

"Tou' suite," the Breton answered. "Goodby, missus, thank you." He turned away and walked through the woods with the gypsy. She could hear the twigs crackling under their feet long after they had gone from sight, and then there was an empty silence. She stood frozen. The tears welled up, turning her desolation to chaos. The day blurred in her sight.

Micah tugged at her skirt. "He's gone, Mam, he's gone." The boy's voice was jubilant. "We'll play all the morning, Mam."

COMING

"DON'T SEND ME BACK TO THE CHAIN GANG!"

Willie Reid's Incredible Escape from the Brute Sheriff of Florida

STARTLING—DRAMATIC INDICTING

this true story appears in the December issue of

MAN'S

on sale October 27

She could not stand it any longer. All the dead morning, all the parched afternoon, this tearing ache in her lungs, in her bowels. When her husband returned he would be bound to notice it. If she could be calm for a minute, perhaps she might muzzle her passion, drive it back to its lair. She must have respite from the aching for his hands, for the down on his arms, for the fire of his body and the swooning intimacy of his eyes. She had never burned like this before. Oh God! and the silly cows tugging at the grasses and chewing, chewing. And the standing trees all round. The life in her leaped in a frenzy to be mingled again with the other life. She stood up and walked dizzily along the path through the beeches.

Micah was playing in the stream. He saw her go and ran after her, frightened. She turned on him. "Go back," she flared, "go back. Tell your father I've gone to Cardigan."

Micah stood still. Her face wasn't like his mother's. It had no kindness. He watched her go between the trees. When he realized he was alone, he was afraid to move. He stood there, between the beeches, trembling, for a long time. Then he turned, his eyes blurred with tears, and ran in terror to the caravan, up the steps and into bed. He pulled the quilt over his head and lay in the hollow her body had made. In the dark he unlaced his boots and pushed them over the side of the bed. He pulled her pillow down beside him and stopped weeping . . .

He woke with a start. His father was bending over him, holding a candle unsteadily in his hand. A fleck of hot grease fell on his body, and he cried aloud.

"Where's she gone?" the gypsy hiccoughed. His breath was sweet, his face haggard. Micah was glad to see him — glad, yet frightened.

"To Cardigan," he said.

"Cardigan?" the gypsy laughed, rolling his head and laughing till his voice cracked, and he fell into a choking cough. "Cardigan?" he began laughing again, spittle running from his mouth. Micah huddled in the corner by the wall, the quilt drawn up to his chin. The gypsy began singing drunkenly, waving the candle.

He uncorked a bottle of whiskey. "Just a drop to keep my spirits up till she's back."

He took a long swig. The blood came into his face with the heat of it and fled again. It seemed to sober him. He sat heavily on the bed. They sat in silence, the two of them, for hours. The night grew threadbare and gray; the pale gaunt day came lapping in through the open door. The table, the two chairs and the cupboard turned from pitch black pools to sharp silhouettes; as the darkness thinned they took body and color. The candle stump guttered to a feeble, sulphurous yellow and spluttered out. And both of them sat waiting, saying nothing.

She knew every turn of the road to Cardigan. They worked that way often in the caravan; before her flyaway marriage her father had driven her in every week to shop and market. So she walked without looking at the road, in a great haste. She walked for hours along the dusty white lanes; only when the sun dazzled her eyes did she realize it was near sunset. She looked about her. There were 15 odd miles between her and Cardigan. She could never do it without a rest. Her feet were sore and her legs like wet clay. She sat in the dusty hedge.

Her stomach was empty and weak and the gnats gave her no rest. She got up, wearily brushing them off her face and neck, and began walking again. Fifteen miles . . . it wasn't much use. And no money for food. In any case he might not be there for two days. What would she live on till then? And when he did come, what then? He had no money, and he'd had his fill of her. She was like a common whore, a madhatter, looking for a man who didn't want her.

She took her shoes off and bathed her swollen feet in a little brook. Her body sighed with relief. She took a handful of cress, broke off the roots, washed it and put it in her mouth. It was cool on her tongue, and yet it burnt her like a remorse. Ever since she had seen the gypsy come out of the cowshed, dusting his knees, she had been helpless in the whirlpool of her mind and body.

She saw it clearly, looking at herself objectively. She must go back to the caravan. If he had stayed in town overnight, he would never know. And Micah there alone — God! She pulled her sandals on, fingers trembling with haste, and started back along the lane, walking swiftly with a new energy. The night swirled round her, dew-wet, and a sliver of moon moved with her. Once she stopped for weariness, slept in the hedge

for a little, woke with a start, and went on. Then the road turned from gray to ghostly white and the river gathered the first liquid radiance between its banks. She stripped and slipped into the cold, gleaming water. If he was back, it would be well to have her wits about her.

She dressed again, tied her dripping hair, and crossed the last few fields to the caravan. It was very still. How she hoped he had not returned! She climbed softly up the steps. She would slip into the bed beside Micah. She screamed.

He stood up, confronting her, his arm upraised. He was chalk-white and unkempt, and his eyes were black. He rocked a little on his feet, and a filthy grin grew slowly on his face.

"You — whore," he grunted.

She saw the bottle clenched in his uplifted hand, and she laughed.

"Whore!" she said shrilly, "you're a fine one to call me whore. You creeping swine. Didn't I see you crawl out of the cowshed with that farm girl yesterday?"

She wasn't frightened now. She was mad with him. He had taken a woman after refusing her. If he was going to fight, she was strong, too.

"I'll kill you," he screamed. She leaped at him. The bottle splintered against the wall, and they rolled over, fighting like cats. She was strong, stronger than she had ever been, and his fists did not hurt her. Micah climbed across the bed and ran in terror through the door. He paused in the meadow. He could hear them scuffling and grunting inside. He ran into the wood, out of earshot.

He pummelled her until his arms ached, but she clung to him, hands locked around his neck, her ankles clasped behind his knees. He was breathless; and suddenly, with a grunt, the fury left him, and he relaxed. She lay taut on his body for a minute, then slowly loosed him and lifted herself up on her elbows. His eyes were shut, his cheeks sunken. He had taken another woman. Well, *she* was mistress of him now. And she brushed his curly hair back from his forehead and wiped the sweat from his face. He opened his eyes and saw her face close bending over him.

"You are back, then?" His voice sounded strangely young.

"Yes," she said, "yes. Do you want me?"

He took her head in his hands and drew her down to him.

"I always wanted you." He closed his eyes again. "I can't understand what happened — "

She covered his mouth with her hand.

"Never mind," she whispered, "never mind about that. Let's lie on the bed. It's all right now."

The gypsy pulled a paper envelope from his pocket, took her cupped hand and poured the earrings into it. She bent naked before the mirror, screwing them into the lobes of her ears and brushing her black hair back.

After an hour lying in the deepest part of the wood, Micah came back slowly and fearfully to the clearing. Slowly he tiptoed up the steps of the caravan, apprehensive of the silence, and found them lying together under the red blanket, face to face and fast asleep.

The child did not wake them. Instead, he sat quietly on the steps and carved a whistle out of a sycamore branch, knowing that when they woke everything would be the way he liked it. ▲

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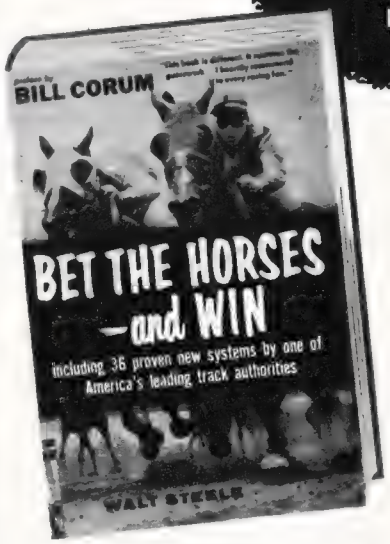
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Sexual Timing

(continued from page 21)

she is denied what she rightly believes is her due," observes Dr. Eric Dingwall, London sociologist, "yet she does not know how to obtain it, and more often than not her man does not know how to give it to her."

This school of opinion insists that the American husband is guilty of "sex weakness"—by being too fast to ejaculate. Some psychiatrists consider this a form of "impotence."

Certainly it is true that the sex life of a bachelor does not condition him to develop into a successful married lover. satisfaction of the women they seduce. Most bachelors have little interest in the satisfaction of the women they seduce. They measure their prowess almost wholly in how many women then can seduce, and how swiftly.

These habits are frequently carried over into marriage, with unfortunate results in sex adjustment. Here, for example, is the candid report of a bride's experiences, as told to sociologists Bernard, Buchanan and Smith of Penn State University:

"Before I knew what had happened, Ted had me in bed, and I had lost him. It was the strangest experience I had ever had. Nothing like the raped bride cliché . . . But maybe something like that after all. Ted knew that he hadn't done what the books said to do. He hadn't made me the star of the performance but just a prop. I could understand for the first time what I had read about the hatred and resentment that the whole business of sex could arouse in a woman."

It isn't unusual for a bride to feel that her husband considers herself primarily as a sexual convenience, instead of as a loved person. She would agree wholeheartedly with Dr. Edwin Hirsch, Chicago urologist and marriage counselor, when he warns:

"Progress cannot be made in treating the sexually inexperienced until they are made to realize that coitus is *not* masturbation within a vagina."

Many men who unconsciously hold this immature belief are antagonistic toward women. Their concept of sex is largely one of using, deceiving or forcing women, in order to gratify themselves. They also take secret pleasure in having an orgasm too soon to provide pleasure for the woman. Sometimes such feelings mask a man's hostility toward women because of repressed homosexual tendencies.

If sexual timing is a problem in *your* marriage—and it probably is—where should the fault be sought? Are you actually suffering from premature ejaculation, or is your wife too slow in her sex responses? Perhaps we can get the picture in focus by looking at some sex facts.

"The average duration of intercourse ranges from one to 5 minutes from the act of insertion until the completion of orgasm," reports Dr. Victor W. Eisenstein, Chief in Psychiatry Clinic, Lenox Hill Hospital, New York City. "In most instances, ejaculation is achieved after some 30 to 50 frictional movements, lasting about three minutes . . . Certainly, ejaculation which takes place *in less than one minute* may be considered premature."

This is an extremely important observation, one with which I am in full agreement. I think it is vitally important for the mental health of most men to understand that they are not suffering from a form of impotence simply because they usually reach climax before their wives.

Joel M—, for example, read books which led him to believe that he was sexually inadequate because he could not restrain his climax to wait for his wife, who usually took 15 to 20 minutes. Joel practically turned himself inside out trying to remain potent—and avoid climax for this period of time. The few times he succeeded left him emotionally exhausted.

Joel began to lose self-confidence as conviction of his sexual inferiority grew upon him. A retail salesman of sporting goods, he became timid and hesitant in his approach to his male customers. He developed hypochrondria, taking to bed at the first sign of a sneeze, cough or stomach ache. His boss finally lost patience and fired him.

That was the *coup de grace.* Joel came to me for help. When I discovered what was troubling him, I was able to reassure him that he was not in any way sexually inadequate because he could not last 15 to 20 minutes in the act. I also explained ways in which he could increase his staying power to some extent.

He left my office that day like a man reborn. He went directly to the store where he had worked and talked his boss into rehiring him. He also had a long, frank talk with his wife that night, followed by relations. He phoned me in the morning to thank me and tell me he wouldn't need to see me any more.

"Many men suffer under the stigma of a presumed premature ejaculation without there being the slightest scientific foundation to this self-diagnosis," the late Dr. Marc Lanval, sociologist, noted. "Such unjustified belief can only result in emotional damage and a harmful inferiority complex."

I cannot stress too greatly the fact that no man should consider himself suffering from premature ejaculation unless he consistently reaches a climax before insertion or almost immediately afterward. This condition, which calls for psychiatric help, is often caused by guilt feelings, nervous tension, unconscious hostility toward the wife or worry about causing an unwanted pregnancy.

In the average case of mis-timing, however, the wife is just as often likely to be the problem because of the slowness of her responses. An amazingly large number of women actually resist reaching orgasm, despite their apparent attempts to do so, because of an uneasy feeling that a total abandonment to ecstasy is "unladylike", and embarrassing.

One wife, married seven years, told me she'd had only one climax during that time—on her honeymoon. She had reacted so violently, with such moaning, groaning and sighs, that her husband had regarded her afterwards with amazed disbelief. "Who are you kidding?" he had asked caustically. "You don't have to put on such an obviously phony act for me!"

She had been speechless with shock and shame. From that time on she had never risked having an orgasm again.

Sometimes a husband's inability to arouse his wife to the point of climax has its origin in the fact that she is having orgasms from another source. One wife

came to see me worried that she was either frigid or "neurotically slow." I was able to discover that she, without realizing it, attained several orgasms a week during sleep, as a result of erotic dreams. Since she was already being gratified by dream lovers, she had little real need or ability to respond to her husband.

Many married couples worry because they find great difficulty in reaching orgasm together. Much of this anxiety stems from books they've read which convinced them that a mutual climax is the natural order of things.

They imagine something must be seriously wrong with their timing if they can't frequently manage mutual climax. The husband strains to hold back his release until he senses that his wife is beginning to reach climax. But she may not be able to start having an orgasm until she is excited by the commencement of his own. So marital sex oftens turns into an endurance contest, marked by anxiety and frustration, ending in discouragement.

One husband told me, "I work so hard at trying to bring my wife to climax that I'm practically a nervous wreck when it's over. I know that sometimes when I start, she will follow. But sometimes she doesn't. So every time I release — when I can't hold out any longer — I'm worried and anxious, instead of enjoying it!"

When over-worried patients complain about the difficulty of timing orgasm to make it mutual, I usually advise them to concentrate instead on just enjoying each other. Having a climax together is nice, I explain, but not at all essential. In fact, few married couples can do so consistenly.

What really matters is that the wife who feels in the mood for a climax be helped to have one. It isn't important if her sex tensions are released before her husband's climax, or afterward. Nor does it really matter whether he helps her to climax by coitus or any other method. When a husband and wife have this understanding, each feels free to relax and enjoy the marital act fully, without worry about timing.

"It may indeed be impossible for the wife to receive the necessary amount of stimulation during sexual union," points out Dr. David Mace, Drew University marriage counselor, "and the husband may have to use his fingers to bring his wife to the point of orgasm, either before or after his own climax."

Does all this mean that a husband shouldn't bother trying to make the marital act last longer? By no means. But his efforts in this direction should be limited to making it last as long as it is pleasurable, *not* to the neurotic point where it is agonizing or frustrating to choke back release. This will only cause him to resent his wife for her "slowness."

What, then, should a husband do to make sure he is a satisfactory lover to his wife, at the same time he avoids placing himself under too much nervous tension?

A husband should almost always precede coitus by a long period of lovemaking — kissing, saying tender things, embracing, caressing, stroking the erotic zones. This foreplay, tremendously exciting to the average wife, tends to bring her close to climax even before the sex act begins.

The man should not be in too much of a hurry to begin coitus. Love play should continue until erection is fully established, and the wife's moistness of genitalia indicates that she is ready. Often a wife will indicate to her husband that she desires coitus to begin, either by word or action.

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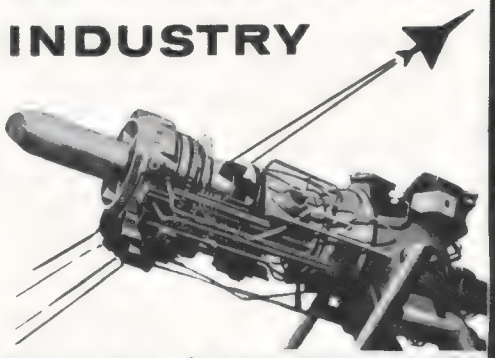

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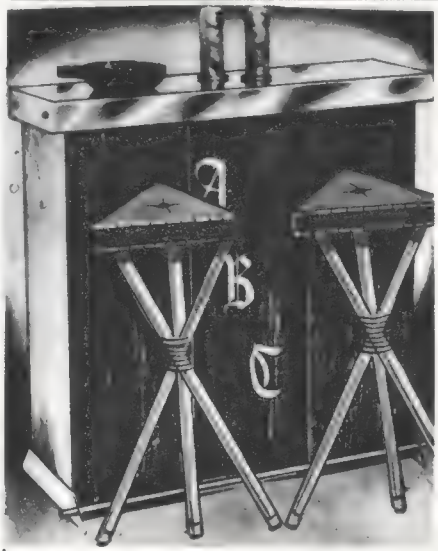

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The marital act should begin slowly and not too vigorously. It will help a husband to lie perfectly still every now and then, breathing deeply and quietly, relaxing for better control. Other ways of making coitus last longer include holding the stomach muscles and tightening the anal muscles.

A husband can do a great deal to prolong his staying powers by developing mental control, to keep himself from becoming over-excited too soon. There are two principal ways to do this.

He can concentrate more on his wife's reactions than on his own. "The mere transference of attention from his own pleasure to that of his female partner," declares Dr. Theodore Bovet, Swiss physician and marriage counselor, "will be enough to bring about a considerable extension of the period of intercourse for many a man."

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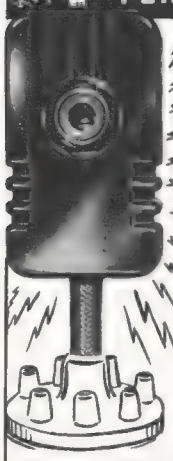

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Another way to slow down male response is by use of a one per cent nupercaine ointment, obtainable without prescription from any drugstore. This should be applied to the head (glans) of the male organ about two hours before coitus. Surplus ointment should be washed off before love-making begins.

Dr. Lay Aycock, reporting on its use in the *Journal of Urology*, advises that this technique reduces male sensitivity to the point where he can prolong the marital act from 10 to 30 minutes or longer. The nupercaine cuts down, but does not diminish, contact sensation. It effects neither erectile ability, nor quality of the climax.

The husband plagued with timing trouble may find it advantageous to resort to marital relations in the dawn hours, after a refreshing sleep. Many men awaken in a fine state of readiness, and are also so relaxed in body tone as to be able to prolong love-making.

Younger husbands — those between 21 and 30 — may find a satisfactory answer to the timing problem in repeating the sex act twice in the same evening. This is especially advisable when a man has been away from home for some time, and apt to be overly excited on the first attempt.

"When a man is suffering from long repression," notes Dr. Chester T. Stone, Bellevue Hospital urologist, "he can repeat the act two or three times as a rule with safety." A man's sensitivity on his second try in one evening is enormously reduced, so that he can last much longer. The problem here is usually not one of endurance, but of being sufficiently stimulated by a wife to regain potency for a second attempt.

This may require an intermission of one or two hours.

Can the wife help in prolonging a man's staying powers? Certainly. In fact, in many cases she is the key factor.

A wife, first of all, needs to instruct her husband specifically — by words or demonstration — as to exactly what kind of stimulation she needs to arouse her to his level of excitement. It is fatal if she relies on his intuition. Most men — until explicitly shown — are very vague about exactly what a wife needs to excite her to the point of climax.

A wife becomes her own worst enemy if she acts too prudish to let her husband know exactly how he can bring her to orgasm. She should not be disheartened if a husband reaches his climax before her own. She should then quietly tell him what she would like him to do — soon, or after a rest — to help her release her own sex tensions. Most husbands are only too eager to oblige.

It's important that the wife avoid making her husband feel guilty or inadequate because his climax came first. She should assure him that she isn't peeved. He'll believe it if she advises him of what she would like him to do to achieve her own climax. She should also assure him that his lasting powers seem to be gradually but steadily improving, from one sex act to the next.

Most wives need to know, too, that they can often depend on a second try in a single evening if they are willing to cast prudery to the winds, and take the initiative in arousing their husbands freshly after 30 minutes to an hour or so. Most husbands welcome such stimulation and gladly cooperate.

A wife can also help the sexual timing problem by speeding up her own reflexes. She needs to learn to locate and exercise the pubococcygeus muscle — the muscle in the vagina which she can contract to provide greater sex contact and sensation. Her family doctor can provide her with a device called a perinometer to help her develop this greater sensitivity.

Above all, a wife must be careful not to rob her husband of his male powers by dominating him. Ruth D—, for example, pursued Felix until she seduced him, and then made him feel guilty until he married her. In about six months she felt disgusted by his passivity in sex relations.

When she came to me for help, I explained that she had married a meek, submissive man she felt she could control, and yet was furious with him because he couldn't thrill her by cave-man tactics. I made her realize that the only way she could encourage him to be sexually aggressive was to make him feel manly and dominant in all phases of their relationship.

Little by little Ruth surrendered the initiative to Felix — in money, decisions, social plans and sex. As she did so, he became more self-confident and dominant. Their sex relations improved steadily.

Suppose, despite everything a husband does, a wife simply can't manage to achieve climax? It may be that she is one of those women who does not experience climax as a sharp crescendo, but only as a general feeling of satisfaction.

"The sex tension of these latter women is not relieved by the sudden climax of an orgasm, but on the contrary it is normally removed through a gradual lessening of desire and excitement in the course of sex play, if the latter is adequate in amount and of the right kind." This is the opinion of Dr. Henry Thornton, psychologist and marriage counselor.

He adds, "This is perhaps true of one-third or more of wives. It is very important for wives to realize this. A great deal of dissatisfaction with sex relations has resulted from the fallacious notion that all women could and should have orgasms."

Such wives can still enjoy marital relations in their own quiet way, responding with warmth and intimacy. The worst thing their husbands can do, actually, is to worry and pester them about their inability to reach climax.

"The modern insistence on the female orgasm is a serious mistake that mars many unions," declares Dr. Marion Hilliard. ". . . Grandpa had it easier — grandma wasn't expected to like intercourse!"

A wise husband, then, should do all that he can — *but not try to do more than he is capable of* — to provide a climax for his wife. And he must never feel that he suffers from premature ejaculation simply because he reacts sexually more swiftly than his wife.

So do most normal, virile, red-blooded males. ▲

(continued from page 19)

torn masts, wreathed by the choking black smoke of oil fires; the wreckage of her massive booms lay askew in great yellow splinters; hatch boards littered the cargo decks among the smoking tatters of the tarpaulins.

The *Hopkins* was settling in the water. Aft, the wreckage was tumbled about by seas already breaking across the main deck, as if poking aimlessly through the shambles. Here and there, the water washed a mangled form, once a *Hopkins* crewman, and the dead man stirred like a restless sleeper.

Looking along the boat deck, Captain Buck saw that the lifeboat davits held boats no longer, but shredded white splinters blasted to kindling by the raider's guns. Only Number One lifeboat, forward on the starboard side, still looked seaworthy.

And the four-inch gun on the stern still appeared serviceable. Buck saw its barrel impatiently searching the mist toward the hidden enemy, saw the knot of helmeted, orange-life-jacketed Navy gunners around the gun's breech, two of them cradling gleaming brass shells in their arms. He could see the khaki-clad figure of Ensign Willet, crouched pain-wracked in the pointer's seat, manning the gun himself.

Captain Buck surmised that a shell fragment must have gotten the regular pointer before he reached his station. Well, Willett sure could shoot. A good thing the ensign had chosen to station himself on the gun platform instead of controlling the gun by phone from the flying bridge.

What Willett could see at that moment, as the rain squall blew on by, compensated for the pain in his torn belly. The pointer's scope showed him the *Stier* (whose name he never knew) wallowing dead in the water, stopped cold, and pouring white smoke from stem to stern. The enemy, he saw, was listing heavily to port. As the Q-boat rocked helplessly in the trough, Willett saw sea water cascading from a dozen gaping ragged holes blasted along the waterline.

I'm sinking the bastards, Willett thought in cold elation. *Let me hang on a few more minutes now, just a few more shots, and we've got him.*

Eddie O'Hara, the young engineering cadet whom Willett had given a battle station as second loader on the four-incher, had managed to open up the ammunition magazine between hatches four and five. Now he and a couple of armed-guard crewmen were wrestling fresh shells up to the gun-platform ready box.

Just then, the stricken raider's guns spat with a yellow flash, and once again, Ken Willett squeezed his own firing key in defiant reply . . .

Forward too, the skull-splitting racket of the fight had resumed. "There he is, Joe!" yelled Allyn Philip, as the rain squall passed and the *Tannenfels* reappeared. The *stomp . . . stomp . . . stomp* of Joe Layman's 37-millimeters began again, like giant footsteps tramping on crushed gravel.

"Load, dammit!" shouted the second mate, as the shell-handlers struggled to feed fresh clips of 37-millimeter, like foot-long rifle cartridges, into the twin guns' loading mechanisms. *Stomp . . . stomp . . . stomp!* More tracer shells streaked for the *Tannenfels,* like cigarette butts flipped the thousand yards across the gray, heaving swells. The empty cases clanged and jangled on the gun-tub deck.

"God, I'm glad we're up here in the bow," said the boatswain, his eyes on the shell-torn destruction behind him. "Look how those poor bastards amidships are getting it!" The harsh rustle of another incoming salvo from the *Stier* was growing louder.

Joe Layman's reply was blotted out as the whole forward gun platform became a white-hot filament for an instant.

Second Mate Layman, lying on his back on the forecastle deck, became dimly aware of the gun tub, somehow above him, canted crazily against the sky.

"Boats," he called. "Boats?" But Boatswain Philip would never answer.

Meanwhile, Captain Buck glared at the *Stier* and saw what Willett had seen.

"She's dead in the water and burning," Buck gritted through clenched teeth. "We're gonna take him down with us . . . Oh, God, the engine-room gang!"

The captain's final words were jolted out of him by the blast of an enemy shell in the *Hopkins'* bowels, followed by the shrieking roar of escaping steam. A boiler had been hit. Clouds of white boiled out of the engine-room skylight—steam, the furious pale death that kills in an instant, stripping parboiled flesh from men's bones.

"Captain, she doesn't answer the helm!" called the man on the wheel a moment later. The *Hopkins* had lost steerageway as her screw turned slower and slower with the loss of steam pressure. Another shuddering shock lifted the battered stern.

"Captain," shouted the helmsman, "steering control is gone!"

Incendiary and common shell, smashing into the steering engine room, had ended all control of the ship's heading. Slowly flooding, the *Hopkins* had settled lower in the water. Buck felt the heat of the blazing midships house behind him, but still he glared at his enemy through the gray mid-

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morning mist as another *Hopkins* four-inch projectile whumped into the German's hull.

"Damn him, why doesn't he sink?"

"Captain," said Signalman Jackson at his side, "do you plan to abandon ship?"

Captain Paul Buck tore his gaze from the damaged raider and turned to the chaos of destruction around him. He had the ship's classified papers in the code box under his arm.

"Yes," he said slowly. "No use keeping the men in this any longer. Sound the abandon ship."

Jackson moved to the whistle lanyard in the smoking, shattered wheelhouse and sounded the series of hoarse whistle blasts.

"Grab his legs, Piercy," Stilson said. He and the ordinary seaman began easing the mate down the ladder to the starboard boat deck.

"Ain't his boat Number Two on the port side?" Piercy asked.

"Yeah, but the boats on that side are all shot to hell," said the steward, "and it's getting machine-gun fire."

They propped the mate against a bulkhead. Number One lifeboat was still undamaged, but an incendiary shell had struck just abaft the after fall, and its bubbling pool of fire was licking hungrily across the deck.

Stilson straddled the pool of flame for a foothold on the after davit and swung himself up to release the pin. Agony seared along his leg as the chemical fire reached for him. But the pin came free, and Stilson threw himself clear of the blaze, his trouser leg smoking.

"Lower away," said Second Engineer George Cronk, who had freed the forward fall. Surviving *Hopkins* crewmen started down the knotted lines into the boat before it reached the water.

With steerageway gone, the Liberty ship weather-vaned helplessly, slowly swinging. Her starboard side, where the lifeboat hung, now faced the raider's guns. As the men in the boat watched, the *Stier's* broadside flashed again. A shell burst against the plating just forward of the lifeboat, scything it with steel.

Two men in the boat lay silent. Four writhed screaming. Cronk lunged down a line into the boat's stern; the prow had dipped into a swell as the lifeboat struck the sea. Cronk bailed, scooping water scarlet with blood over the side.

Stilson meanwhile had gone back to the mate, still bleeding against the superstructure bulkhead. Just then he saw Chief Engineer Rutz come out on deck.

"Chief," said Stilson, "would you get a life jacket for the mate here out of his room?"

"Sure," Rutz said, and stepped into the mate's room just behind him. He reappeared in a moment with the brilliant orange life preserver and they stuffed the injured Mocskowski's arms into the jacket and carried him to the rail.

But the boat was gone, cast off.

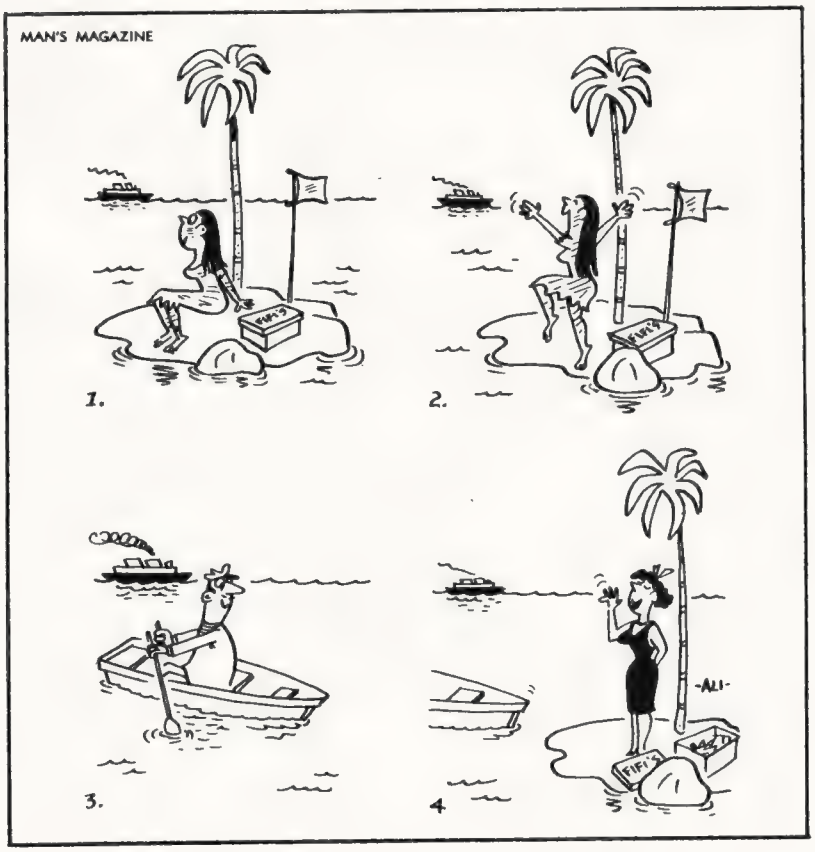
"We can lower him into the water," the steward said.

"Blow that!" growled Mocskowski, shoving Stilson's arm aside. "You've nursed me long enough. Now look to yourself."

"I haven't got a chunk of iron in my chest, Dick," Stilson said. "You have."

"It'll probably cure my smoker's cough," husked the mate, meeting Stilson's eye steadily in the flickering glare from the flaming bridge house. "You're not lugging me around in that ocean and getting us both drowned. Now look to yourself!"

The two shipmates stared at each other stubbornly.



"Well," said Mocskowski, "if you won't look out for yourself, look after the others."

Slowly, Ford Stilson turned away from his friend.

As the ship's whistle had hooted the signal to abandon, Ensign Ken Willett was still crouched over the firing key of the stern gun. *Abandon, hell,* he thought. *Not while that bugger's still afloat.*

Almost at that instant came another terrific concussion, and a far brighter flash towered into the sky from between the after hatches.

"That was our magazine," the plugman hollered.

Eddie O'Hara reeled aft from near the smoking crater where the magazine had been. Red stains spread on his khaki uniform.

"How many shells in the ready box now?" Willett asked the plugman.

"Five, sir."

About 35 I've pumped at him, Willett thought. And if any of the gun-crew boys are going to get off alive, it's got to be now. They'll stay unless I go.

"Over the side," Willett said. "Let's go . . . You too, O'Hara."

The engine cadet clung to the gun platform ladder, his 19-year-old face gray with the pain of his shattered frame.

"You got to get your boys off, Mister Willett," he said. "But I'm not part of your crew . . . So beat it, Ensign — I'm staying a while."

There was no time to argue. The boat had gone, but a couple of doughnut rafts still hung from their lashings. Blood from Willett's gaping belly wound was squishing in his shoes as the armed-guard officer dragged himself forward to help cut loose the life rafts.

Eddie O'Hara staggered up the ladder to the gun platform. The four-inch breech plug hung open, and there were shells in the ready box. Five, he saw. Painfully, O'Hara drew one of the shining brass shells from its nest and carefully guided its nose into the chamber. God, how his body hurt when he rammed the load home. He slammed the plug.

He slumped in the pointer's seat, which was sticky with Willett's blood. His own now dripped to add to the burgeoning dark-red smear. The larger enemy vessel, the *Tannenfels,* was moving across the pointer's sight. O'Hara turned the handwheel, steadied the crosshair on the *Tannenfels,* and squeezed the key.

At the bang of the four-incher, the men at the rail turned to see their second enemy take his share of punishment. At agonizingly long intervals, the *Hopkins'* gun spoke four more times. Besides reloading, O'Hara had to go to the trainer's wheel and lead the gun ahead of the target for each shot, then get back into the pointer's seat and wait for the *Tannenfels* to reach the center of his sight as he laid the gun in elevation.

Hits winked along the Nazi's gray side.

One hour and eight minutes after the *Hopkins* had sighted the two enemy vessels, the unassuming Liberty ship that fought one of the greatest single-ship actions in sea history plunged with colors flying, stern first in 2,200 fathoms, still burning.

An hour later, the *Hopkins* survivors in the lifeboat heard a final rumbling explosion — the end of the *Stier.*

"Anybody see Ensign Willett get off OK?" Stilson asked. Nobody in Lifeboat Number One spoke. "I hope he's still afloat somewhere to hear that bastard finally blow up."

"And Captain Buck," said someone in the boat.

"And Joe Layman," added another.

"And the mate. Yeah, Mocskowski ought to hear that blast."

"And Eddie O'Hara . . ."

The bloody, oil-smeared men in the boat fell silent.

As the raider had turned hard a-starboard after its intended prey so much earlier that morning, Ken Willett's first shot had jammed its helm hard over. His second shell had passed through the main engine room, cutting the oil lines and stopping the engines. It also cut the electric power to the torpedo tubes, with which Captain Gerlach at that moment had been about to blow the *Hopkins* out of the water. It also knocked out the *Stier's* power ammunition hoists, greatly reducing her rate of fire.

So the raider, which otherwise would immediately have run out of the *Hopkins'* hitting gun range and leisurely pounded the Liberty ship to pieces with the radar-controlled fire of its mighty guns, was forced to stay where Ensign Willett could whittle it down to size.

The formidable raider was hit 15 times in 10 minutes. Willett, the one-man navy, had also knocked out all the *Stier's* fire-fighting gear, and below decks, the raider became a gigantic floating torch, her decks red-hot. After pale flames were seen dancing about the torpedo storage hatch forward, Gerlach called his officers together and abandoned.

The *Tannenfels* recovered *Stier* survivors. It was as the last of them reached the blockade-runner's deck that the *Stier* blew up and followed the *Hopkins* to the bottom.

A further ordeal lay ahead for the crew of the *Hopkins.* For 26 hours Number One lifeboat desperately sought survivors among the rising rain-swept seas. Boat Officer George S. Cronk, the second engineer, knew he hadn't strayed from the battle's site. He was guided by the blood of slaughtered ships — fuel oil reeking on the water. Steward Stilson was picked up from a doughnut raft by the lifeboat.

Lifeboat Number One reached Barra do Itabopoana, Brazil, on October 27, 1942. Fifteen men — of a total of 57 aboard the *Stephen Hopkins* — staggered ashore. Hunger, thirst, wounds and the burning sun had done their work on them for 31 days in the open boat — four had died on the way. On the day of the action, six other survivors had been sighted on a *Hopkins* raft, and one in a smashed lifeboat buoyed up by a raft at one end. But rain hid them from view again, and only the South Atlantic knows how and when they died.

The full measure of what the men of the *Stephen Hopkins* bought with their lives was not known until nearly two years later. They had destroyed the last Nazi Q-boat to slip the blockade to the open sea during World War II. Only one other Q-boat, which had broken loose some months earlier, was later sunk by a U.S. submarine off Japan. But for that lone raider, the valor of the *Hopkins* had freed Allied ship lanes of the menace of the deadly disguised commerce raiders forever. ▲

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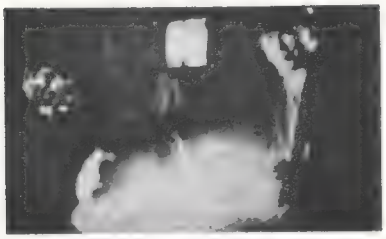
Kill Capone

(continued from page 39)



Whatever it was, it didn't endear them to Al, who was more than anxious to prove he wasn't going to take back-talk from anyone. He suggested to Torrio that the O'Donnells be eliminated. Torrio argued against it, saying they didn't want any bloodshed yet, and to let it go for a while. He was sure that Ralph Sheldon and Danny Stanton, who had been given the South Side territory, would straighten the matter out satisfactorily.

"It's their territory," Torrio said. "Let them handle it their way."

"Sure," Al retorted, "but at the meeting you said we'd take care of all the trouble. That's what we have to do."

"We'll do it when that's all there's left to do." His little eyes turned bright, a sign he wasn't going to budge from his stand on the matter. "I told the people downtown we'd run things nice and peaceful. That's what they want, and that's what they expect."

The O'Donnells kept giving Sheldon and Stanton a lot of trouble, hijacking their loads, muscling in on their customers, and otherwise raising hell. The two men came to the Lexington and complained to Torrio. Al listened in silence until Stanton and Sheldon left.

"I told you we should've taken those bastards a year ago!" Al shouted, pounding the table. "They've been going for a year, laughing at us, calling us a bunch of dago punks. Are you satisfied now?"

Torrio looked at Al out of his narrow eyes, his face a little pale except for two small red patches on his cheek bones. "All right," Johnny said, turning his back on Al and walking to a window where he stood with hunched shoulders looking down into the street below. . .

"Hey, fella! Whatsa matter, you getting deaf or something?" It was Capone, talking to me. I looked up and saw that Torrio had gone and that Danny McFall and Frank McErlane had come in.

Al said to me, "See if you can find McGurn. Bring him back with you, eh."

I found Jack and brought him back, and then Al gave each of us instructions and told us to return as soon as we had the facts. It took two days.

On this warm late summer evening of September 7, 1923, four men got into an automobile parked in front of the Lexington Hotel and rode to a South Side saloon on Lincoln Street run by a man named Joe Platka. Two of the men went around to the rear entrance, looked in and saw the men they wanted. They signaled their confederates, stationed at the front, to hold their positions; then the two at the back rushed into the saloon.

Tommy and Walter O'Donnell dashed into a back room and dove headlong through a glass window. George Meeghan and George Butcher raced out a side door. Only Jerry O'Connor didn't make it. Danny McFall grabbed O'Connor, slugged him across the face with his gun, then pushed him through the front door and into the street; there he was slammed up against the wall of the building. As he stood, defenseless, with the twinkling stars high above him, with just enough time to begin the Lord's Prayer but not to finish it, Frank McErlane leveled the sawed-off shotgun at the hapless, unfortunate O'Connor and blew his face from his head.

That was Al Capone's reply to the O'Donnells' remarks of "dago punks" and "stinking grease-balls." His notice to the underworld that he would back up everything he said, and that when he said something he meant it, and not to believe it was to die — not quietly, not cleanly, not among friends or relatives or loved ones, but surrounded by pain-inflicting, hard, cruel, relentless enemies. He wanted that emphasized, and he knew only one way to do it; so he went after the O'Donnells day and night, week after week, and one by one four of the O'Donnells were murdered, and most of their gang, and when only Spike O'Donnell remained he fled the city . . .

A short time later I dropped into see Dion O'Bannion at the flower shop. Hymie Weiss was there, too. I had no more than stepped into the store when Dion began cursing Capone.

"Those killings weren't Torrio's orders. They were all done by that dirty atheistic dago. Did you see poor Jerry O'Connor's face at the funeral home? It was blown off. Nothing left to it. And Walter O'Donnell, too. And all those other lads. That Capone kills like a beast in the jungle!"

I said, "You were at the meeting, Dion. You were there when everyone agreed to cut the O'Donnells out of the picture. You heard Johnny Torrio say that he would take care of any trouble. The O'Donnells gave Danny Stanton and Ralph Sheldon trouble. There was nothing else Torrio could do."

"You keep saying Torrio," O'Bannion retorted. "I know it wasn't Torrio, but Capone. Yes, I agreed to everything you say. But never did I agree to that kind of slaughter. And are you standing there telling me you agree to it? Is that what you're saying, lad?" There was genuine anguish in Dion's voice.

"I'm not saying anything, Dion. There's nothing I can say."

"You've changed, lad," he said, and shook an admonishing finger in my face. "Yes, it's written in your eyes. You've been taken in by that atheistic dago."

Hymie had been leaning against the glass showcase in the back part of the shop all this time without saying a word. Now he spoke.

"You can tell Capone this for me, Dave." His voice remained calm, but there was no denying the emotion. "If he ever pulls anything like that on us I'm going to get him if I have to kill everybody in front of him to do it. You can tell him that, and if I see him I'll tell it to him."

I said, "I'm sorry you guys feel this way. About me, I mean. We've been friends a long time. Well, I guess I better go." I started for the door.

"Wait, lad," Dion said. "We're not put out with you. You don't give the orders. Don't leave in anger. Here. Here's my hand. Shake it."

I shook his hand. Shaking hands was one of his traits. He was a known glad-hander, and not too much later he was to die doing it, and that was when Hymie Weiss went berserk.

Dion kept running his mouth, and then took to backing it up because he had no other choice. He hijacked Genna trucks, and the Gennas, who were in strong with Torrio and Capone, took their troubles to them. Al was all for stopping Dion cold, but Torrio refused to sanction it.

"Mike Merlo won't hold still for it," Torrio said.

"Mike Merlo is also a friend of the Gennas," Al reminded him. "What does he do, straddle the fence on these things? He's not gonna stop O'Bannion because he's a friend of his, and he's a friend of the Gennas so he won't let them kill O'Bannion." Al shoved the big cigar he was smoking into his mouth and paced the suite. "You better wake up, Johnny," he said. "You're gonna have to kill, and if you have to then that's what you have to do. Either you do it or they'll do it, see."

Torrio held off, however. Then Mike Merlo died and he had no more excuses. The Gennas insisted that O'Bannion be stopped; Al insisted. Torrio had to give in.

Mike Merlo's funeral was scheduled for Monday, November 10. On Sunday afternoon a call was made to O'Bannion's flower shop ordering a huge wreath and asking that it be ready the next day. The caller asked if the wreath would be ready at one o'clock. O'Bannion said it would.

At 11:30 Monday morning, on this November 10, 1924, another call was placed to O'Bannion's flower shop. This time the caller asked for William Schofield, Dion's partner.

"This is the Mt. Carmel Cemetery, Mr. Schofield," the caller said. "We wondered if you would be good enough to come to the cemetery and handle the floral tributes for Mr. Merlo's funeral. Most of them seem to have come from your shop and so we thought you might wish to cooperate in the arrangements. You will? That's very good of you, Mr. Schofield. Right away? Thank you."

A short time later, minutes before noon, three men walked into the flower shop, which was about 60 feet deep and 30 feet wide. Against the walls sprouted a veritable jungle of blooming plants, palms and ferns. At the rear stood a glass showcase extending from the floor to the ceiling. At the side of the showcase, a narrow passageway led to the back room. A swing gate separated the front part of the passageway from the rear.

State Street was crowded with boys and girls playing in the fall sunshine. The Holy Name Cathedral and the parochial school threw their massive shadows together. There was something almost idyllic in the scene. The men and women who walked along the sidewalk saw it all as a part of life, a good part. There surely was nothing in it which bespoke of violent death. And the three men walked into the flower shop at that moment.

William Crutchfield, the porter, had just finished mopping in the front part and was going into the back room to clean there and to store his pails and mops. Dion was busy clipping stems from flowers and fashioning them into a wreath. Around him worked three employees — Dave Loftus, Vincent Galvin and Victor Young. As the three men came in, Dion lifted his head.

"Hello, boys," Dion said.

One of the three came forward, extended his hand and Dion shook it. As the man held O'Bannion's hand the other two pulled revolvers and fired. There were five shots in quick succession. At the first shot, Loftus, Galvin and Young turned and fled through a side door into the street. There was a sixth shot, the coup de grâce. And Dion O'Bannion lay dead.

The three men who walked into the shop — to settle the issue once and for

all — were Albert Anselmi, John Scalise and Jack McGurn. The driver of the get-away car? Well, it's been so long ago, and he's still alive, and it really doesn't matter.

Hymie Weiss became a raving lunatic when he heard the news of Dion's murder. He took a solemn oath to kill Capone and Torrio, and everyone else in the Syndicate he could find.

O'Bannion had the first of gangland's super funerals. A plush $10,000 casket was shipped into Chicago in a private car from Philadelphia. More than $100,000 in floral tributes, loaded into 50 cars, followed the body to the cemetery. Crowds blocked traffic in front of Sbarbaro's undertaking parlor on North Wells Street. Hymie Weiss, Schemer Drucci, Louis Alterie, Maxie Eisen, Frank Gusenberg and Bugs Moran were the pallbearers, and Hymie's face was tear-streaked as he lifted the casket into the funeral car. Viola O'Bannion clung to the arms of Dion's father and step-mother, sobbing bitterly. Hymie went to her side and tried to comfort her. My girl, Pat, and I walked behind the four and got into our car. Pat had been close to Viola and was almost as grieved as she; I had had a difficult time explaining it all to her the day Dion got it.

O'Bannion was 32 years old when he died, about par for the course. The Schemer and Hymie never reached their twenty-ninth birthdays. Jack McGurn lasted 32 years. So did Scalise and Anselmi.

Dion had been refused a Catholic burial and this also hurt Viola. A priest of the Catholic archdiocese declared, "One who refuses the ministrations of the Church in life need not expect them in death. O'Bannion was a notorious criminal. The Church did not recognize him in his days of lawlessness, and when he died unrepentant in his iniquities he had no claim to last rites for the dead."

Well, maybe so. Dion had been a burglar, safe-cracker, bootlegger, hijacker and gang leader. He was said to have killed about 20 men. I knew of only four, and no one knew of any more. Those four asked for it. That's the way of the underworld. Dion had helped so many poor people, bums and down-and-outers that if you lined them all up, one behind the other, they would stretch from the South Shore Country Club to the Edgewater Beach Hotel on the North Side. He had been an excellent husband and a good son. But still no last rites.

Father Patrick Malloy, of the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, a boyhood pal of Dion's who never gave up on him, came forward to perform the last rites, informally. Father Malloy recited a litany in Latin, the Lord's Prayer and three Hail Marys in English, to which the multitude at the grave murmured soft responses; and that was all Dion got. There was one last attack against him. Viola had a tall shaft erected on his grave, but Cardinal Mundelein ordered it removed and an unobtrusive and simple marker placed there instead. When that was done O'Bannion found his peace at last.

With Dion dead the mob was taken over by Hymie. He made Schemer Drucci his lieutenant. The two then sold Bugs Moran on the idea of joining forces. Hymie moved like the major character in a Greek drama. He was seething with hatred, lusting for vengeance. It perverted his judgment.

About a month after O'Bannion's funeral I sat in Al's suite, talking with him while he dressed, when a call came from Hymie Weiss. Hymie must have been doing a lot of fast talking because Capone

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only listened, and then Al's face turned into a black frown.

"You want me to turn McGurn, Anselmi and Scalise over to you?" Al asked, a note of incredulity in his voice. "I wouldn't do that to a dog!" he snapped. "And talking about dogs, Hymie, you're barking up the wrong tree. Yeah, sure. Well, go ahead." Al slammed the receiver down. He turned to me. "That crazy Polack has really gone nuts," he said. "Did you get what he said?"

"I heard what *you* said. Is that what he wanted?"

"Yeah, that's what he wanted."

Al slipped on a shirt, buttoned it. He turned from the mirror and started to knot his tie. "He's gotta go," he said. He said it calmly, with no emotion, and I knew that Hymie was going to get it, and good. He wasn't so easy to get, however.

Hymie, Schemer Drucci and Frank Gusenberg got the drop on a guard at one of the Syndicate's alky plants and pistol-whipped him unconscious, held two other workers in the place at bay with their weapons, then took out all the alky in the place and finally wrecked it. In the next month they raided two other Syndicate warehouses.

A short time later Charlie "Doc" Fischetti and Percy Haller were riding in Al's car, which was being driven by Sylvester Barton. At Fifty-fifth and State a heavy sedan rolled alongside and opened fire. Barton was wounded but Haller and Fischetti escaped unhurt. Several weeks later Tommy Ross, Al's regular chauffeur, was found in a cistern on an abandoned farm in the Forest Preserve near Palos Park. His hands and feet were trussed with wire and his face and body had been burned and tortured. He had been shot three times in the head. The raids on the Syndicate warehouses continued, trucks were hijacked, the drivers beaten, some of them shot. Lesser members of the mob were hunted down and splattered with machine guns.

Al kept looking for Hymie and Schemer. Anselmi, Scalise and McGurn caught up with them one morning on Michigan Boulevard as they were walking in front of the Standard Oil Building. The three saw them from their car across the street and dashed after them. Anselmi, Scalise and McGurn opened fire as Hymie and Schemer took up a position behind a parked car and returned pistol shot for pistol shot. It was a minor war, on the busiest street in Chicago and surely one of the busiest streets in the world. Nobody got hurt, however. Anselmi, Scalise and McGurn ran back to their car; Weiss ran into the Standard Oil Building, and Schemer Drucci hopped on the running board of a passing car from which he was hauled by a traffic cop and taken to a police station.

At the police station Drucci denied he had been a participant in the shooting, denied he was Vincent Drucci, and said the $14,000 in his pockets was for a real estate deal. Nothing came of the affair, for the public long ago had grown accustomed to the wild antics of the city's hoods.

Hymie Weiss made an instant counter-attack against the Syndicate. It was one of those crazy escapades which only he could conceive, an act completely beyond sanity's control and outside the realm of reason. It told us that Hymie had blown his stack, and to let him keep going would mean the end of all illegal activity. It now became a matter of business expedience to kill him.

Despite all his astuteness, Hymie had, in the past, occasionally slipped his trolley and gone off on a tangent. There was the time when, having a wild party in his rooms, a deputy sheriff interrupted. Hymie grabbed a shotgun and pushed the deputy into the hall. The officer returned shortly with a raiding party and took everybody to jail, including me. Hymie's room revealed some interesting and choice items of contraband which included sawed-off shotguns, pistols, several thousand rounds of ammunition, brass knucks, handcuffs, knockout drops, and a variety of brandy, whisky, champagne and other wines. When Hymie was released he found that a dozen or so silk shirts and several dozen pairs of silk socks had also been taken. Hymie promptly instituted suit against the federal government for recovery of his shirts and socks, a matter involving about a hundred dollars. That was Hymie.

Another time he hijacked a load of booze in front of a church. The truck was manned by a couple of Jewish hoods, minor hirelings working for Terry Druggan. While Hymie's boys were unloading the booze he noticed that the two men in the truck were wearing their hats.

"Take off your hats, you Jews, when you're in the presence of the house of God or I'll shoot them off!" Hymie ordered. He had an odd sense of sanctity. For two Jews to be wearing hats in front of a church, that was terribly sacrilegious. But for him to hijack a load of booze, that was in keeping with the Lord's wishes. That was Hymie, all the way.

Hymie also was with Louie "Two Gun" Alterie when that worthy "horse-napped" a colt from a North Side stable, took the animal to a corner of the Lincoln Park bridle path and there shot the innocent beast dead. Why? Because it had thrown Sammy "Nails" Morton, the fall breaking Sammy's neck and killing him. This execution of the horse invoked the wrath of the SPCA, and was the cause for much raillery by rival hoods who gave Alterie and Weiss a bad time for more than a year.

On September 20, 1926, Hymie was ready to reply to Capone's mob for the attack against him and Drucci in front of the Standard Oil Building. No one, in Hymie's language, was going to try to kill him, miss, and get away with it. Hymie took his attack right into Cicero, to the heart of the Syndicate's biggest territory, to the Hawthorne Hotel, nerve center for operations in the suburb. It was shortly after noon. The day seemed like mid-June, filled with the enchanted light and warmth of a persistent summer sun. There were thousands of men and women on Twenty-second Street in the vicinity of the area surrounding the Western Electric plant, most of them workers strolling about during their lunch hour.

Suddenly a cavalcade of some 15, 20 cars, traveling in single file about 30 feet apart, came into view from the west. The stream of cars looked like a funeral procession except that there was no hearse. Hundreds of strollers looked at the cars curiously. And then, as the first car came abreast of the Hawthorne Hotel, all hell broke loose. There was a volley of machine gun, pistol and shotgun fire, fusillade after fusillade, each car a minor attacking force. The crowd stampeded. Men yelled and women screamed. They ran for shelters. Some of them fell to the ground. Window glass exploded and rattled in ruin. Woodwork became kindling wood. Plaster crumbled from the walls of the Hawthorne Hotel.

A hood with a machine gun leaped from a car, kneeled in front of the entrance to the hotel and sent a stream of lead into

the lobby. Another hood leaped from a car and he, too, knelt and aimed a volley of machine-gun fire into the lobby. The furniture was demolished. The counter fronting the office was wrecked. People screamed in abject terror.

It was all over in about five minutes, but those very likely were the most spectacular five minutes in gangland history.

Miraculously no one was killed. Louis "Blackie" Barko, one of Al's boys, stopped a bullet in the shoulder as he stood in the lobby. A woman sitting in an auto with her husband and baby son almost was blinded when a bullet crossed her forehead. A machine-gun bullet barely touched her baby's scalp, and three other slugs tore through her husband's clothes but caused no wounds.

Al was anxious about the woman, her husband and baby. He felt that he had been the cause of her injuries and he paid all of her doctor bills, which came to about $5,000. Her car had been hit by some 50 slugs, and about 40 other cars in the block also had suffered damage of one degree or another.

Al, Willie Heeney, Albert Anselmi, John Scalise, Jack McGurn and I had been eating in the restaurant next door to the hotel when the first shots were fired and all of us dove to the floor.

Al told reporters and police officers that whoever attempted to kill him this way was nuts. "It was a silly stage play, and they might just as well come after me with a brass band and a day's warning."

Actually, we knew who it was immediately. All of us had recognized Weiss, Schemer Drucci, Frank Gusenberg, Pete Gusenberg and Bugs Moran. There were others we recognized, too. Minor hoods in the Weiss and Moran gangs. Al marked them down for future attention. For the moment he devoted all his energy to Hymie Weiss.

Hymie made his headquarters at 738 North State Street, an office over the O'Bannion flower shop and opposite the Holy Name Cathedral. Next door to the flower shop, at 740 North State Street, there was a three-story rooming house operated by Mrs. Annie Rotariu. Not too many years before it had been the residence of a wealthy family, when the neighborhood had been a fashionable quarter of the city. The building was owned by Harry Stephen Keeler, a writer of popular mystery novels. What was to happen in Mr. Keeler's house, and in front of it, intrigued the people of Chicago far more than any of his mysteries.

On October 2, two weeks after the attack on the Hawthorne Hotel by Hymie Weiss, a young man rented a room from Mrs. Rotariu. He gave his name as Oscar Langdon and said he wanted a front room. No other would do. He was told there were no front rooms available but if he would take a hall bedroom for the time being he could have a front room just as soon as any of the occupants vacated one. On October 8, the occupants of the third floor front moved out, and in moved Oscar Langdon. Oscar Langdon, of course, wasn't his true name.

The young man advised Mrs. Rotariu that he worked nights and slept days and asked her to see to it that he was never disturbed because he knew no one in the city and expected no callers. He acted so polite and soft spoken that Mrs. Rotariu said she would make a special point to see to it that no one disturbed him in any way. This pleased the young man, who patted Mrs. Rotariu on the arm and gave her his warmest smile, which she returned with outward pleasure.

But the young man did have visitors.

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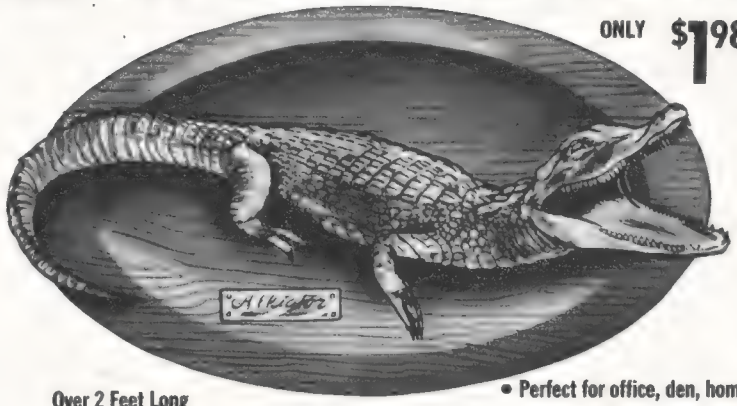

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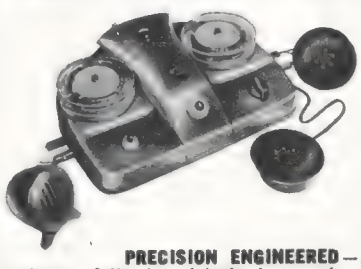

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Two men, obviously Italian, one about 32 years old and the other a few years younger, came to see him and took over his room while, he told Mrs. Rotariu, he went out of town for several days. Mrs. Rotariu, of course, never saw Langdon again.

On the day that Oscar Langdon rented his room a beautiful blonde rented one on the third floor of an apartment house operated by John Fletcher. She gave her name as Mrs. Theodore Schultz and said she was from a small town in South Dakota. Fletcher thought it was Mitchell, South Dakota. The apartment house was situated at No. 1 Superior Street, on the south side of the street, about forty feet west of State Street. The window of the third-floor apartment looked out on the approaches to the flower shop and Hymie Weiss office over it. The occupants of both rooms, the one on State Street and the one on Superior, now had views of the entrance to the flower shop, Hymie's office, the opposite side of State Street, and a part of Superior Street.

Mrs. Theodore Schultz, the beautiful blonde from Mitchell, South Dakota, was really a call girl Al knew well, and the only woman he ever trusted in his entire career. Her name, of course, wasn't Mrs. Theodore Schultz. She gave up her room to two men after only a few hours stay. And so the four men, two in the State Street chamber and two in the Superior Street room, now began their vigil. The two men in the State Street room were Albert Anselmi and John Scalise. The two men in the Superior Street room were Frank Nitti and Frank Diamond.

They sat in their respective rooms, machine guns close by, smoking one cigarette after another, waiting, waiting, waiting — killers, cold, hard and cunning, their thoughts stimulated by the knowledge of the kill awaiting them.

There was no trace of uneasy premonition of retaliatory attack or capture on their faces, no trace of anxiety, no trace of nervousness. Nothing like that. Only a telltale mark of quiet but burning eagerness, an eagerness filled with menace, with the terrible depths and enigmas of experienced killings. They sat on their chairs and watched and waited. Hymie Weiss had been tried, convicted and condemned, and these were his executioners. They wouldn't leave until they had carried out the sentence of death.

It was October 11, nine days after the young man who had called himself Oscar Langdon and the beautiful blonde who had called herself Mrs. Theodore Schultz had rented the rooms where the four killers now waited. A little after four o'clock Hymie Weiss; Pat Murray, his bodyguard; Sam Peller, his driver; W. W. O'Brien, an attorney, and Ben Jacobs, an investigator in O'Brien's employ, left the Criminal Court Building, where O'Brien had finished up the day's work as defense attorney in the trial of Joe "Polack Joe" Saltis and Lefty Koncil for the murder of Mitters Foley. The car with the five men in it drew up to the flower shop and stopped.

The four men in the two rooms picked up their machine guns. There were people in the streets, traffic moving, street cars, automobiles. A little girl with a beautiful face and golden curls stood in front of the Holy Name Cathedral holding a hoop in her hand. She saw the men in the windows, saw the weapons in their hands. She dropped the hoop; it rolled away from her in a crazy pattern and fell into the gutter. She stood there wide-eyed, transfixed, her finger in her mouth, her gaze never leaving the sight of the four men above her.

W. W. O'Brien got out of the car first and walked slowly toward the door leading to Weiss' office. Sam Peller got out and stood by the car as he fixed a key in the door to lock it. Ben Jacobs was a few steps behind O'Brien; then came Hymie Weiss, and trailing behind Hymie, Pat Murray. The two men in the house on Superior Street aimed their guns, and the men in the house on State Street sighted in theirs; and then there was a blinding flash and a series of explosions, and more flashes and more explosions, and men and women turned, and then they yelled and screamed, and the atmosphere of the lazy day, its stillness, its peacefulness, was shattered and filled with blood, and still the noises came, and the explosions and the blinding flashes.

Hymie Weiss had been hit by a dozen machine-gun slugs and he died where he stood, falling forward on his face — a Capone sieve. Pat Murray, blasted by 16 slugs, fell only a few feet from Hymie. W. W. O'Brien, shot in the side, the arm and the abdomen, fell beside Murray. Sam Peller was hit in the groin. Ben Jacobs in the leg. Peller and Jacobs ran for their lives — ran south until they were out of range of the murderous gun-fire and then dropped inside the entrance of a building about a block away.

They knew now that there was a force in the city so savage and fierce that it could burn, maim and kill in a way they never thought possible, and that it was directed by a man who created his own kind of viciousness and savagery, a kind that pierced the heart with its coldness and its nameless fear. Hymie had killed; Hymie had led a cavalcade of cars into Cicero and fired a thousand bullets at a hotel. Capone sent his men into the house where you lived, directed his guns at your heart and fired. That was the difference. Hymie had been second-rate at his trade. When he learned the difference he died swiftly, by it and under it, the bullets scorching him.

A large crowd gathered quickly in front of the flower shop, then several cops came onto the scene; and the voice of the crowd was a mixture of sounds — shock, disbelief, and awe. They talked to each other, one stranger to another but kin by the fact of the violence they had witnessed yet couldn't accept; and so they asked each other to confirm what they had seen. The little girl in front of the Holy Name Cathedral still stood there with her finger in her mouth and gazed at the windows of the two buildings from where the withering death had come. She had miraculously escaped injury although the cornerstone of the Cathedral behind her had been struck by more than 30 slugs, the bullets chipping out completely eight words from the carved passage of the Vulgate version of St. Paul's Epistle to the Phillippians.

Hymie Weiss and Pat Murray were carried into the flower shop where Dion O'Bannion had been murdered by Albert Anselmi and John Scalise. There was nothing anyone could do for them. O'Brien taken to a hospital, eventually recovered. Sam Peller and Ben Jacobs, not seriously hurt, were sent home after medical treatment.

Police found the two rooms where the killers had waited and from which they had directed their fire. They also picked up a shotgun, its barrel still warm; and on the floor near the window they discovered about 50 empty machine-gun shells.

There were other items, a gray fedora hat whose sweat-band showed that it had been bought in a store a short distance from the Hawthorne Hotel in Cicero, several hundred cigarette butts, remains of meals, a dozen empty beer bottles. There were no fingerprints, nothing by which the killers could be identified, not even the hat. The store owner couldn't remember who had bought the hat or when.

Police came to the Hawthorne Hotel and questioned Capone. Al was frank in his statement. You had to hand it to him that way. He was always willing to answer questions and to be absolutely candid about them.

"That was nothing but butchery," Al said. "Hymie was a good guy. When we were in business together in the old days I got to know him real well, used to go to his room for friendly little visits. A lot of us guys did. Nitti, Diamond, Dave." He turned to me and I nodded. "Torrio and I made O'Bannion and Weiss," Capone continued. "Then they went on their own. That was okay with us. We had no objections. Then they started to get real nasty, busting into our territory, wrecking our places, hijacking our trucks. We sent 'em word to lay off, pleaded with them not to start trouble. We don't want trouble. But you couldn't talk to them guys.

"Then someone got O'Bannion. And then Torrio was shot. Torrio knew the guys who shot him. I sent Dave over to talk with Hymie but he wouldn't listen and Dave was lucky to get away from him. I talked with Hymie over the phone after that. I asked what he was trying to do, get himself killed before he was 30? He gave me a wise-guy answer. He was a real bull-head, thought he was smarter than everybody in the world. That's why he's dead."

"Who killed him, Al?" one of the detectives asked.

Al shrugged. "I wish I knew." And at that time, nobody else was talking. ▲

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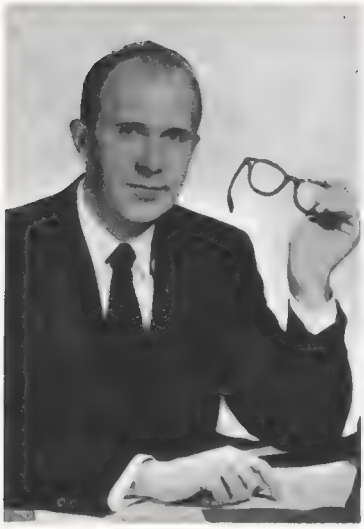

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During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

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Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation – also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

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Question *Is this something new?*

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Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

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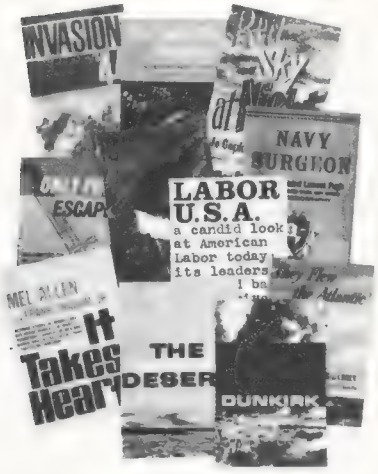

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Lost Her Grip

(continued from page 27)

of the 3 o'clock train to San Francisco, and he was wondering what to do about the anomalous pieces of baggage. His attention was drastically diverted to other channels when he caught sight of a young woman tripping along the platform, heading toward him.

She was black-haired and blue-eyed, and looked to be between 25 and 30. Popeyed, Vizelly thanked his lucky stares for the prevailing fashion of low-cut necklines, and was grateful for the young woman's excessive devotion to the style. But with what she's got, he thought, I don't blame her.

The object of his rapt attention jiggled up to him at the same time the train came wheezing into the station. A heady aroma of perfume swept over the palpitating baggage master as she smiled, exposing even, white teeth, lushly framed by ripe-cherry lips. "This is mine," she said, bending low as she reached for the straw suitcase.

Vizelly, reacting like a gangling schoolboy, grabbed for it, too, and won the tussle. He was sure she allowed their hands to touch overly long as they fumbled at the handle.

The baggageman assisted the attractive passenger on the train, and was rewarded, as she raised her long skirts and ascended the coach steps, with a display of enticing legs and the symmetrical twitch of sleek, rounded thighs. He handed her the suitcase and she waved as the train chugged out of the station, on its way to San Francisco.

Vizelly, after a moment, pulled himself back from his dream world; for another moment he sourly recalled the dubious charms of Mrs. Vizelly, and then he snapped his fingers. He had forgotten to ask the young lady if the Saratoga trunk, which had stood beside the straw suitcase, belonged to her, too.

Certainly, no one else came forward to claim it during the rest of the afternoon; and when quitting time came, at six, Vizelly decided to stash it in the baggage room for the night. He attempted to heft it, and realized it was much too weighty for a one-man job. However, with the heavy touch traditional to his occupation, the baggageman slam-banged the trunk end-over-end into the freight room. He wiped a hand over his sweaty forehead, and then his attention was transfixed by the sight of a dark liquid seeping from a corner of the trunk. Vizelly poked a finger in the liquid, stared at it, and then exclaimed: "Jeepers! This is blood!"

Within a half-hour, the local preservers of the public peace gathered at the railroad station, and two of them, Coroner's Physician John Hull and Detective Captain George Walker, had cut the rope that encircled the trunk and pried open its lid. They were greeted by a sorry sight indeed — the body of a man who had been folded into the trunk, buttocks and feet up, head and shoulders down.

Walker and the doctor hauled the body from its cramped quarters and spread it on the floor for a better look. They gazed down on a strong face, dominated by a prominent nose and a bold chin, which were separated by a luxuriant, russet-brown "waterfall" mustache. The rest of him was around six feet tall and weighed in the neighborhood of 200 pounds.

"Looks to me like a stranger in these parts," said Walker. "Any of you know him?"

Nobody did.

Walker quickly went through the pockets of the corpse's well-tailored suit and got nothing for his pains. There wasn't a scrap of identification; even the labels had been cut from the garments.

It was the doctor's turn next. He bent over the corpse, peered and probed, and allowed himself a few brief remarks. "He wasn't stabbed or shot," said Dr. Hull. "The blood came from his nose. It probably began to bleed when the trunk was banged around. But dead bodies don't bleed much. It's a sure thing he hasn't been dead more than an hour."

Vizelly, with superb illogic, blurted out: "But that's impossible! The trunk was on the platform at least three or four hours! You're telling me he was *alive* in there most of the afternoon!"

"If you'd been a little more alert," said the doctor dourly, "maybe he'd still be alive."

Captain Walker got the baggageman off the hook of repartee by prodding from him what he knew of the trunk. Vizelly, although no great mine of information, was pleased to turn his thoughts to the black-haired, blue-eyed beauty in connection with it. He told of the girl and her straw suitcase. "I meant to ask her if the trunk belonged to her," he explained lamely, "but somehow it slipped my mind."

Walker thought he understood when he asked Vizelly for a description of the girl. It was obvious that Vizelly had looked her over very, very closely, but for a while, his powers of delineation seemed confined to describing arcs in the air. Eventually the detective obtained a coherent statement of what he wanted, and it put him in a negative frame of mind. As he remarked to Dr. Hull: "I can't figure a biscuit like *that* being mixed up in a business like *this*. But it's all I've got to go on. As soon as you finish the autopsy, let me know."

However, next day Captain Walker found himself tuned to an entirely different wave length — one that made him wish fervently for a talk with the "biscuit" in connection with the case. It appeared she had a lot of explaining to do.

On the grounds that the dead man, a stranger in town, probably stayed at one of the local hostelries, Walker began a canvass of them on Sunday morning. He struck pay dirt when he interviewed Mrs. Cornelia Van Landingham, a hard-bitten old biddy, who was proprietress of the California Hotel. She recognized the descriptions of the occupant of the trunk and of the "biscuit" as Mr. and Mrs. Albert McVicar, two recent guests in her establishment, and she backed up her opinion by taking a gander at the corpse as it lay on a mortuary slab.

"That's him, all right," she said. "That's Mr. McVicar. My, he don't look too good! He and his wife spent Friday night at my place, and they'd stayed with me before. They registered from Jamestown, California. You come back to the hotel with me and I'll look up the dates."

Mrs. Van Landingham, in her tiny office, scanned her records and then nodded. "Yep," she said. "Here it is. They stayed between the 10th and 13th of this month.

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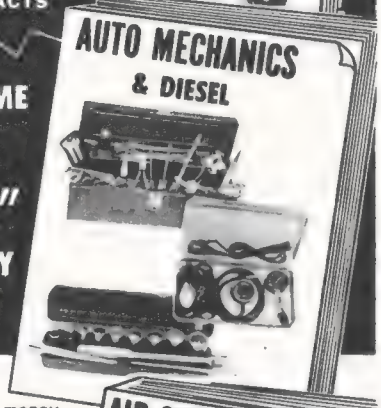

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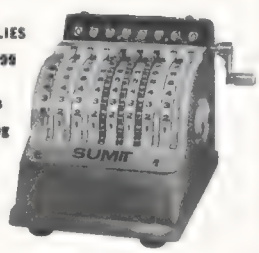

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I remember that when they showed up Friday afternoon, they gave me to understand they'd spent the time between in San Francisco."

She paused, then glanced sidewise at Walker. "You don't insinuate," she said, "that the lady did him in? My, they seemed awful lovey-dovey. Spent most of the time in their room, if you know what I mean."

Mrs. Van Landingham appeared embarrassed when Walker asked to see Room 97, the one the McVicars had occupied on Friday night. "Well, yes," she agreed, "but it hasn't been cleaned yet . . . Now don't get the wrong idea! I run as good a joint as there is in town, but you just try and get any decent help in these parts!"

Walker, a few minutes later, was delighted to be alone in Room 97, away from Mrs. Van Landingham's volubility, and delighted, too, at her housekeeping omission. For on a table in the room, he found an empty whiskey bottle and two glasses, each of which contained the remnants of a drink. He sniffed at the glasses. From one, emanated only the smell of a stale highball. But the other gave off an acrid odor familiar to the detective. It was the odor of chloral hydrate — knock-out drops.

Before leaving the hotel, Walker had a final word with Mrs. Van Landingham. What she told him sent him scurrying into the middle of town for a talk with local draymen. "I didn't see the McVicars leave," said the proprietress, "but yesterday morning a trunk was delivered here for Mrs. McVicar."

The detective found his man in the person of Charles Berry, proud possessor of a horse and wagon and a strong back. Berry recognized the description of the lady of the straw suitcase at once, and eagerly enlarged on it for Walker's benefit. "Wow!" exclaimed Berry. "Was she stacked! What a — "

"I've heard all about that already," Walker interrupted, a little wearily. "What do you know about that trunk?"

"Well," said Berry, "yesterday morning I was standing in front of Sandor's variety store, and this girl came up to me. She said she'd just bought a trunk, and wanted me to deliver it to her room at the California Hotel. I said, sure, and I swear I'd have done it for nothing, just for the chance to cotton up to her. Anyhow, I picked up the trunk, brought it to the hotel, and to her room. She was already there, waiting in the hall. She told me to leave the trunk in the corridor and asked me to come back around two, and cart it to the railroad station. She said: 'It will be full of dishes, and pretty heavy, so you'd better bring some strong rope and a man to help you.'"

Berry, with a helper, returned on schedule. They were admitted to the room, where the trunk stood, its "cargo" aboard. The draymen secured it with rope, and hauled it to their wagon. "As I was leaving," Berry explained, "the girl came down. She tossed a straw suitcase into the wagon, and paid me. When I got to the station, I didn't see the baggageman around, so I just left the trunk and the suitcase on the platform."

The ungentle ministrations dealt to McVicar by his wife — if, in fact, they were married — were blueprinted later that afternoon by Dr. Hull's report on the autopsy. Death had been caused by asphyxiation, although large quantities of morphine and of chloral hydrate had been found in the stomach. As Captain Walker figured it out, the "biscuit" had fed McVicar morphine, then slipped a Mickey Finn into his whiskey. With him alive, but unconscious, she stowed him in the trunk, and had it removed to the station. There, and out like a light, McVicar became permanently unconscious through a simple lack of oxygen.

Walker, dead sure the girl had lit out for San Francisco, wired the police there, asking them to try to locate her. Then he got himself organized for the 50-mile trip to Jamestown, where, according to the California Hotel register, the corpse in the case had resided prior to assuming that grave condition.

In Jamestown, which Walker reached the next afternoon, he found that McVicar indeed had had connections there. For two years he had been a foreman in the Rawhide gold mine, and the eulogy accorded him by the mine manager was a mixture of respect and irritation. "He was a hell of a nice guy," said the manager, "and a hell of a good foreman. I don't know who I can get to replace him. All this is very inconvenient for me."

The mine manager told Walker that McVicar had left on March 10 for a vacation, his first in the two years he had worked at Rawhide. "I tried to get him to put it off for a month or so," said the manager, "but he was fed up. He laid it on the line to me: 'Either I go now, on a vacation, or I go now, for good.' As I said, he was a good man, so I saw things his way."

However, he insisted, McVicar had had no wife during his stay in Jamestown, nor had he ever mentioned one. "He lived alone in a rooming house," the manager declared, "and if you ask me, this 'Mrs. McVicar' was just some cutie he picked up for a spree."

Captain Walker had reason to think otherwise when, a little later, he searched McVicar's room. There he found a photograph of a young woman which corresponded in every lush detail — it was a bust shot — with the description of the "Mrs. McVicar" of the California Hotel, she of the straw suitcase and Saratoga trunk. The picture was inscribed: "To Al, with love. Emma," and the back of it bore the imprint of a photographer in Bisbee, Arizona.

Walker legged it to the telegraph office and shot off a wire to the Bisbee police, asking for information on McVicar and "Emma," whomever she rightfully might be. As he headed back for Stockton, Walker traveled with the conviction that any news of her would not place her in the front ranks of the blushingly innocent.

The next afternoon — Tuesday, March 27 — the detective reached Stockton, to find that he had greatly underestimated Emma's character, or lack of it. San Francisco had been heard from, and largely through the attention given the case by the press there, several of its citizens had spoken their intriguing stories. Their revelations had to be carefully censored prior to publication.

Analysis of the less gamey details revealed that on March 10th, McVicar had left Jamestown. That night, he and Emma had checked in at the hotel in Stockton. They had remained there until the 13th, and had returned on the 23rd, the day before McVicar became the unenviable occupant of the Saratoga trunk. Now Walker learned that the pair had spent the interval between the 13th and the 23rd at the Lexington Hotel, San Francisco, as Mr. and Mrs. McVicar.

But it was only too clear that Emma had nurtured no truely wifely impulses toward her-companion during this San Francisco period. On the 15th, for instance, she sashayed into a pharmacy near the hotel and wheedled a quantity of

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cyanide of potassium from an impressionable clerk, who believed her story that she wanted the stuff for photographic purposes. All that she developed with it, though, was a severe pain in McVicar's viscera the next day. He had the wit to call the house physician, who, diagnosing his ailment as cramps, prescribed morphine as a pain reliever, and left 24 capsules in Emma's loving care to administer to the stricken man.

Walker had a pretty good idea of how she had administered it. Having failed to knock off McVicar with the cyanide, she had stashed away the morphine until they returned to Stockton. There she fed him what she figured was a fatal dose and hedged her bets with the knockout drops.

Walker could not suppress a grudging admiration of Emma's zeal in accomplishing her mission. Nor could he guess the answer to the big question: why did she want McVicar out of the way?

That afternoon, a Stockton citizen came forward with a story suggesting that Emma, in addition to her capacity for homicide, had a taste for larceny, as well. The testator was Asa Holmes, a clerk in a local furniture store, who once had set eyes on Emma, and who, in what had now become the accepted tradition, had not forgotten the experience.

"It was on the 13th of this month," said Holmes. "Mr. McVicar and his wife came into the store and bought a lot of furniture. My, she was buttering him up; she kept saying how wonderful it was going to be when they had their own place. I wouldn't have minded going housekeeping with her myself," he said, getting misty-eyed. "Anyhow, they ordered the stuff shipped to Jamestown, in McVicar's name. I got all the tags ready, but then I had to change them all, because the next day I got a wire from Mrs. McVicar in San Francisco, telling me to ship the furniture to her brother in Jackson, California — a Eugene LeDoux."

Walker inwardly groaned at the prospect of more travel, but he faced the inevitable, and took off for Jackson, a mining town 50-odd miles northeast of Stockton. Lucky, split-second timing brought him there that evening, and he had no trouble finding Eugene LeDoux, who turned out to be the owner of the town's largest, most prosperous drygoods emporium. Walker found LeDoux at home, alone, rattling around in his substantial, well-furnished house.

In appearance, LeDoux was a middle-aged, attenuated, wispy-haired man, with an oddly shaped head, unfortunately formed features, and a nervous Adam's apple that danced a continuous adagio. In manner, he resembled a recessive Caspar Milquetoast, for whom a taffy pull in the church basement might well constitute a wild night on the town. Obviously, there was little family resemblance.

"I came here to talk to you about your sister Emma," said Walker. He shoved the photograph he had found in McVicar's room in front of LeDoux's nose. "That's her, isn't it?" he asked.

"That's Emma, all right," LeDoux nodded. "But I don't know why you think she's my sister. Emma's my wife."

LeDoux almost flipped when Walker necessarily informed him of the reason behind his interest in Emma. "It's hard to believe what you say," mourned the husband. "I just can't imagine her being mixed up with another man. She told me she was going to San Francisco to visit relatives. She often went to San Francisco to visit relatives." Walker mentally noted that "relations" would have been more to the point.

LeDoux enlarged on his knowledge of his ever-loving mate, but what he had to say proved to be on the meager side. He had come to Jackson the previous July and almost immediately had met Emma, recently back in her home town after an absence of several years. "I guess she'd had some pretty unhappy times," said LeDoux. "I understood she'd had two husbands and they'd both died. Well, sir, I fell for Emma, and we were married in no time.

"I tried hard to make Emma happy. I bought this big house, and I fixed up a fine room for her, right next to mine. It's funny you thought she was my sister, because in a way, that's how it was with us — brother and sister. I respected Emma too much to go in for that love stuff with her. Besides, when I get through working those long hours in the store, I'm all tuckered out.

"Every once in a while, Emma'd get a little nervous, like. Then she'd take off for San Francisco to visit her relatives, and when she got back she'd be sort of quieted down for a spell. Those trips seemed to do her good. It's funny, though, she never mentioned the names of her relatives or exactly where they lived. And I'm positive I never heard her speak of anyone named Albert McVicar."

In the bedroom of the Jackson hotel where he put up for the night, Walker

"There's a story connected with that one . . ."

marvelled long and late at the incredible obtuseness of Eugene LeDoux. But he had to concede that, in Emma, he had run up against a real package. And the next morning, when the detective nosed about the town, talking to some of its older inhabitants who, from time to time, had heard reports of her career, he realized that he was dealing with a doxie of rare dimensions.

While still in her early teens, apparently, Emma had decided that she would never die wondering and she had successively raised and then relieved the blood pressures of several of the local boys. At the age of 17, expanding in experience and stature, she had run away with a married man who had cleaned out his wife's jewels and cash to underwrite the escapade. When the money gave out, Emma jettisoned the married man, to take up with a character who had just struck it rich and was in a spending mood. The plunger, Barrett, made an honest woman of Emma by marrying her. Alas, poor Barrett! He took his bride to Mexico on a honeymoon, and soon she was hotfooting it back to the States, while Barrett remained south of the border — six feet "south." Emma's hasty return was due to the fact that the Mexican gendarmes had generated a belated and suspicious interest in the manner in which she had achieved widowhood.

With Barrett's ample poke, Emma next came to public attention in San Francisco's Barbary Coast, and there, a section well schooled in vice, she completed some remarkable research in the seminar of sin. Yet Emma did not lose her amateur standing, and more than one pro in the district was heard to complain: "If that dame stays around here long enough, she'll put us all out of business."

It could be said that Emma's next move was rooted in the impulse to serve the afflicted. For she married one William Williams, possessor of an arrested case of tuberculosis, and it may be that the fact he held large, paid-up insurance policies was merely coincidental. In any event, once they were hitched, they moved to Globe, Arizona — boasting a climate notably beneficial to consumptives. Curiously it proved very bad for Williams, who suddenly died, leaving Emma bowed with her grief, and the proceeds from his insurance policies.

Emma left Arizona in the year 1902; what she had been up to between then and her return, broke, to Jackson the previous summer, was unknown.

But it did not remain unknown to Captain Walker for very long. When he got back to Stockton, a lengthy report awaited him from the police at Bisbee, Arizona. The report had much to say about Albert and Emma. Contrary to the opinion of McVicar's boss at the Rawhide mine, the pair *had* been married — at Bisbee, in 1903.

Emma had blown into town, and after knowing her only a few weeks, McVicar had proposed. His friends observed that his reasons had seemed only glandular and they had advised him: 'Have an affair with her, but for God's sake don't marry her! After all, why buy a cow when milk is so cheap."

McVicar showed signs of being a patsy in the same league as LeDoux. Even when Emma skipped, after a mere month of wedded bliss, taking all McVicar's cash with her, he insisted he gladly would have her back at any time. "Once you've lived with Emma," he was quoted, "nothing else could ever be quite like it."

With this information at hand, Walker was willing to make a guess concerning the anatomy of the murder. Either by accident or pre-arrangement, McVicar met Emma when he went on his vacation on March 10th. The business of the furniture purchases in Stockton indicated Emma had convinced him she would resume their life together — a bit of blarney probably made necessary by her fear of the legal consequences if she told him she had married LeDoux.

Actually, McVicar was an irritant and a potential source of real trouble to Emma. And she knew what to do about *that*. She tried first in San Francisco, failed, but achieved a spectacular success in Stockton — as Walker knew only too well. In the matter of disposing of the furniture Emma was only indulging the greed which was a significant part of her makeup.

Walker got out a state-wide alarm for Emma, and then sat back and waited for someone to grab her. He didn't have to wait long. On March 30, a constable in the town of Antioch, California, 35 miles from Stockton, was lolling around the lobby of the Arlington Hotel, when he spotted a black-haired, blue-eyed dish hanging on the arm of a man who nervously engaged a room under the names "Mr. and Mrs. George Smith." The constable remembered the Emma LeDoux circular and, after thinking it over a few minutes, followed the couple upstairs. He knocked on the door of their room, got no response, and barged in. One glance convinced him that Emma was a fast worker, and that the circular description of the clothes Emma had been wearing "when last seen" was quite pointless. Emma was in the sack — and in the raw. The constable put the pinch on her, in a manner of speaking.

Emma acknowledged her identity, batted her eyes, but then and later expressed deep offense at the suggestion she had salted McVicar away in the trunk. "Albert told me he had an enemy named Miller," said Emma. "Maybe Mr. Miller put Albert in that trunk."

In July, 1907, the state of California staged the first of a series of legal proceedings involving Emma: her trial on a charge of murder in the first degree. The state won this one, and Emma found herself adjudged guilty and under sentence of death by hanging. Considerable legal footwork ensued; Emma was granted a new trial, and when her lawyers got through, they were able to cop a plea. Emma said, yes, she was guilty of murder in the second, and she drew a life-imprisonment sentence.

Emma entered San Quentin in 1910, and she sweated it out there for a full decade — until the parole board, impressed by the news that she had saved the life of a matron during a prison riot, released her on parole.

Unhappily for the parole board, Emma went hog wild. She tried, in a matter of weeks, to make up for all the pleasures of outside bed and board (especially the former) she had been deprived of for 10 years. The patience of the parole authorities became exhausted within a year of Emma's release, when police discovered she had lured a covey of teen-age youths into her hotel room, and seduced them.

Back to the clink went Emma — for another four years, when she was again freed on parole. Although she was now 47, she could still get in there and swing; soon she married her fifth husband, a wealthy Napa Valley rancher. This happy union lasted two years — until Emma once more found herself a widow. She managed to assuage her grief with the formidable assets of the rancher's estate, but she did so with too reckless a hand, and in April, 1931, when she was 52, she found herself broke.

Emma was not too proud to turn a dollar with her still considerable talents and she proceeded, in Oakland, to turn a number of them, until the local police restrained her on the grounds that soliciting for purposes of prostitution was a violation of the penal code. Emma's parole was revoked, and she again became a guest of the state.

Emma died in 1941 in Tehachapi Prison for (unfortunately) Women. To her dying day, she lamented the fact that she couldn't decorate her cell with some of the furniture her husband, McVicar, had bought for her. It would have been something to remember him — and the others — by. ▲

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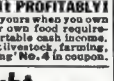

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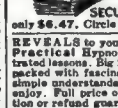

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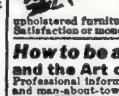

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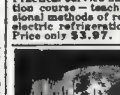

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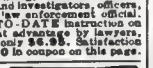

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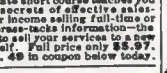

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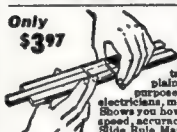

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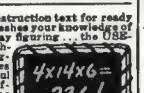

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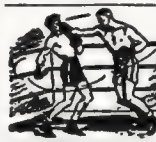

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Bomb Bay

(continued from page 35)

which the bomber would not return.

For more than two years the Navy and Army Air Force had been conducting a secret research program to develop a successful unmanned missile to be guided by television. They were spurred by intelligence reports that the Germans were getting their own missiles into production. After the V-1's and V-2's started dropping on London in 1944, the "Castor Group" was immediately dispatched to England to carry out the plan of fitting television controls into average bombers packed with explosives and guiding them from a mother plane against targets in occupied France. Wiley and Kennedy had volunteered to ride the first drone to note how its controls responded to the mother plane's short-wave signals. At the coast of England they were to turn over the controls to the mother ship and bail out.

"Everything is in working order," Wiley reported to the pilot in the mother plane at 5:20 P.M.

Back at the control tower there was a concerted sigh of relief from the tense officers as his words came over the air. At last the Allies had a new weapon to counteract the sagging morale caused by the V-1's and V-2's.

"Roger," the pilot of the mother plane called. "Turning towards the coast now. Jump when you're ready."

As the two planes headed away from the airfield for the last time a Navy officer stepped on to the walkway to watch. He saw the drone slowly banking toward the east; then, suddenly, fantastically, it vanished. There was nothing left but a tremendous cloud of smoke and a hail of small pieces about the size of tennis balls. The bomber had exploded! He glanced at his watch: exactly 5:23 P.M.

Two days after the tragic deaths of Wiley and Kennedy a slim, dark-haired RAF armament and electronic expert, Flight Lieutenant Roger M. Deacon, of Horham, England, arose early and went to the airfield at Dunkesville. He immediately climbed into the Flying Fortress on hardstand nine and while several Air Force, Navy and RAF officers watched his every move, he checked and ground-tested each delicate and intricate device installed in the bomber.

Just before noon he turned to the others and said, "Everything seems proper. There's only one way to be certain, though. Schedule another mission for this afternoon and I'll ride the drone."

The experts who had flown from London to investigate the explosion, and had failed, shook their heads. "It would be suicide to send another man up in the drone until we discover what caused the explosion, Deacon."

The flight lieutenant laughed. "You have a better idea?"

There was no other way. Every man present that morning knew the success or failure of the entire plan depended upon someone going aloft again in another explosive-loaded B-17 and determining, if possible, whether it was human error or equipment failure that had killed Wiley and Kennedy.

But when they agreed to allow Deacon to try again that August afternoon they never dreamed they were setting the stage for two of the most tense and terrible hours a man ever spent in the air. During these hours, the courage and presence of mind exhibited by Roger Deacon ranks with the exploits of the top air heroes of all time.

At 5:10 P.M., Deacon's Flying Fortress, loaded with ten 500 pound bombs and 20,000 pounds of torpex, took off, sweeping down the runway and into the air without mishap. Thirty minutes later, at 20,000 feet, Deacon was busy checking the remote control equipment as the impulses came from the mother plane guiding it.

Servo units of the automatic pilot in the B-17 operated the control surfaces of the plane by means of secondary cables clamped to the regular control cables. The direction of control surface movement depended upon which way the electric motor of the servo unit turned the cable drum.

Deacon adjusted the aileron centering knob until both telltale lights went out, then snapped on the aileron switch. He did the same with the rudder and elevator centering knobs. Next he checked the sensitivity control so that the autopilot corrected for slight deviation like an alert human pilot.

"Try a few turns," he called to the mother plane.

One mile behind the Flying Fortress and 3,000 feet higher, Group Captain Peter Rawls throttled back his Spitfire and watched the bomber. Veteran fighter pilot Rawls, flying the control plane, was to guide the crewless B-17 to the target, a V-2 site on the Cherbourg Peninsula, near Montebourg.

In Rawls' Spitfire were installed toggle switches which sent radio impulses or "beeps" to receivers aboard the drone. The number of impulses determined which one of a hundred relays would close and operate one of the automatic pilot servo units and maneuver the big bomber toward the target. A television camera installed in the B-17 transmitted pictures of the terrain to a scope in his cockpit and permitted Rawls to fly the bomber to a target although his own plane was miles away.

By 5:40 Deacon felt certain everything was functioning properly. All that remained was to flip on the bomb bay selector switch and bail out.

"Red One, this is Red Weary. Everything in top shape. I'm bailing out now."

"Roger, Red Weary. Soft landing."

Deacon unhooked his headset and snapped on an oxygen walk-around bottle. He moved from the cockpit back past the base of the upper turret into the bomb bay. There he removed the bottle and fastened his oxygen hose to a special regulator installed in the bay. Carefully he checked the ten 500 pound bombs, feeling several racks with his bare right hand. Finding nothing wrong, he leaned over to flip the bomb bay selector switch to the "on" position.

Just as he moved it, the B-17 hit a violent downdraft and dropped sharply. Deacon lost his grip and hurtled off the narrow catwalk, falling into the depths of the bomb bay and landing feet first on the closed bomb-bay doors. The electrically-operated doors had just enough play in the screws to allow Deacon's right foot to slip through. Instantly the doors sprang back shut, clamping his leg tight at the ankle.

At first Deacon didn't realize the seriousness of his plight. He twisted his foot sideways and, gripping the catwalk with both hands, yanked his body upwards. The bottom of his heavy flying suit ripped away and fell into space as the sharp metal edges of the doors sliced into his ankle, laying the skip open to the bone. There was a mighty jab of pain and he looked uncomprehendingly at the foot. Blood splattered over the doors and a steady stream flowed towards the ground, four miles below.

His immediate reaction to the loss of blood was to panic. He had to get out of the bomb bay fast.

Then, abruptly, jarringly, the full realization of what was happening burst upon Deacon. He had less than an hour to live! Unless he got out of his bomb-bay coffin he would be splattered all over the V-2 site with the torpex, bombs and Flying Fortress. Since he had already told Rawls he was bailing out, the group captain had no idea he would be guiding Deacon to his death.

At that very instant Rawls was calling the controller at Kenley. "Wytex, this is Red One. Have you any message from Red Weary?"

"Negative, Red One. No message."

Rawls was worried. Just as Deacon radioed that he was bailing out, both planes had flown into a heavy cloud bank. After they were in the clear again a few minutes later he had been unable to spot the flight lieutenant's parachute.

Pulling even with the Flying Fortress he slid in close and looked into the cockpit window. Deacon was not in sight. Both seats were empty. Satisfied, Rawls banked away and took his position above and behind the Flying Fortress.

"Red One departing the coast at 5:53."

"Roger, Red One. Good luck," the controller answered.

It was so cold in the bomb bay that Deacon's right hand was white with frost. Also the raw flesh where the doors had cut into his ankle. His body ached from the strain of being stretched between the catwalk and bomb-bay doors like a taut rope. Once he nearly drifted off into a stupor, jerking awake when he felt his grip loosen on the catwalk.

He looked around desperately. Through the radio compartment door he could see his parachute pack, which he had planned to snap onto his harness as he passed through on the way to the rear door to bail out, a fire extinguisher, a fuse box, the fuel transfer pump . . . All worthless to him now. With an action radius of only a few inches, Deacon was as helpless as though he were tied hand and foot.

Summoning his fast-ebbing strength, he tightened his arm around the catwalk and yanked hard. The congealed blood and frost around his ankle was scraped off and piled up around the edges of the bomb-bay doors, but the foot couldn't be squeezed back through the opening. He finally gave up and slumped down.

They crossed the enemy coast west of Cap de la Hague shortly after six o'clock. Rawls, in the Spitfire several miles away from the drone, could make out trees, barracks and even trucks moving up a road in his television scope although the bomber was still at 20,000 feet. He checked his map as he neared the launching site, then worked the toggle switches which controlled the automatic equipment on the B-17. The Flying Fortress nosed over slowly and started its final dive toward the target. Out of range of the German flak

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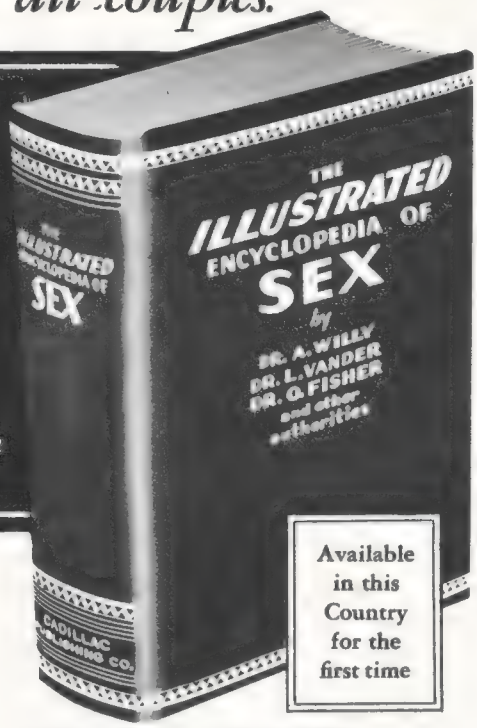

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guns, Rawls took his time, making sure the bomber was on the correct trajectory to crash into the middle of the V-2 site.

Deacon immediately sensed the increased speed of the Flying Fortress as it began its death dive. He straightened up with a jerk, hitting his head against the bomb in the lowest rack. Blood oozed out of a cut on his forehead and trickled down into the corner of his mouth. Looking upward he saw the bloody smear on the side of the bomb and swore.

A second later, though, he was staring at the bomb again. A chance, a gamble against inestimable odds, remained.

The flight plan called for Rawls to dive the drone into the target with the bombs and torpex exploding upon contact. However, as an additional precaution, Rawls was to open the bomb-bay doors and be ready to drop the bombs on target if, at the last minute, he saw on his scope that he was going to overshoot the launching site.

If Rawls opened the doors at 2,000 feet Deacon would have approximately four minutes before the Flying Fortress hit the ground — maybe less if the bomber dived faster than 500 feet per minute. When the door opened he would be dangling in space but if somehow, someway, he could pull his frozen body up into the plane, crawl into the cockpit and shut off the remote control equipment before time ran out on him, he would still have a chance. A slight one since the plane would be at rooftop level and vulnerable to flak.

Rawls, watching the progress of the drone on his screen, was well satisfied. It headed directly for the center of the target. There was no need to open the bomb-bay doors; he couldn't miss now. The bombs could ride all the way down and go off with the torpex. But at 3,000 feet a sharp burst of flak made the B-17 slip off course and Rawls changed his mind. Playing safe, he reached over and flipped the switch to open the bomb-bay doors on the drone.

One moment Deacon's ankle was gripped by two steel clamps; the next it was free and he was dangling in space, his arms threatening to rip from his body. He pulled his legs up out of the air stream as far as possible, then yanked hard. But his body's dead weight anchored him in space and he raised himself only a few inches before his strength gave out. His feet dropped into the air stream and were swept violently towards the tail. The fingers of his left hand slipped slowly across the catwalk brace as his grip loosened. Aware he couldn't hold on much longer, he kicked, and suddenly his injured ankle hit hard against something solid.

The sudden impact hurt but he could see his foot was on the inner brace of the bomb-bay door. Holding onto the catwalk he wedged his body between it and the door and inched upward in a horizontal position. By pushing hard against the door he got enough traction for his good foot to stretch as high as the catwalk. He lay there face down trying to regain enough strength to crawl out of the bomb bay. The ground seemed within arm's length now. He could see German soldiers running wildly, even a French farmer frantically trying to herd his cattle away from the diving bomber.

He slid along the catwalk on his stomach, pulled himself through the door of the flight deck, past the base of the upper turret and into the narrow space between the cockpit seats. He made three tries before he finally got a grip on the oxygen walk-around bottle bracket on the back of the pilot's seat. Using his one good leg as a lever, he pulled himself upright and tumbled into the left seat.

Now Deacon had to make a dangerous move. If he shut off the automatic pilot so that Rawls couldn't control it at all, the big plane would probably auger into the ground at full speed anyway. Deacon didn't have the strength to fly the bomber manually and at any second he might slide into unconsciousness and crash the B-17.

There was one other way. He reached for the elevator knob on the right side of the autopilot panel and twisted it to the full "up" position. The nose of the Flying Fortress slowly came back through the horizon and started to climb. Quickly Deacon leveled the plane off with the knob, then snapped the elevator switch to "off."

Rawls could still turn and bank the drone but he couldn't climb or dive it by use of the elevators. And as the big plane roared across the French countryside at full power, clipping limbs from trees and shaking buildings, Deacon blacked out.

Rawls saw the B-17 suddenly level off on his TV scope. He tried to spot the trouble in his controls but time ran out on him. The big plane was almost over the V-2 site, so at "bombs-away" point he salvoed the ten 500 pounders. Smoke, debris and a flash of fire on the scope indicated he had blasted the launching platform out of existence. Then the screen went blank. Thinking the B-17 had crashed, he turned his Spitfire back toward England.

But instead of crashing, the terrific blast of the bombs exploding so close under the Flying Fortress helped lift the big plane like a giant hand. Shrapnel and other debris rained on the wings and fuselage, puncturing them in several spots. One of the starboard engines lost power and the plane veered earthward, its right wing momentarily dropping as if banking. Then the ship turned in a slow arc until it had almost completed a 180-degree swing. At the last instant, the failing engine somehow caught, the wings leveled and the pilotless bomber started a slow flight across the peninsula back toward the Channel! Deacon, unaware of the miraculous series of events which had acted to head him home, slumped in his seat.

Rawls was nearing the English coast enroute to his base when the B-17 suddenly reappeared on his scope. Incredulous, he watched the big plane head toward mid-Channel. The group captain knew that the deadly torpex was still aboard. He had no way of dropping it as he had the bombs. If the drone crashed on an English city it would do more damage than a dozen V-2's.

Gunning the Spitfire, he raced back toward the oncoming bomber. Rawls didn't waste time. He made a diving head-on attack with all the wing guns roaring. He could see his bullets ripping into the doomed Fortress and banked away sharply, momentarily expecting the torpex to let go with a terrific blast. But as he did the wing-over, the slumped figure in the cockpit caught his eye. He slipped the fighter in close and took a good look. "My God. It's Deacon."

Roger Deacon had help at last. But the flight lieutenant's ordeal was far from over. With no altitude control over the B-17 Rawls doubted whether he could maneuver the plane to a safe landing. His only hope was to arouse Deacon. He rocked the big bomber from side to side, using the toggle switches in his cockpit, but Deacon remained slumped in the seat.

Rawls had to move fast, had to make up his mind. Only the drone's main tanks had been filled with fuel and that was nearly gone now. The group captain either had to shoot down the bomber over the Channel or attempt to land it with the partial control still available to him. There was enormous risk involved in the latter choice, but after surviving this long, Deacon deserved one more chance.

Rawls headed the B-17 for an emergency strip north of Bournemouth. They were flying at 500 feet above the water, not high enough for Rawls to experiment. He intended to try and control the altitude of the bomber by use of power — less throttle, the plane should descend, more throttle, it should climb. But just how much power would be required for the correct landing approach he didn't know. As he passed St. Albion's Head he called mobile control at the strip. "Clear the area of other aircraft, Control. I'm bringing in a disabled Flying Fortress."

"Roger, Red One."

"And, Control — get all field personnel out of the area. This one has 20,000 pounds of torpex on board."

There was a momentary silence. "You can't land that plane here," the controller protested. "You'll have to ditch it in the Channel. That is the direct order of the Tower Officer."

Rawls, busy trying to control the B-17, was in no mood for arguing. "Save your breath. We're coming in."

Easing in toward the dirt extension ahead of the steel matting of the landing strip, Rawls could see the mobile control truck racing along the road northwest of the runway. And he could see that the B-17 barely would have room to set down.

It would have to be an "over-the-fence" approach. Two miles out he dropped the bomber's landing gear and the B-17 started to settle. Quickly he added power to keep it at 400 feet.

One mile from the strip he started back on the throttles and the big plane's altimeter started unwinding. Too fast. Once more he added power but for a second the bomber kept going down. It was clipping the treetops, theatening to hook a wheel at any minute. Then the extra horsepower took hold and the altimeter held steady.

Rawls played it by sight now, not trusting the altimeter.

They were only a few feet above the dirt extension now. The B-17 lands at about 100 mph and Rawls was running dangerously short of airspeed in his faster Spitfire. He couldn't stay airborne much longer and there wasn't room to land beside the Fortress. It was now or never.

He chopped the power on the B-17 and watched it drop the remaining few feet. Suddenly he went cold. The bomber, settling in too soon, was going to hit near a small clump of trees. And then, as if held at the end of some giant puppeteer's string, the drone lifted sluggishly and floated over the trees with inches to spare and mushed in on the dirt extension. As he rammed forward on his throttle to keep from stalling the Spitfire, he saw Deacon's plane, still right side up, skid sharply to the right and jerk to a stop. It was all over. Miraculously, the torpex had not gone off.

Roger Deacon spent three months in the hospital recovering from frostbite and his various cuts and bruises. His right foot had to be amputated since the bomb-bay doors had nearly severed it and gangrene set in. But he proved that the new guided missile was feasible, that it probably wasn't the electronic setup that had killed Wiley and Kennedy. While today's true guided missiles are a far cry from that war-weary B-17, Deacon's flight marked an important step in their development.

When questioned later about his experience, Deacon's only comment was typically British. "You can expect trouble when you're fighting a war."

Roger Deacon certainly had his share. ▲

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Vitamin B_1	10 Mgm.	Cobalt	250 Mcg.
Vitamin B_2	5 Mgm.	Yeast Hydrolysate	10 Mgm.
Vitamin B_6	0.5 Mgm.	Biotin	5 Mcg.
Vitamin E	1 I.U.	Iodine	0.5 Mgm.
Niacinamide	40 Mgm.	Soya Bean Lecithin	25 Mgm.
Calcium Pantothenate	4 Mgm.	Wheat Germ Oil	5 Mgm.
Folic Acid	0.5 Mgm.	Magnesium	3 Mgm.
		Manganese	0.1 Mgm.

Doctors Report "Miracle" Royal Jelly May Change Your Whole Life!

How would you like to awaken one morning and find yourself possessed with a marvelous sense of "well-being," full of New Pep and Vitality? Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could feel increased vigor and enjoy a "new lease on life?" Now... Scientists say this may happen to you!

Royal Jelly May Mean "New Life" After 40

Reports from Europe tell of an 80 year old Gentleman whose physical condition would make a 50 year old envious. The man regularly partakes of Royal Jelly. According to a book published in England, when Russian Officials sent questionnaires to all the Centenarians (people over 100 years old) in the Soviet Union, more than half of them turned out to be beekeepers.

From France and Germany come amazing Scientific Reports of outstanding results obtained with Royal Jelly. One French Authority writes of women over 40 feeling increased sexual vitality and of a wonderful feeling of "youth and well-being" that resulted from continued use of Royal Jelly.

At this moment, in Leading Universities, Scientists and Nutritionists and Medical Doctors are doing extensive work to determine the exact role that Royal Jelly may play in Your Sex Life, Your Health and Your Emotional Condition. These researchers are especially interested in its effects on those who have passed middle age. They are working on Royal Jelly because this rare NATURAL FOOD has been indicated to contain remarkable Energy and Sex Factors.

Doctor Paul Niehans, famous Swiss Surgeon and experimenter with Hormones says: "ROYAL JELLY is an activator of the glands"... Dr. Niehans discovered that many minor disabilities which bother millions of people such as tiredness, irritability, headaches, insomnia, physical and spiritual convulsions, were easy to treat with the Cellular Therapeutics of the Secretion of the bees which we call Royal Jelly.

See How JENASOL Capsules May Help You!

Swallow one CONCENTRATED JENASOL RJ FORMULA 50 capsule daily. They combine 35 vitamins and minerals as well as the miracle food of the Queen Bee. This capsule dissolves instantly, releasing the super forces of Royal Jelly which go to work immediately and reenforce and healthfully strengthens your own natural functions which may have become deficient.

ROYAL JELLY Wins Approval Before Congress* of 5,000 Doctors

The men of Medical Science who have experimented with Royal Jelly, claim that Royal Jelly will perform the function of INCREASING MEN & WOMEN'S WANING POWERS.

Jenasol R. J. Formula 50, in the opinion of these reputable physicians removes any possible danger for the layman in the use of these powerful, concentrated nutrional extracts. This is the latest and possibly the greatest advance in the history of Medical Science. This combination, created under the strict supervision of a Registered, Licensed Pharmacist, and Medical Doctor, named "Jenasol R. J. Formula 50," makes the use of these amazing elements perfectly safe.

Every man and woman who feels "old" and "played out" before their time should seriously consider the use of "Jenasol R. J. Formula 50" to increase their pep and energy.

Dr. De Pomiade, 80-year-old French Scientist and the Senior among the Physicians and Biochemists attending the Congress, said the Bee Secretion might have been known to Ancient Indians, Greeks and Romans, and might have been the "food for the Gods" or "Nektar" mentioned in the Mythology of these Countries.

Royal Jelly Reported to Help Those Suffering From:

Mental Depression . . . Loss of Appetite . . . Sexual Weakness . . . Digestive Disturbances Headaches . . . Decreased Vigor . . . Nervousness . . . Aches and Pains . . . Irritability.

Take "JENASOL Formula 50 Capsules" Entirely on Approval!

We feel sure that JENASOL may be the blessing you have been seeking, that we offer it to you on a complete NO RISK, Money Back Guarantee. Take one JENASOL CAPSULE each day. Then if you are not completely satisfied they have helped you to feel younger, to enjoy sounder sleep, to have a calmer disposition, and to lead a fuller, more enjoyable life, your money will be refunded, promptly and without question. Simply return the empty bottle and your JENASOL CAPSULES have cost you nothing. What could be fairer? You try JENASOL at our expense, and you are the only judge of their effectiveness. You must be thrilled with the wonderful results. BUT THIS OFFER IS NECESSARILY LIMITED as the supply of Royal Jelly is, each day, in GREATER DEMAND (ROYAL JELLY is a completely NATURAL PRODUCT, hence only limited quantities can be allocated to JENASOL.)

Don't delay... Get started immediately using this "MIRACLE" NATURAL FOOD that may help you feel good again...that may lead you to enjoy a new "lease on life."

JENASOL

Offices in: Canada, Germany, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Haiti, Cuba, Japan.

SEAL OF APPROVAL CONTENTS CERTIFIED FOR POTENCY AND QUALITY

DOCTORS: *Write on your letterhead for Clinical Samples*

Observations by Doctors of the Medical Congress Who Took Royal Jelly and Observed Its Use Directly

- Royal Jelly alleviates suffering of men and women in their critical years in a sensational manner.
- Royal Jelly acts on weakened, tired eyes, giving instantly a sensation of new light.
- Feeling of tiredness disappears immediately.
- Royal Jelly gives a feeling of increased sexual drive and energy, especially to men and women over 40.
- Glandular studies may lead to new hope for men and women.
- Royal Jelly produces a pleasing state of relaxed well-being and eases tension.

DISCOVERER OF INSULIN
Dr. Frederick Banting

"The most complete Scientific Report on Royal Jelly was prepared under the direction of Dr. Frederick Banting.

"TEXAS A & M COLLEGE has been conducting experiments on Royal Jelly..."

"PROFESSOR G. F. TOWNSEND of ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE is resuming research on Royal Jelly..."

"DR. T. H. McGAVACK has agreed to conduct experiments in Longevity with human beings fed Royal Jelly..."

Life May Begin Again After 40 as Queen Bee's Natural Food Rebuilds Man's Vitality and Drive

Royal Jelly is totally unlike honey, and has baffled scientists since the 1700's. In 1894, some of the mystery was dispelled when Leonard Bordas, a French scientist, discovered that Royal Jelly is secreted by special glands located in the heads of worker bees whose job is to nurse the Queen.

Intrigued by the strange longevity and extraordinary sexual powers of the Queen Bee, leading scientists have been trying to discover the Secret Factor in Royal Jelly that so benefits the Queen Bee.

It is not surprising that Royal Jelly has attracted Medical Attention throughout the world... Here is the substance, the sole diet of the Queen Bee in which lies the secret of the difference between her and the rest of the hive. For the Queen lives to 6 years, whereas the 20 to 40 thousand worker bees and the few hundred drones live but a few short months. The Queen Bee larva looks like all the rest, including those of the female worker bees. But only SHE is fertile, producing some 400,000 eggs annually.

Her food is ROYAL JELLY, secreted from the glands of the worker bees. The ingredients are nectar and pollen, plus honey, combined in a mysterious way by Nature to make up the "miracle food" ROYAL JELLY...

No Doctor's Prescription Necessary

Order ROYAL JELLY with complete confidence. If for any reason JENASOL fails to satisfy you, your money will be refunded in full. Try it at our expense!...JENASOL CO., World's Largest Producers of Royal Jelly Products...serving over a QUARTER A MILLION PEOPLE — in the U.S.A. and 45 foreign countries; 22 E. 17th St., Dept.PM-11 New York 3, N. Y.

Men and Women Agents Wanted. Write for Free Literature.

TRANQUILITY AND BLESSED RELIEF MAY AWAIT THE ROYAL JELLY USER

Here Are Some of the Symptoms of Approaching Old Age which Make Men and Women over 35 feel devitalized and "played out" before their time:
PHYSICALLY, MENTALLY and EMOTIONALLY • "Human Dynamos" slow down • Dizziness • Weak feeling • Vague aches and pains • Listless, "don't care attitude" • Lacks recuperating power • Fatigues easily • Fails to get rest from sleep • Sexual weakness • Loss of mental efficiency and ability • Unable to make simple decisions • Can't concentrate • Nervousness • Tense feeling • Moodiness • Lack of emotional control • Loss of interest in work • Loss of self-confidence • Feeling of futility • Worries needlessly • Fear of future • Insecurity • Failing memory • No zest for life • Difficult to get along with • Embarrassed

Now You May Benefit from ROYAL JELLY... the "ELIXIR of YOUTH" of the Queen Bee

Two years ago, the world-famous French Nutrition Expert, Bernard Desouches wrote a book praising Royal Jelly as a Life Prolonger and Extraordinary Stimulator of Sexual Virility of the Queen Bee.

The Bosl Laboratories of Europe gave the Doctors of the 2nd International Congress of Biogenetics a great surprise when they confeased that their famous Medical Cream for the skin was prepared with Royal Jelly. The Doctors all knew that with this cream sagging breasts were raised and mamary glands of women were activated.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
YOU OWE TO IT YOURSELF TO TRY ROYAL JELLY!

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☐ I enclose $3.00 cash, check or M.O. for full 30-day supply. Please send me the JENASOL RJ FORMULA "50" PLAN. Each JENASOL 50 MGM. ROYAL JELLY CAPSULE is fortified with 35 EXTRA VITAMINS, MINERALS, LIPOTROPIC and HEALTH GIVING NUTRITIONAL FACTORS making JENASOL *AMERICA'S BEST FOOD SUPPLEMENT VALUE.* I understand the very first capsules must help me to feel good, and I must be completely satisfied in every way with the results I get from JENASOL, or my full purchase price will be refunded promptly and without question. (I save up to 85¢ by sending payment with order; JENASOL ships postage paid.)

☐ Please send 30-Day Supply **DOUBLE STRENGTH 100 MGM. ROYAL JELLY JENASOL CAPSULES** (Twice the Royal Jelly), **FORTIFIED** with same, identical vitamin-mineral formula as **JENASOL 50 MGM. CAPSULES.** I enclose $5.00 cash, check or M.O.

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☐ Send C.O.D.; I will pay on delivery plus postage and C.O.D. Charges.

ALL ORDERS RUSHED IN PLAIN WRAPPER

PICTURE YOURSELF PLAYING YOUR FAVORITE INSTRUMENT!

[Thousands Now Play Who Never Thought They Could]

PIANO! *Key to good times.* Our student, Cora Franklin Duke of Bumpass, Virginia writes: "How happy I am! I play for parties, entertainments. Never once thought I would be able to play the piano. Thanks a million!"

GUITAR! *Puts you in the spotlight at parties, dances.* "It's been fun," says Howard Hopkins of East Syracuse, N. Y. "Hasn't cost anywhere near as much as a private teacher. Now invited to all kinds of affairs."

ACCORDION! *Like an orchestra in itself.* Howard D. Arnold of Bloomingdale, N. J. says "Have completely mastered the piano accordion. I'm now taking your Steel Guitar Course."

OR—Any Of These Other Popular Instructions

STEEL GUITAR	TRUMPET	TROMBONE
PIPE, ELECTRONIC or REED ORGAN	CORNET	FLUTE
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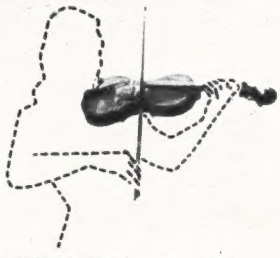

VIOLIN! *Wouldn't you like to play this glorious instrument?* I. W. Dayley of Lisco, Nebraska, writes "I learned more in 3 months with you than in 2 years by myself . . . am now studying 'Hora Staccato'."

SAXOPHONE! *Great for jam sessions.* C. W. Hicks of the Netherlands West Indies writes: "I couldn't believe, I would learn how to play the saxophone without a teacher. Thanks for making me a musician."

One Million People Have Taken Up This Easy Way to Learn Music at Home. Now Enjoy The Exciting Things That Happen When You Can Play!

Have you ever pictured yourself playing your favorite instrument?

Imagine yourself being a sought-after guest . . . making many new friends . . . entertaining at parties . . . hearing compliments on your wonderful new talent . . . attaining new poise and self-confidence . . . perhaps even making extra money! And best of all, experiencing the deep-down satisfaction that comes from actually creating music whenever you please.

These rich rewards are waiting for you . . . *even if you don't know a single note of music now.* Now, with this famous home-study method, you can actually play your favorite instrument in a much shorter time than you have ever imagined!

No "Special Talent" Needed

No previous training needed – no "special talent" required. Right from the start, this amazing method will have you playing *real melodies* instead of practicing tedious scales and exercises. Lessons consist of delightful songs, hymns, waltzes, etc. Clear, simple directions and large, show-how pictures teach you exactly what to do, so you can't go wrong! Soon you'll be playing ALL your favorite songs and compositions *by note!*

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Over ONE MILLION people the world over have taken up this easy-as-A-B-C way to learn music. You learn in spare time of your own choosing. *You become your own music teacher* . . . and progress as rapidly or as leisurely as *you* wish. No dreary scales and exercises. No inconvenient lesson periods. Just plenty of fun for you and all your family, because they can learn right along with you, if they wish. And lessons are only a few cents each, including valuable sheet music you'll keep always!

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Why not let this method bring the many pleasures of music into YOUR life? Let us show you why our way to learn music is so EASY – and so much FUN! See for yourself why our method has been so successful for 61 years. Just mail the coupon below for our illustrated FREE book. No obligation and no salesman will visit you. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio A-20511 Port Washington, N. Y. (Special reduced prices on instruments.)

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- ☐ Steel Guitar
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NOTE: ☐ If you are under 18 years of age check here for booklet "A."

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"I Earn $25.00 per Hour"...* Spray with Suede!

$1 Worth of Materials Brings You $18—You pocket the profits!

FREE SAMPLES – MAIL COUPON NOW!

*Here is Mr. J. F. K. with a few of the items he has sprayed with Flok-Kraft. He is now earning $25.00 per hour ($400 for 16 hours work) just showing companies how to spray new Flok-Kraft.

WHAT IS FLOK-KRAFT?

If you've ever touched real suede or velvet – you know how Flok-Kraft feels and looks. Now, at last this beautiful new 3-dimensional finish, developed after years of experience, can be sprayed on anything – transforming ordinary things into expensive masterpieces of beauty. You must see it to believe it, so mail coupon below and receive free samples.

Make old (even broken) radio and TV cabinets look better than new. Spray average size cabinet in 15 minutes with 34¢ worth materials and charge at least $10.00.

400% profit possible just spraying figurines, toys – hundreds of other items with beautiful Flok-Kraft. Work at home – spare time!

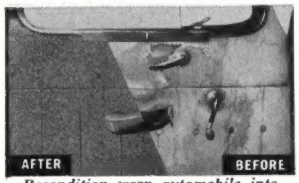
JOIN THESE MEN AND WOMEN who have already started. *"Earning $10,000 year from spare time start"* **Mr. Hover, Ore.;** *"Got $52.50 doing auto trunks in four hours – earned $13 per hour"* **J. O., Mo.;** *"Swamped with orders already"* **W. F., Colo.;** *"Got $100 job first day"* **C. H. E., Md.;** *"Quick $140 order from store – 5 other orders in 4 hours"* **H. G. R., Wisc.**

$1000.00's are earned by individuals each year spraying Christmas trees with colorful Flok-Kraft. Flok-Krafted greeting cards are big business. Buy regular cards and spray them at home – sell for twice your price.

COVERS AND BEAUTIFIES FABRICS, METALS, GLASS, PLASTER, WOOD, PLASTIC – any surface! Huge profits are waiting to be tapped in this tremendous new field. Over 5,000 big profit uses. Spray lamps, figurines, greeting cards, signs, automobile accessories, shoes, hats, card tables, toys, furniture, draperies, ceilings, walls –anything! Flok-Kraft makes old, damaged and worn objects beautiful and saleable–makes new things worth more. You can even spray cheap butcher paper and make it look like velvet-suede, and sell it for gift-wrapping paper.

WE FURNISH EVERYTHING YOU NEED
We offer to furnish you complete easy-to-understand instructions in addition to materials that enable you to start at once. All sent at our risk because we want to start new Flok-Krafters in every area.

HELP FILL HUGE GROWING DEMAND
Imagine, there is a possible 20 Million Dollars worth of Flok-Krafting to be done. Get your share! Be first in your area to fill urgent orders that come from stores, offices, homes, neighbors, gift shops, architects, auto dealers, etc. Learn how to get orders by mail order.



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Amazing Flok-Kraft rayon and cotton fibers are now available in over 24 brilliant colors – even the amazing fluorescent "glow" colors that attract attention.

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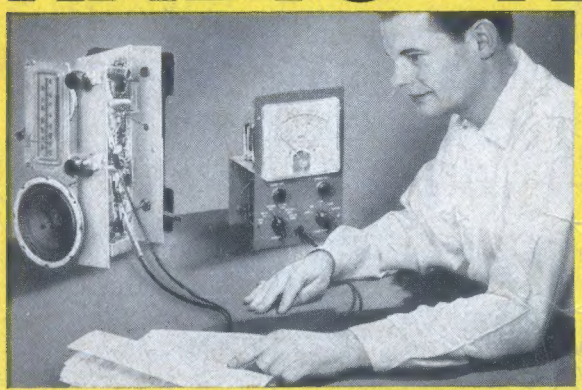


You Learn at Home by Actual Practice

With NRI kits you build actual Radio-Television circuits and testing instrument. Practice locating and fixing Radio-Television troubles. Learn soon to earn extra money.

Good Jobs in Radio-TV Communications

NRI trained men hold good jobs as operators and technicians in Radio and Television broadcasting stations, with Police, Marine and Aviation stations. Interesting work, good pay.

There's Good Pay in Radio-TV Servicing

NRI trained technicians are needed, paid well, to help maintain 150 million home and auto Radios, 38 million TV sets. Color TV adding opportunities. Excellent field for spare time earning.

Join the thousands N.R.I. has trained for Successful Careers in Radio-TV

Get the benefit of NRI's 40 years experience training men for success in this field. Get personal attention of experienced instructors. Also get practice with Radio-TV equipment—learn by *doing*—with kits supplied as part of your course. Courses are easy to learn. Most successful NRI men start without any knowdege of Radio, many without a high school education.

J. E. Smith
Founder

Find Out What Radio-TV Offers You

As trained Radio-TV Technician, you are prepared to supply much needed services. The technician is a respected and appreciated member of his community. Get Sample Lesson FREE. See how practical NRI has made learning at home. Mail the coupon. You also get 64-page Catalog telling about NRI, the lessons, equipment supplied, instruction services.

N.R.I. TRAINED THESE MEN FOR SUCCESS

"I am a police captain and have a good spare time Radio-Television service business. Just opened new shop." C. W. LEWIS, Pensacola, Florida.

"Received my License and worked on ships. Now Chief Engineer Station WAPA. Grateful to N.R.I." R. D. ARNOLD, Rumford, Rhode Island.

"Enrolled while meat market manager. Got serviceman job. In a year my pay increased 50%." C. CARTER, San Bernardino, California.

"Have a Radar job. Also do spare time Radio-Television servicing. Have my own amateur Radio Station." F. ZAWAKE, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

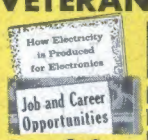
Added Income Soon—$10, $15 a Week in Your Spare Time

Soon after enrolling, many NRI students earn $10,$15 a week extra fixing sets in spare time. Vacuum Tube Voltmeter you build with parts we send helps you locate and fix troubles. Special lessons show you how. Many students use spare time earnings to pay for their training, and provide capital to start their own businesses when they get their National Radio Institute Diploma.

Color TV Making More Jobs

Radio-Television is an industry noted for continued and spectacular growth. Number of trained men employed has increased steadily. Color TV and other late developments are creating need for more technicians. The future is very bright for trained men. Find out how you can get ready at low cost, on easy terms. Send for FREE Sample Lesson and Catalog. Mail coupon today—**National Radio Institute, Dept. 9ME7, Washington 16, D. C.**

VETERANS—Approved under GI Bills



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